Walter Davenport Kyle Crichton Roland Pertwee Winston Churchill
Quentin Reynolds MacKinlay Kantor E. Phillips Oppenheim

February 16, 1935

Collier's

THE NA WEEKLY

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To Tessie
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ROBERT O. REID

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FEB. 16, 1935

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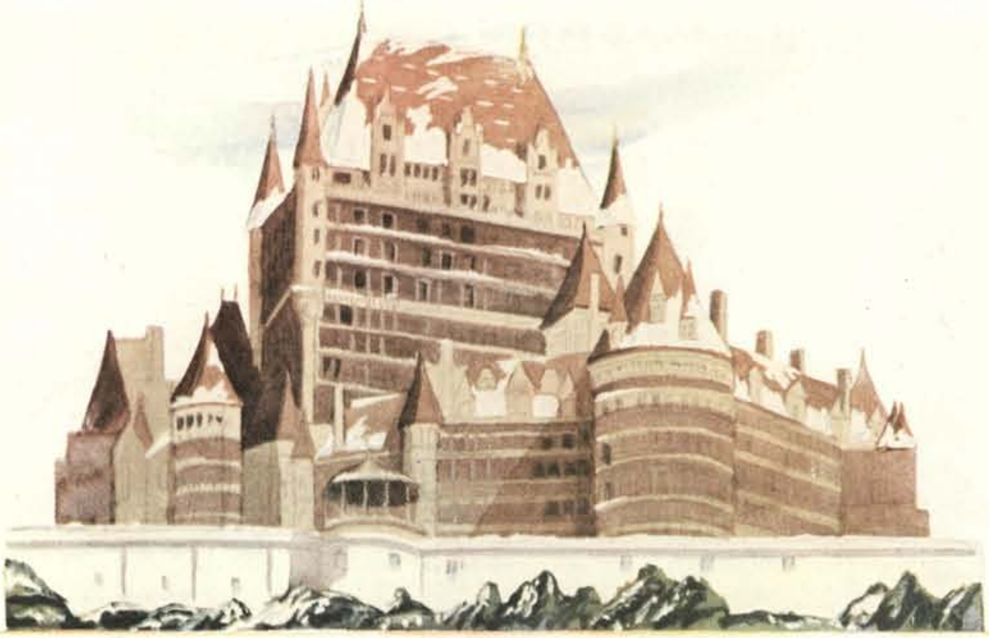
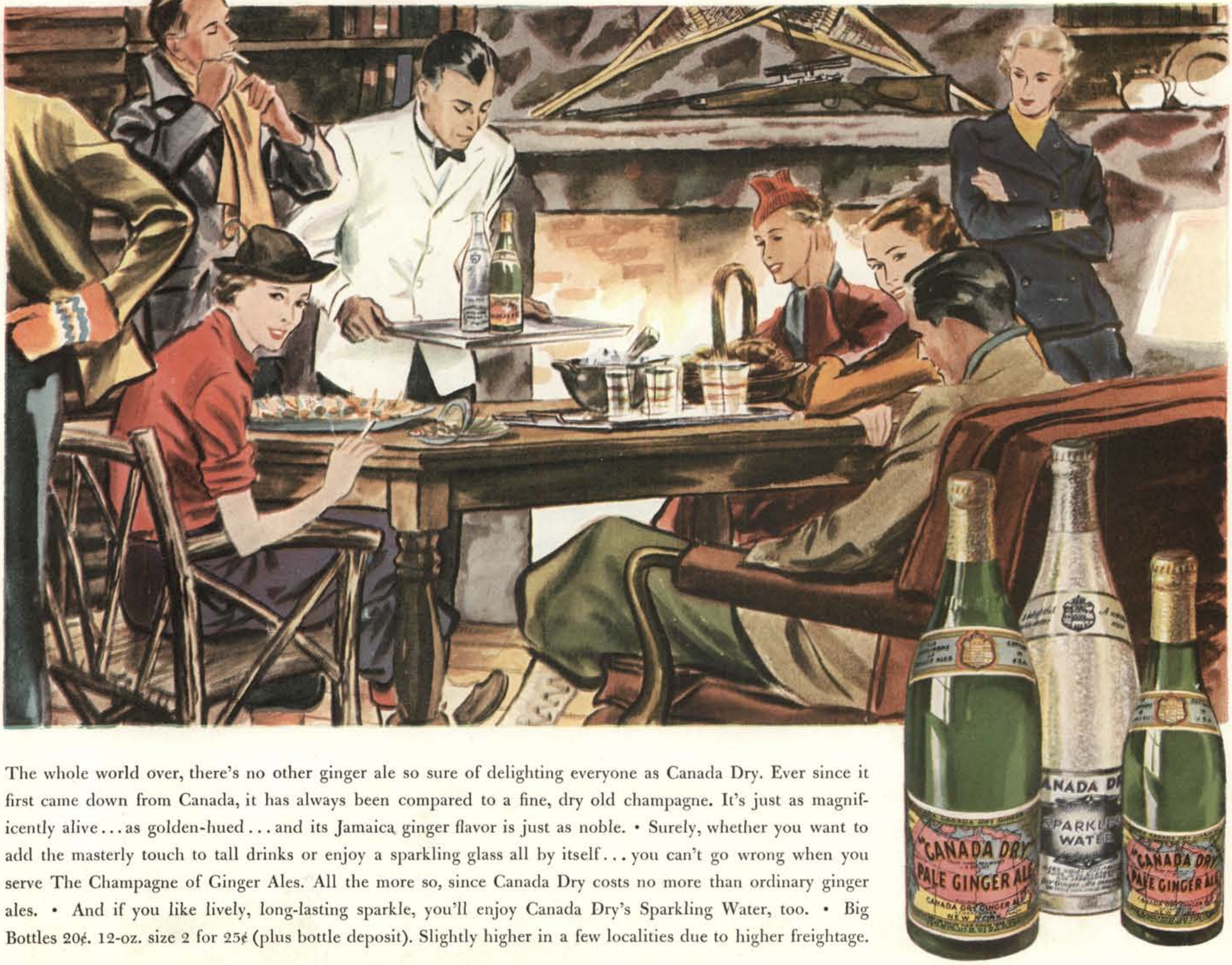


After the winter sports at the Chateau Frontenac

No guest ever forgets the Chateau Frontenac, where patrician living is a heritage from the old French chevaliers. Here, as you scan the wine list, along with many a vintage wine, you'll find a world-famous ginger ale, too . . .

. . . of course it's CANADA DRY

"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"



The whole world over, there's no other ginger ale so sure of delighting everyone as Canada Dry. Ever since it first came down from Canada, it has always been compared to a fine, dry old champagne. It's just as magnificently alive . . . as golden-hued . . . and its Jamaica ginger flavor is just as noble. • Surely, whether you want to add the masterly touch to tall drinks or enjoy a sparkling glass all by itself . . . you can't go wrong when you serve The Champagne of Ginger Ales. All the more so, since Canada Dry costs no more than ordinary ginger ales. • And if you like lively, long-lasting sparkle, you'll enjoy Canada Dry's Sparkling Water, too. • Big Bottles 20¢. 12-oz. size 2 for 25¢ (plus bottle deposit). Slightly higher in a few localities due to higher freightage.

Runs a Ranch as Big as Rhode Island but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the same!

"Pink Tooth Brush" Began It

BACK in the days when the tough, coarse foods of the "chuck wagon" were his daily fare, his teeth and gums got plenty of vigorous work. But with success came softer living and "civilized" foods—and that first dental warning of danger ahead—"pink tooth brush."

His own common sense should have warned him. His dentist told him he was headed for grief. But he wouldn't listen. *And today he's a dental cripple.*

"Pink tooth brush" is a serious matter. You can't ignore it! Our super-refined and too well-cooked foods do rob our gums of work. Professional opinion testifies again and again—"Your gums do need exercise"—"they must have work for healthy hardness."

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't encourage serious disorders such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana and care for your gums as well as your teeth. Make gum massage with Ipana a regular part of your dental health routine.

Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana with massage aids in getting a full, healthy circulation started, and in rousing sluggish gums back to natural firmness.

Begin to use Ipana. You may expect whiter teeth and healthier gums. And there are no better safeguards against the dangers that often follow the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

- *By a famous scientist:* "The fault of present-day diets is the eating of soft food, which compels no chewing."
- *From a dental authority:* "We do not use our mastication muscles enough . . . and thus deprive the teeth and gums of circulating nourishment."
- *A well-known text book states:* "Massaging or rubbing them (the gums) gently with the tips of the fingers will keep them in a firm, healthy condition."

IPANA
Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

JOE SHERRY knew his way around town. He'd done a stretch in prison, but that was before he got smart. Now he owned the Cocktail Promenade and he made a steel trap look like cotton batting.

But Joe fell in love and fell hard. It was a girl from a floor show—a girl known as Toots. He married her and for a month he was happy. The month was April. There had never been another April quite like it.

When Charlie Vannis of the Homicide Squad put an end to that romance he said he had always considered Joe hard and smart. Charlie Vannis was right. Joe Sherry was "Hard and Smart." C. S. Montanye writes his story.

IF YOU'RE interested in dictators don't omit from your collection Don Thomas Garrido Canabal. He's the hottest of them all—as befits a native of Tabasco. At the moment he is resting from his labors of dynamiting churches and persecuting drinkers and is occupying an important post in the Mexican government. George Creel interviewed him in Mexico, D. F., and then flew to Garrido's own province to see how the people take his iron rule. His observations are reported in "The Scourge of Tabasco."

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan, that formidable combination of force and brains, were at the parting of the ways. Love had come to Fireman Timothy Dunnevan and he was thinking of swallowing the anchor and marrying "the fairest colleen this side of Erland." As luck would have it, the colleen had a son of ten who was, beneath an angelic exterior, an imp of Satan. Still, all might have been well had it not turned out that the colleen came from Lithuania. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, never for an instant forgetting that God loves United States sailors, tells the story.

FOR a long time there has been a debate as to whether the six-day-bicycle-race fan is more insane than the six-day-bicycle race. This has recently given way to the conviction that nothing could be more unbelievable than an individual who paid money for the sake of getting dizzy. Kyle Crichton takes you to see a "Jam in the Saucer" and form your own conclusions.

JAMES B. CONNOLLY discusses the career and personality of Governor Curley of Massachusetts. E. Phillips Oppenheim, Henri Duvernois, Phyllis Duganne, Freling Foster and others contribute stories and articles. May Edginton and Alan LeMay continue the serials. And all, to coin a phrase, is well.

This Week

February 16, 1935

Cover by Robert O. Reid

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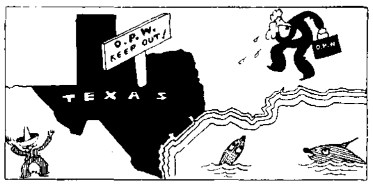
Any Week

SAYS Mr. P. W. Sillson of Miami Beach, Florida, with, we suspect, a lifting of the lip: "This rage for turning professional disturbs me. Our Davis Cup young men are surrendering to gate receipts. The table tennis wildcats, horseshoe demons, bagatelle wizards and hog-callers are all hunting managers. If this keeps up I wouldn't be at all surprised to see our State Department in Washington and all its diplomatic representatives abroad desert their amateur standings."

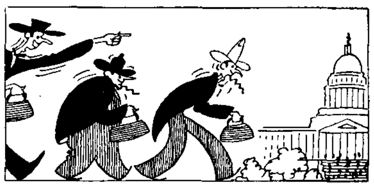
BUT Mr. Sillson probably doesn't recognize the difficulties our foreign representatives have to overcome. We have here a letter from Mr. George Z. Cheatham of Toronto, Canada, who takes the trouble to inform us that he was in Geneva some time ago when as magnificent a body of diplomats as he ever saw had foregathered to discuss something. "But," says he, "they were all so busy making grandiloquent speeches that nobody could possibly understand, that the reason for the meeting was completely forgotten. In fact it was not until the meeting had adjourned that the secretariat remembered that Peace was to have been discussed."

"OF ALL things," cries Miss Carrie G. Englehart of Dallas, Texas. "They tell me down here that the gates of his native state, Texas, have been closed to Mr. Owen P. White for what he wrote and has written about us. I don't know what you Yankees call a wheeze but this is my idea of one. What they ought to do to Owen is make him live here. That would fix the ruffian."


O. P. W. KEEP OUT!
TEXAS
O.P.W

A GREAT many readers, like Mr. Walter Waynflete of Orosi, California, got quite a thump out of "Her Egg Beau" wherein Homer Croy, the author, had one of his characters "feed the lamb on the cement in the back yard." Even during the worst of the drought, contends Mr. Waynflete, that wasn't necessary nor were the farmers indulging in any such experiments. To Miss May N. Langbacker of East St. Louis, Illinois, however, it was reminiscent of a boarding house she once inhabited. One morning a gentleman boarder asked the landlady what there'd be for dinner. Said the landlady: "Take your pick." Said the gentleman boarder: "If it is anything like last night's, we'll have to."

WELL, everybody we know is more or less dissatisfied with something. And now comes Mr. J. C. Adamson of Devils Lake, North Dakota, who doesn't think much of the Twentieth, or Lame Duck, Amendment. Under the old order a chap elected to Congress had thirteen months to cool off in before taking his seat and saving us from destruction. But now—"When," says Mr. Adamson, "the Lord sends drought, hot winds and grasshoppers into the corn and wheat belts to punish Republican sinners, the net result is wild men unhitching their mules and heading for Washington to save the nation. Three months is not enough to recover from a mental election jag. Some are still dizzy when they reach Washington.



BUT even some of the voters have a whirling in the head. Mr. Louis Linkman of Atlanta, Georgia, says he "can't make head nor tail of it." Well, that's not so easy in any circumstances. What Mr. Linkman wants to know, however, is this: "How come that wizards pop out of bankrupt states and onto the floor of Congress and tell us that they intend to make us all kings, smother us with mushrooms, dress us in silks and pay us wages for not working? Why didn't they do it back home? And why have they kept this scheme under their hats so long? I hate to be mean, but if this keeps up I'm going to suspect that these guys are merely Tommy Tuckers singing for their suppers. I've voted for a lot of self-confessed wizards in my time but I'm still busted."

ACCORDING to Mrs. G. A. Hoey of Tulsa, Oklahoma, however, the electorate is neither more nor less gullible than it ever has been. The only difference, if any, that she can see is that "we do not believe either side, but those who will listen prefer to hear the side that hurts least."

ALL of which leaves Miss M. Margulies of Los Angeles, California, unruffled. Seeing us men gyrate and fulminate in our efforts to do something curative for "our fundamental ills" causes her to wonder "what has become of the die-hards who, until very recently, insisted that women have no right to be in politics because only men can grasp the intricacies of government?"

HOME, grasping for breath.

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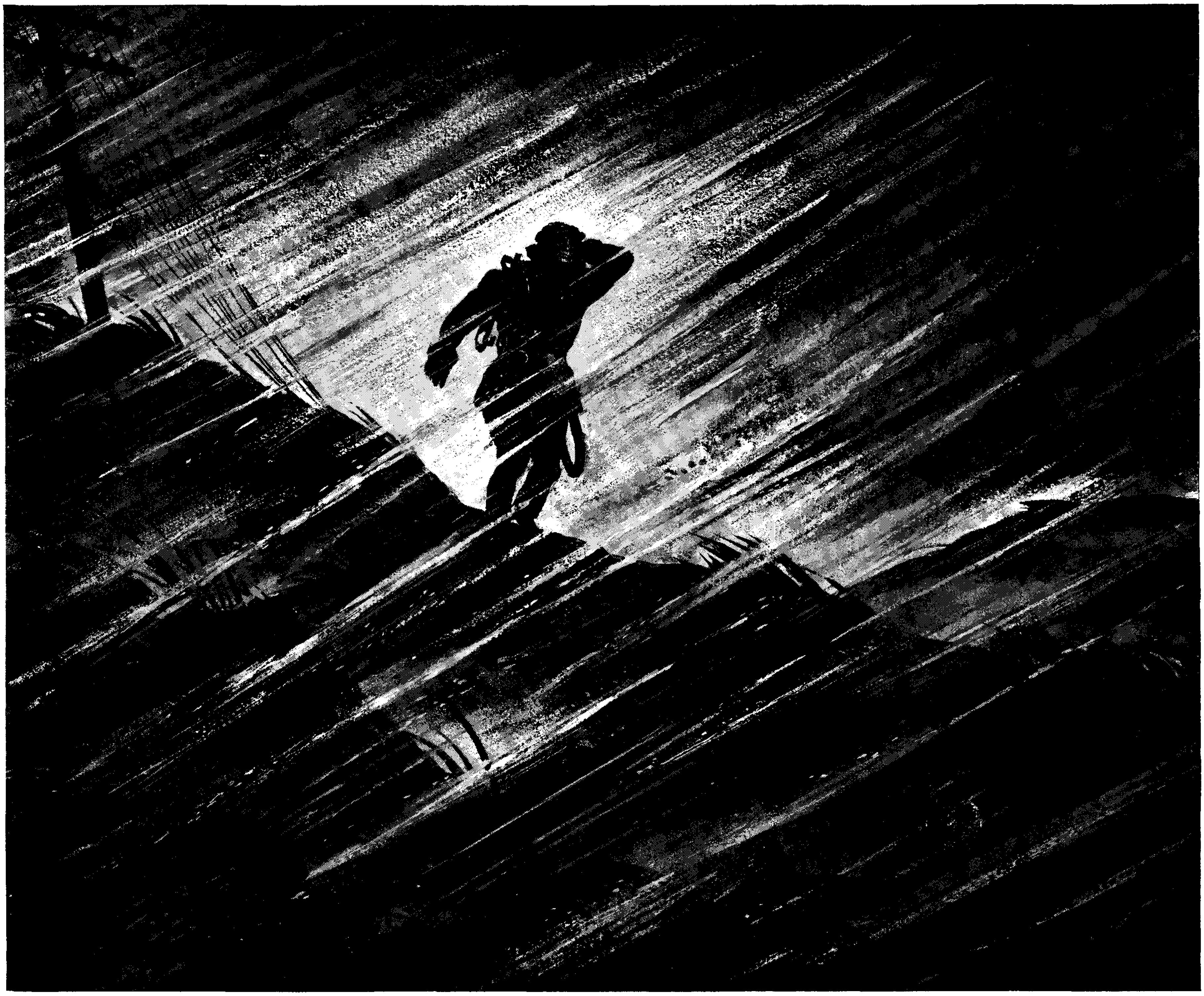


THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

The value of a nation-wide telephone service, under one unified system, is reflected in the day-by-day efficiency of your own telephone. It is given dramatic emphasis by an emergency.

Several years ago, the worst sleet storm in telephone history swept north from Texas almost to the Great Lakes and ravaged a section 150 miles wide. Thousands of telephone poles were broken. Thousands of miles of telephone wire were snapped by the weight of clinging sleet. Telephone communication throughout the country was affected by this gap in the Middle West.

To restore the service quickly was beyond the power of the local telephone companies. Had they been forced to tackle the job alone it would have taken months and imposed a heavy financial burden.

Instead, the full resources of the Bell System were thrown into the breach. From the Southwest, from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and the Northwest, the repair trucks started rolling into the stricken areas. Unaffected sections lent men to their sore-pressed neighbors.

Even while men were on their way, the warehouses of the Western Electric Company started shipments of tools, wire, poles, cross-arms and other needed equipment. It was only because of standardized material and standardized methods that the emergency was met and service quickly restored.

Telephone service as you know it today would be impossible without the nation-wide, unified Bell System.

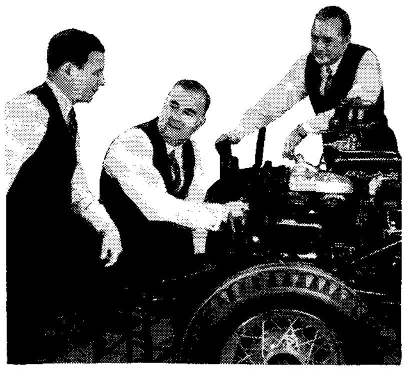
The Western Electric Company is the manufacturing, distributing and purchasing organization for the Bell System. . . . Centralized activity of this kind means better quality at lower cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

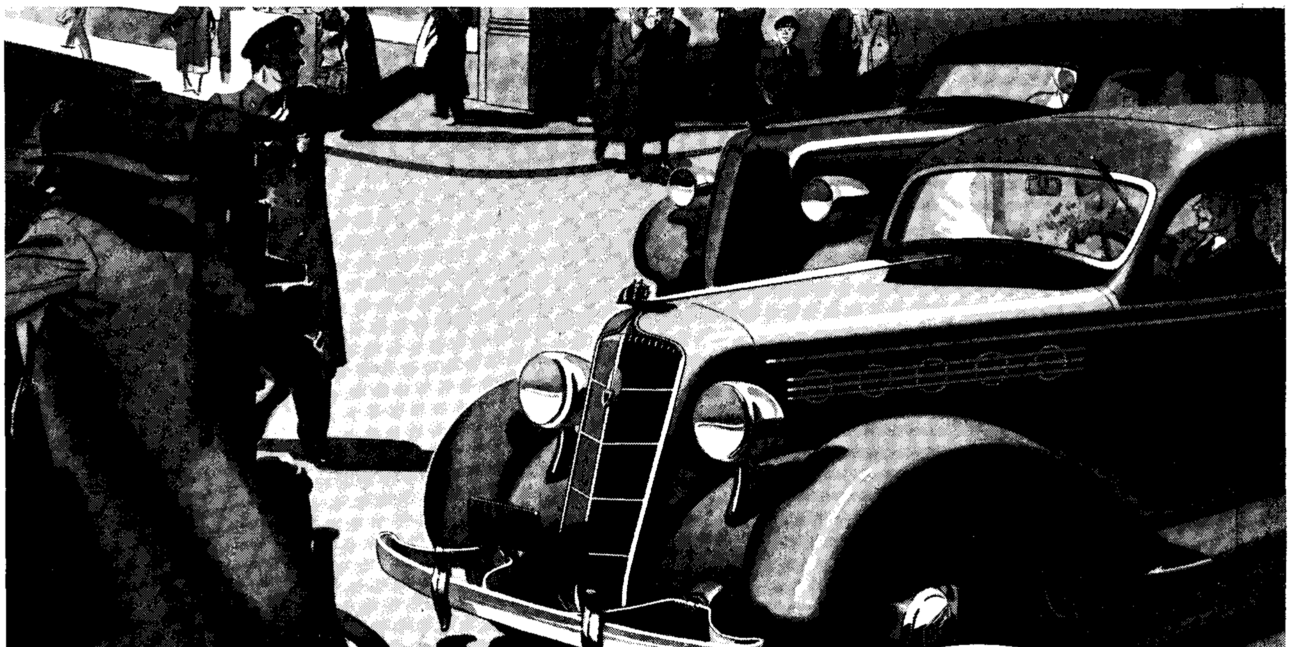
Engineers Tell Why

NEW PLYMOUTH IS THE WORLD'S SAFEST LOW-PRICED CAR

First Car Ever Built on High-Speed Safety Principle



THESE ARE THE MEN who found the answer to America's critical traffic problem... Chief Engineer Fred Zeder (center) and his colleagues, Carl Breer and O. R. Skelton. Five years ago they produced the first low-priced car with a Safety-Steel Body and Hydraulic Brakes ... now the first High-Speed Safety Car!

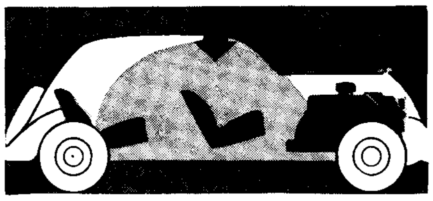


Today's Congested Highways Demand this New Kind of Car

IT'S A GRIPPING STORY . . . the dramatic way in which this new High-Speed Safety Car was developed.

It starts with the great change in traffic conditions that confronts every car owner in this country today.

All drivers are hitting it up much faster than they used to. And now there are almost twice as many of them on the road as there were 10 years ago.

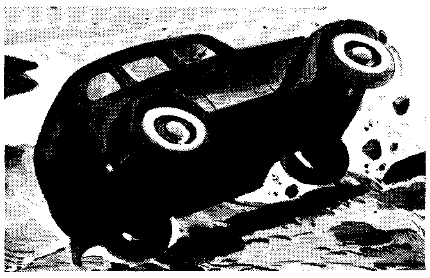


The engine has been moved forward . . . as first introduced by the famous "Airflow" cars.

That gave Plymouth engineers their cue. America needed a different kind of automobile . . . a fast car, with the maximum of protection for its occupants . . . that is, a "high-speed safety car."

So they started with the engine of the new 1935 Plymouth. They increased its horsepower. And that worked both ways. It gave this new kind of car greater speed, of course... but more, it achieved what engineers call "high mobility" . . . in other words, a faster get-away with instantaneous response.

You'd naturally expect that this increased power would require more fuel. However, by improving the cooling system and the ignition timing, they actually *cut gas and oil consumption 12% to 20%.*



This year's Plymouth Safety-Steel Body demonstrates its greater strength in hill-rolling test.

When you drive this new car, everything you touch will have a different "feel." The clutch works easier. New Syncro-Silent Transmission makes gear shifting effortless. The famous Plymouth Hydraulic Brakes have been made smoother-acting.

But the biggest change you'll notice will be the new ride. Bouncing and jouncing have been definitely overcome by this Plymouth's amazing "Floating Ride!"

New weight distribution (engine moved forward)... new-type Mola Steel front springs and a sway eliminator... make you *glide* over the rough spots.

Still, there's one other feature that you can't see or feel. And that's the extra ruggedness of the new Plymouth's Safety-Steel Body. It's an even stronger body this year than other Plymouths have had.

As for the beauty of this body's torpedo-type design . . . that's something you'll have to judge for yourself.

Even today, Plymouth is still the only low-priced car equipped with Hydraulic Brakes!

Go to any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer in your neighborhood and ask for a demonstration of the 1935 Plymouth.

Compare it feature by feature with the other leading low-priced cars. Learn how convenient it is to buy on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH NOW ONLY $565 *World's Safest Low-priced Car*

AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

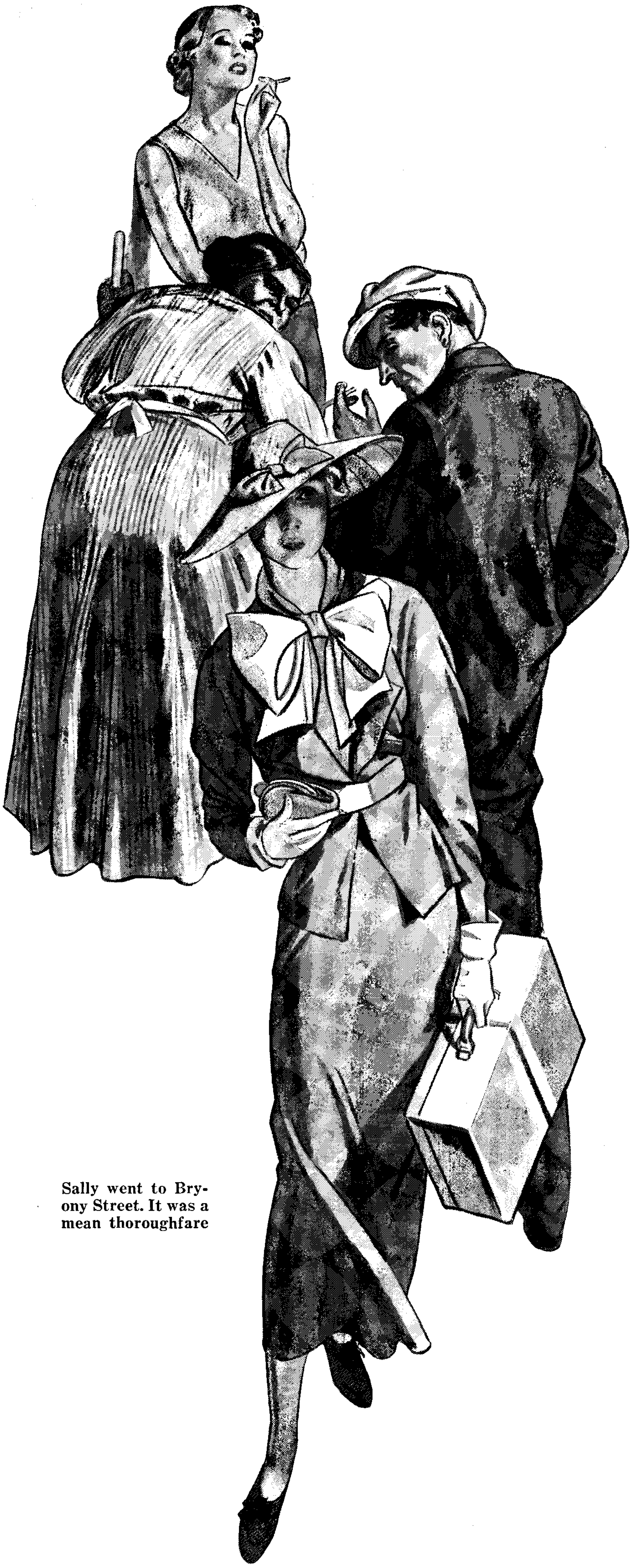
Collier's The National Weekly for February 16, 1935

Sailors Forget

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

She had never seen him, she did not know his name—but she hated him. Which sounds preposterous—until you know the story



Sally went to Bryony Street. It was a mean thoroughfare

THE troupe mooned around the platform at Sydney with the indecision of a party that is without a leader. During the long journey from Melbourne their manager had melted like a cloud, and with him there went final hopes of drawing salaries already overdue, and of being transported to San Francisco, whence they had embarked a year before, on a tour designed to bring American Variety to the corners of the earth.

It was Charlie Hone, the stage manager, who expressed the determination to sell the wardrobe for the common good. Already he had detailed Zouma, the strong man, to stand guard over the big theatrical baskets.

"Kids," he said, "what's in them baskets cost the management five thousand smackers. Allowing for wear and tear they should still be worth five hundred in any market. Believe you me, we ain't going to starve."

He turned toward Sally, the youngest member of the troupe, with a look of doglike devotion.

"You'd best stick with me. These old-timers," and he nodded toward a group of women who had moved out of earshot, "can fend for 'emselves, but . . ."

She stopped him with a shake of the head.

"I'm the only one in this troupe that can do that. I've a sister in this city who'll grubstake me until I find a job. She works at a swell millinery store and I'm going there right now."

She picked up her suitcase and gave him an encouraging smile.

"Hold on a minute!"

He fumbled in his pocket for a scrap of paper bearing an address.

"May cost too much to flop at, but they'll let you know where to find me."

"Good luck, Charlie!"

She passed through the barrier and walked down the street with a firm step. Broke she might be, but the sun was shining; she was young and life was an adventure. Her sister Nora was in for a surprise.

At the milliner's store she was informed that Nora had left six months before; she had given her address as 15 Bryony Street.

Sally went to Bryony Street. It was a mean thoroughfare, bracketed with public houses and haunted by unpleasant odors. A card bearing the word "Rooms" was stuck to a fanlight over the door of Number 15 with gelatin lozenges. Sally knocked and an Irish woman in a holland apron appeared.

"I'm looking for my sister, Nora Brant," Sally said.

The woman's eyes narrowed. "Then ye'd better be knocking at the gates of hell than my front door." She shouted to a figure hovering in the darkness of the hall. "Pat, will ye come here, for I have the sister of that Nora Brant cluttering me doorstep an she dying on us wid five weeks' rent unpaid."

Sally grabbed the railings for support.

"What's that you say—dying?"

"Ye'd best come inside."

Sally vaguely remembered stumbling along the hall and into a chair in the kitchen. The story of her sister's death came at her in parallel streams from the woman and her man. Only with difficulty was Sally able to put in a word.

"But how did she die?"

"In childbed! What else? The baby's at the Bridge Hospital."

"But . . . but I never knew she was married."

The man grinned unpleasantly.

"Neither, for the matter of that, did she. That man! As dirthy a blackguard as iver sailed the sivin seas, and himself first officer aboard the Avatar, which will be making Sydney at iny hour."

Sally got up. "You'll get your money," she said, and went out to the street.

THE photograph of a girl with a slack mouth hung beside the mirror before which the first officer of the Avatar was shaving. Now and then he gave it a smile accompanied by the flicker of an eyelid that was almost a wink. The man and the photograph were on the friendliest of terms.

There was a knock. At Kent Stannard's "Come in!" the door opened, and Captain McCairn stepped in. It was not his usual practice to visit the quarters of his subordinates, but he felt the occasion warranted it.

"Ye'll be wanting to get ashore when we reach our moorings, Mr. Stannard; so I'm taking this opportunity to wish ye well. Here is the money ye asked for, and I wish I could be certain that my other officers would spend the pay they have drawn in as reputable a fashion. Marriage is a great purifier. As a token of esteem I'm giving ye a copy of the Holy Scriptures, and if ye'd accept a case of that Highland Dew ye're welcome."

Kent grinned largely.

"Thanks a million, sir."

The happy occasion did not call for the entrance of the radio operator to round it off. He handed a slip of paper to Kent and backed out quickly. As Kent read, the smile died on his face. The old man noticed that.

"Bad news, Mr. Stannard?"

It was hard to say. Perhaps, in the long run, no. She was not the first girl to change her mind at the last minute. Maybe she had picked a better fellow to run off with. But the idea needed getting used to. All manner of feelings, bitter and resentful, must first be eradicated. For the moment Kent only knew that his world had crumbled.

"There's not going to be a wedding after all, sir."

It was easier to hand over the message than to go into details. Captain McCairn was very human. He shook his head, crossed and stood before the girl's photograph.

"Yon's a weak face and, though weak faces have a powerful tug on a man's heart, in the end they are the easiest forgotten." His eyes strayed to the bank notes he had brought to the cabin. "I'm thinking ye'll be wishful I should return the money to the safe?"

"Thanks, sir, but I'll keep it by me. I've an idea I'm about due for a jag."

A hard note had crept in his voice that the older man was quick to detect.

"Ye're a fine lad," he said kindly. "I know I can trust ye."

A GIRL coming alone along the quay paused and hailed a group on the deck of the Avatar. "What's it feel like being ashore?"

An answer was thrown down, bitterly: "I'd show yer, if I was ashore."

Sally joined in a laugh with the others, and came up the gangway. "First officer aboard?"

Ribaldry vanished, for it is not politic for seamen to jest with an officer's lady.

"Mr. Stannard? Sure, miss. He's below."

Sally repeated the name to commit it to memory. Then:

"Show a lead, sailor."

Kent was talking to the photograph as he put on his coat and shirt.

"That new man of yours might not fancy you spending nights in my cabin."

He flicked the picture from the wall, tore it up and dropped the pieces through an open port. Like confetti they were scattered on the water below.

There was a knock.

"Come in if you must."

He turned as Sally came into the cabin. She did not fear that he would recognize her as Nora's sister, for there had been no likeness between them. Her first thought was an admission that so far as looks went there was little fault to find with him. She liked him none the better for that.

Standing in the doorway, a provocative smile on her small, overpainted face, she looked good.

"Yes?" Kent said. His tone was deliberately tough.

She advanced into the cabin and closed the door with a heel of a shoe.

"Mr. Stannard?"

"Yes, sweetheart." It was a new experience talking to a stranger that way, but it suited his mood. "What brought you along, Miss . . ."

"Vicar."

Kent laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"Is that name on the level or is it a gag?"

"Sally Vicar."

"Okay, if you say so. Sit down. Take off your hat. Make yourself at home."

From a man of that type his casual acceptance of her presence in his cabin was to be expected; but it was hard to resist a desire to tell him to go to the devil. Sally was biting her lip as she seated herself on his bunk.

"You think it's funny, me showing up this way?"

He shrugged.

Sally swallowed hard.

"Y'see, we've got mutual friends. . . . The Browns."

Kent came over and planted himself beside her. For a man usually timid with members of the opposite sex he was strangely forthright.

"What do you know about that? You know the Browns! I tell you, Sally, this needs celebrating. Where do we go from here?"

She gave him a straight look. It would have been pleasanter to give him the back of her hand across the mouth.

"Then you haven't a date with anybody ashore?"

THERE was something very persuasive in the way she asked that question. A girl of that type had no right to be so persuasive. He came perilously near telling her the truth.

"Well, I had figured that I was going . . . but that's all washed up. Come on. Let's go!"

They picked up a taxi on the Circular Quay. Asked where they wished to be taken, Kent replied:

"Who cares? Just drive around."

She had expected that he would edge up toward her in the taxi, but he kept pretty much to himself. He did not seem the kind of man who would have treated a girl as Nora had been treated. In the character of a seducer he was hopelessly miscast. His manner of talking was out of key with the rest of him. She thought: "That's how he gets away with things!" and hated him for it.

As the taxi moved off he lapsed into a silence that was irritating.

"Did you run around with a girl last time you were here?"

He nodded gloomily.

"What was she like?"

"I never knew that Anyway, I'm trying to forget her."

Sally bit her lip.

"Think you'll be able?"

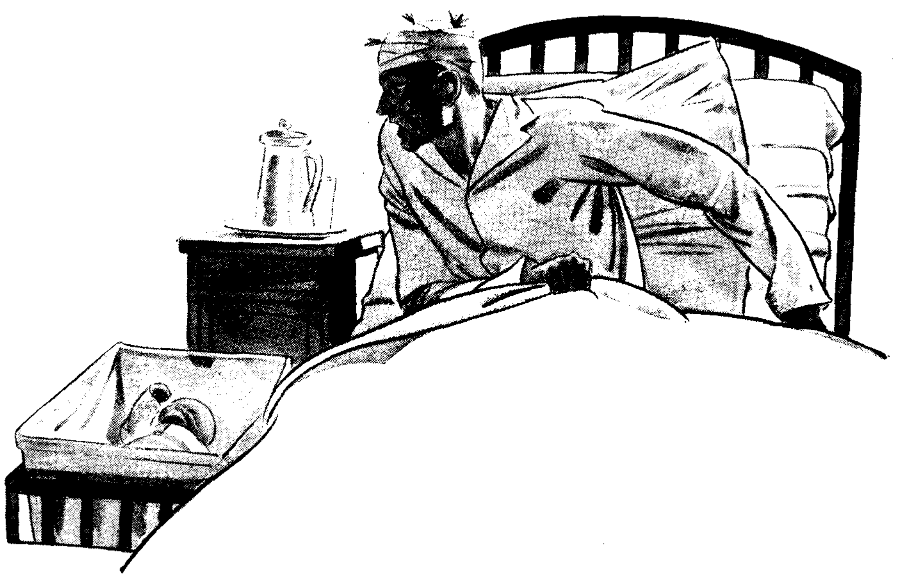
"With you to help? Why not?"

He took one of her hands, almost as if it were a duty that she expected of him. She wanted to scream.

He leaned toward her so that his breath was hot on her cheek. It was a pleasant cheek and at any other time he might have thought it a pity she had larded it so liberally with paint. As things were, the paint removed obstacles that otherwise might have checked his progress.

"Listen, how are you fixed? My time's my own for the next few days. How about me and you stringing along together?"

It was to hear him make some such suggestion that she had been playing her complaisant rôle. To get him in an eager mood, then to trim him, high, wide and handsome—trim him and get him beaten up. Everything was going according to plan.



He stared at a baby's crib drawn up alongside his bed

"Doing what?" she managed to say.

"Eating, drinking, shaking a leg. There are swell places in this city for taking your fun." He might have been talking of suicide from the way he said it.

"Can't see why not."

"That's fine!" The words rang as cheerlessly as a cemetery bell.

A feeling stirred in Sally she could not understand. It contradicted every motive which had brought them together. She was out to punish him—to do him down, but she felt, somehow, that she was standing between him and disaster. She felt, as was true, that he had enlisted her to save him from himself. The sensation was hypnotic, and it was hard, terribly hard to escape from.

Ahead loomed the mighty structure of the new bridge that spans the harbor. She fixed her eyes on it and tried to collect her forces.

"If it's swell places you've a fancy for I'll want something swell to wear at 'em."

Kent took a roll of notes from his pocket and detached a tenner.

"The first touch, eh?" said he.

She could have killed him for that.

"All right, keep your dirty money!"

He laughed and thrust the note into the neck of her frock.

HIS touch upon her flesh brought her vividly to life. For the moment she forgot the part she had set herself to play.

"Tell him to stop. I'm getting out."

Kent looked at her and nodded.

"One of that kind! Have it your own way then."

He leaned forward and rattled his knuckles against the glass.

"Pull up, the lady's getting out."

The taxi stopped. Kent said:

"It's been great to know you."

The cynical twist of his mouth was infuriating.

She said: "Name some place and I'll be there in two hours."

He put his head on one side.

"Let's not waste time telling fairy tales. And in two hours I'll be drunk. Take the road, lady, it's all yours."

On the curb she hesitated.

"Okay! Please yourself. But I'll be at Shanty's if you change your mind."

He watched her going down the street, with regrets for which he could find no excuse. For her own sake, if not for his, he would have been glad if she had proved a little less raw in her methods.

"The nearest place for a drink," he said to the taxi-driver.

Sally walked down the street with her head in a turmoil. She had never before met any man with the power simultaneously to draw and repel her. That she could even tolerate his presence was a hideous disloyalty to Nora's memory. A growing conviction that, if she had known nothing of his character and record, she too might have fallen beneath his spell filled her with hatred for herself.

At a post office she changed the note he had given her and proceeded on foot to Bryony Street.

THIS time it was the man who opened the door, baring a double row of yellow teeth unpleasantly.

"Faith, an' what is ut now?"

"Your money!"

She gave him the sum he said her sister had owed, and was round the corner before he had recovered from his surprise.

Charlie Hone was waiting for her at his lodging. She had told him about Nora earlier that day.

"Well, did you get him?"

"I got him—in tow."

Charlie shook his head miserably.

"I can't stomach you playing up like you was a little tramp."

Sally stroked a finger across his puckered forehead.

"I've set myself a task, Charlie, and I'm seeing it through. I owe that to his son. Listen, I want a loan of that silver lamé frock from the wardrobe. And there's something else. I'm going to Shanty's, and I want you and Zouma to roll up."

"I'd go any place with you, kid, but . . ."

"You won't be with me. You two'll go together. I'll leave it to you, Charlie, to figure out how the row begins. Then Zouma can take over and wipe the floor with him."

"And after that we all finish up in the ice house!"

Charlie nodded gloomily.

She took the frock from the basket.

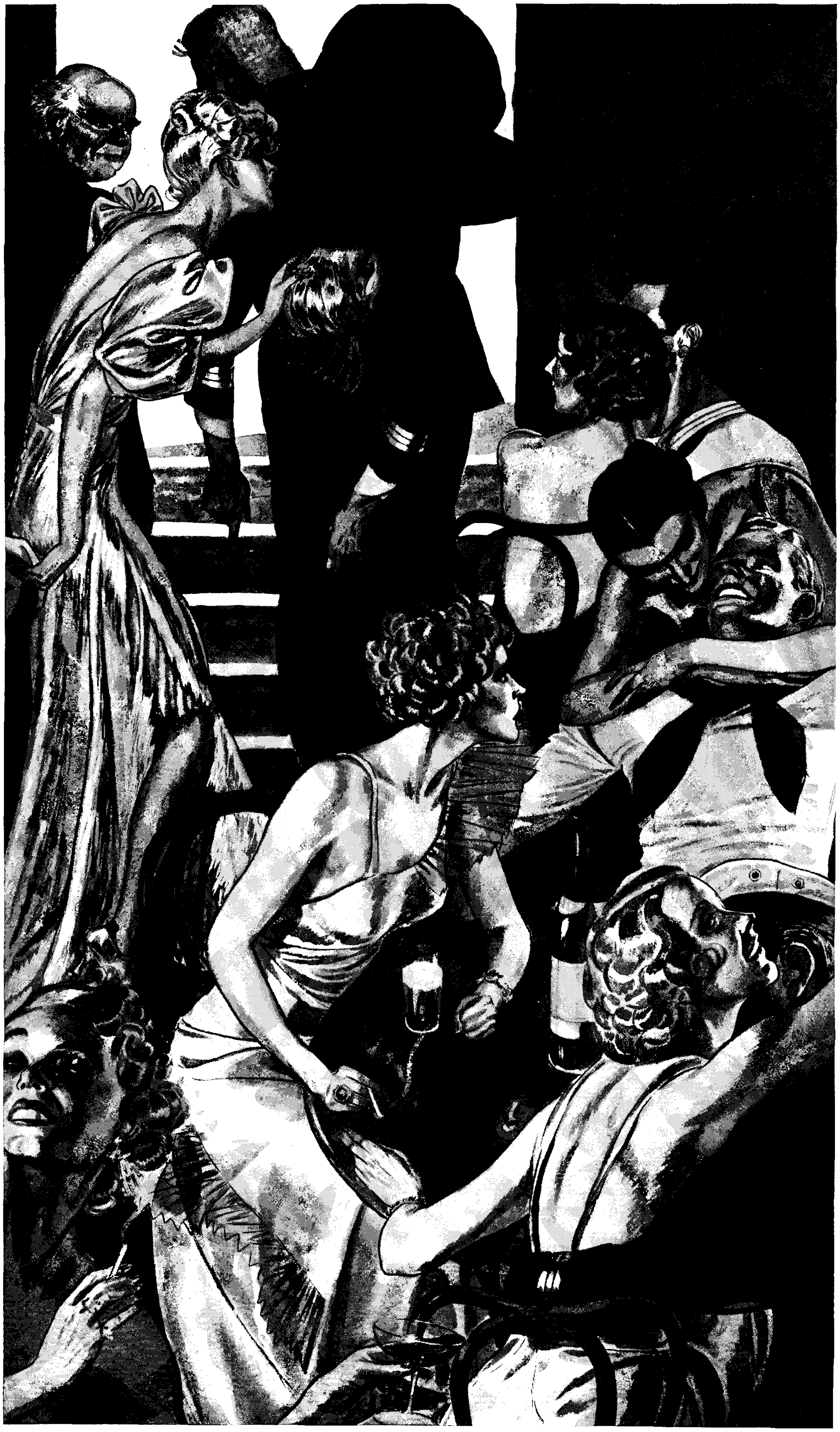
"I should care!"

She went upstairs to dress.

It was not with any belief that he would see her again that Kent drifted into Shanty's at the appointed hour. His motive, if any, was to satisfy a growing conviction that all women were cheats.

Drink had increased his melancholy. He stood in the entrance hall, rocking on his heels and barely conscious of his surroundings.

Sally was alone at a table—a small, shining figure that seemed out of place in such noisy and vulgar surroundings. Kent crossed the dancing floor and stood before her. She looked up, but said nothing. He hardly knew what to



Kent was carried out on Zouma's shoulder and thrown into a taxi

say, but felt he owed her an apology. He offered it awkwardly.

"You see, I never expected . . ."

"I know all about that. Sit down and forget it."

He hesitated.

"You look kind of different tonight."

"Thanks to the fine clothes you bought me. Don't stand around like a waiter. Sit down. Make yourself at home."

HE SHOOK his head. A moment before he had wanted a partner with whom to run wild, but now he had no wish for anything but quiet.

"You can do better for yourself. Guess I'll push back to the ship."

She caught his sleeve and pulled him into a chair.

"You can't run out on me that way. Besides, I'm owing you a bit of company."

"I didn't know women were all that particular in paying debts."

Her mouth hardened a little.

"Some debts they are. Come on. Are you going to order a drink? This isn't my idea of a lively evening."

The fumes of alcohol were mounting to his brain. He rubbed his temples and spoke his thoughts aloud:

"What do you want with a lively evening? What's the idea that only lively evenings are worth having? Isn't there anything better in the world than kissing and getting tight?"

It was so unexpected that she was taken off her guard.

"Say, you're a fine one to preach that sort of gospel."

Her raised voice reached the table where Charlie and Zouma were seated.

"Here's where we go into action!" said the former.

The strong man heaved himself slowly out of his chair.

Kent had begun to laugh.

"Yeah! I guess it was kind of funny. It's a mistake speaking your thoughts aloud—a mistake having too many thoughts. Come on—let's dance!"

But she did not move.

"What sort of man are you?" she said. "What's on your mind?"

"A pint of raw Scotch."

"On your conscience, then."

ONCE more he was drawn by the persuasion in her voice, and once more conquered an inclination to confide and screwed up his eyes into a meaning glance.

"My conscience? Not a thing. But ask me that question tomorrow and I'll tell you different, maybe."

Somebody bumped his arm and he turned to find Charlie Hone looking him up and down with an insolent stare. Charlie said: "Acting as a fence across this gangway much longer, Buddy?"

There was no provocation for the question and there could be only one answer. It impacted against Charlie's solar plexus from the end of a short-arm jab.

"No!" cried Sally, which might have been meant for anybody.

Zouma did not speak English. He was, besides, a man who assimilated ideas slowly, and having done so, was reluctant to abandon them. With a roar, as from the jungle, he waded in with both hands. Although unprepared, Kent wasn't doing badly. He would have done better had not Charlie recovered in time to crown him with a chair. Zouma's leg-of-mutton fist went clean through the wicker seat and smashed into Kent's jaw. In the mêlée Sally's frock was ripped from hem to thigh. The rest was silence—comparatively.

In Australia a private fight is respected as such. The police are seldom invited to interfere. Kent was sleeping

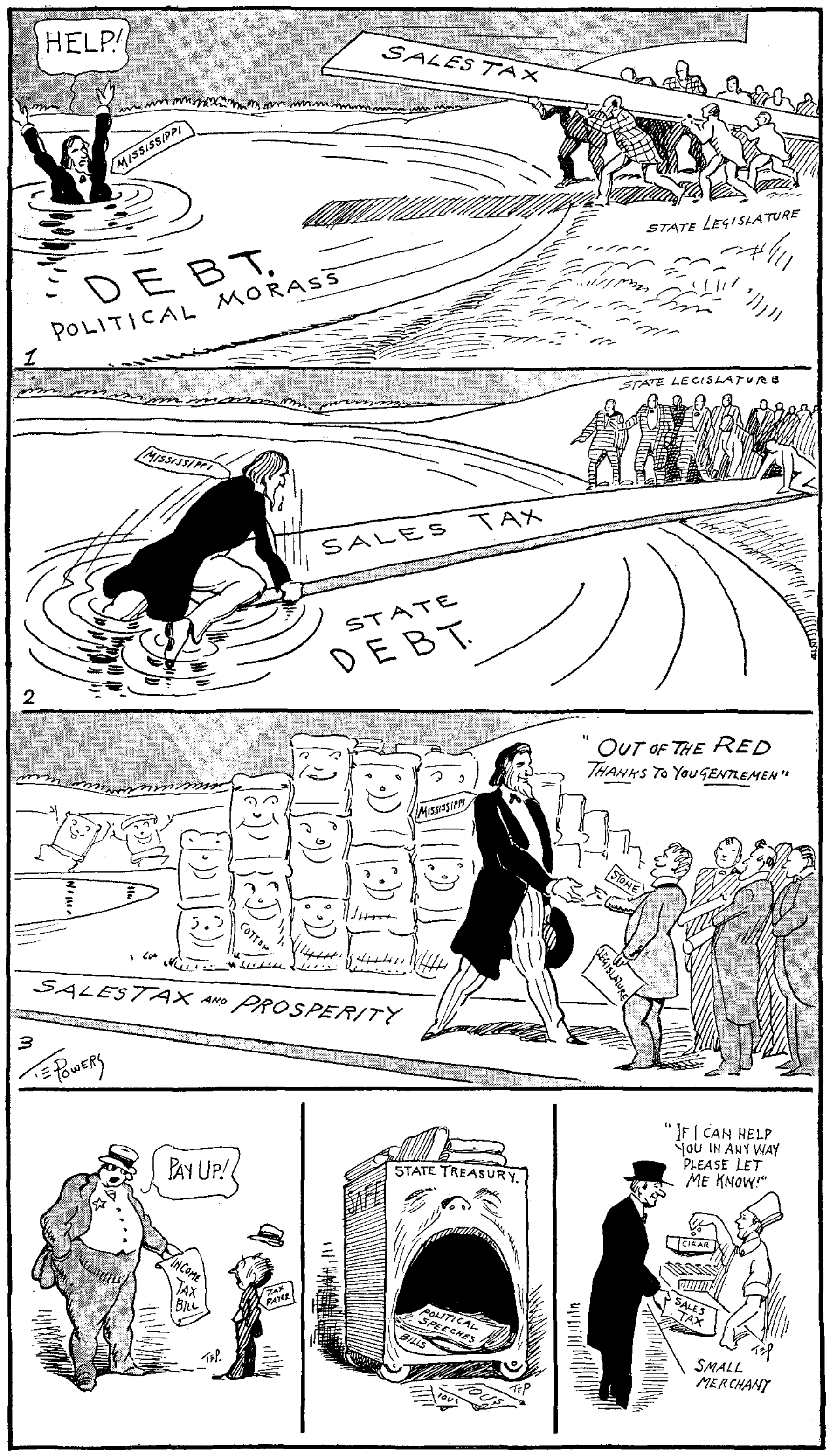
(Continued on page 32)

Easy Come

Try a cigar box. There's nothing like it if you have to deal with the sales tax. Or a quart jar. You can't tack that up, but it will do. Above all, keep your head. Don't let the flood of pennies, good and bad, and pleasantries, bad and good, defeat you. The tax is the thing—the last word in aid and comfort for anemic state treasuries. Mr. Davenport shows you how, in one easy treatment, it restored Mississippi's health

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY T. E. POWERS



WE STOPPED for beer and barbecue a mile or so out of Ethel, Mississippi (I'm pretty sure it was Ethel), not because we were particularly thirsty nor because of an unconquerable craving for barbecue. The sign halted us. Had it run straight across the gravel-grit road from clay bank to clay bank, its command to pull up couldn't have been more compelling. It read: "Griffin, Colee, McOrdy and Co., Hot Pig and Lager. Successor to Jim Clover."

The sign, a huge, blue and white screamer, had its talons fastened upon the roof of a small, unpainted, open-faced shack, a slapped-together shanty of raw, resinous pine, and appeared to be about to soar away with it like a hawk with a helpless chick. Just where Mr. Clover had been in business was not clear; this yawning canteen was new, its undressed planks still pungently aromatic.

And, as new enterprises will, this one was having a lot of trouble finding its bearings. The beer was warm, as we had feared; the refrigerator hadn't arrived. And the pig was cold, the kerosene stove refusing to coöperate with Messrs. Griffin, Colee, McOrdy and Co., all six or seven of whom were inside the tiny place, making it almost impossible for any one of them to do anything about anything. There was a good deal of heartfelt cursing going on.

To complicate the head-on disorder, an agent of the State Tax Commission had paused that morning, leaving behind him a neat folder which turned out to be a sales-tax blank. They agreed that the agent was a gentleman—at least as near a gentleman as any tax guy can be. He made no demands, laid down no rules, said nothing about coming back and didn't even look hard-boiled. All he did was to observe that they had the makings of a perfectly dandy place, hoped they made a barrel of money and said they shouldn't hesitate to call on him if there was anything they didn't understand, and expect plenty of sympathetic help if their books didn't balance. For a guy who made his living collecting taxes, he was aces.

It was after he had eaten his hot pig on roll, the stove going fine at the time, that he revealed himself. With the beer, his check was twenty cents. He laid a dollar on the counter. Mr. Griffin, with the aid of Messrs. Colee and McOrdy and a couple of the silent members, produced eighty cents change. The agent pocketed the eighty cents and threw down a penny.

"You forgot the sales tax," explained he.

This threw the firm into what might easily have become a panic because, what with the strain the sign was putting on the roof, the temperamental sulkings of the stove, the failure of the icebox to arrive, and everybody issuing orders to everybody else, they had forgotten all about the sales tax. More swearing. Everybody said he'd be something.

"If," said the agent as he laid out the tax report, "you should feel—oh, embarrassed or anything, read the words of our chairman in the upper right-hand corner. Now I know you gentlemen are just getting started, and I know, too, that business men all over the country are given to worrying about taxes. But if you will pardon a suggestion, I think you should try a cigar box. Let us say you tack the cigar box yonder, back there to the wall over the coffee urn. Tack it up securely. Every time you make a sale put the tax in the cigar box instead of your pocket or, as you undoubtedly will in a few days, the cash register. Or a quart jar. A quart jar makes an excellent receptacle for—"

Mississippi Magic

But at this point the partners, looking skeptically at each other, interrupted him with a murmured "Oh, yeah?" So the agent departed, bidding them be of stout heart and to read the message in the upper right-hand corner. Also to regard him as their ever-helping friend to be summoned at any hour, like the undertaker. While the stove made up its mind they read the message.

"It is our very earnest desire," it ran, "to be as helpful as possible to our taxpayers and to relieve them as far as we can of the complications and vexations incident to the taxpaying process. To this end we shall greatly appreciate any suggestions from you, either as to simplifying our forms or doing anything else which may improve the service which we are trying to render."

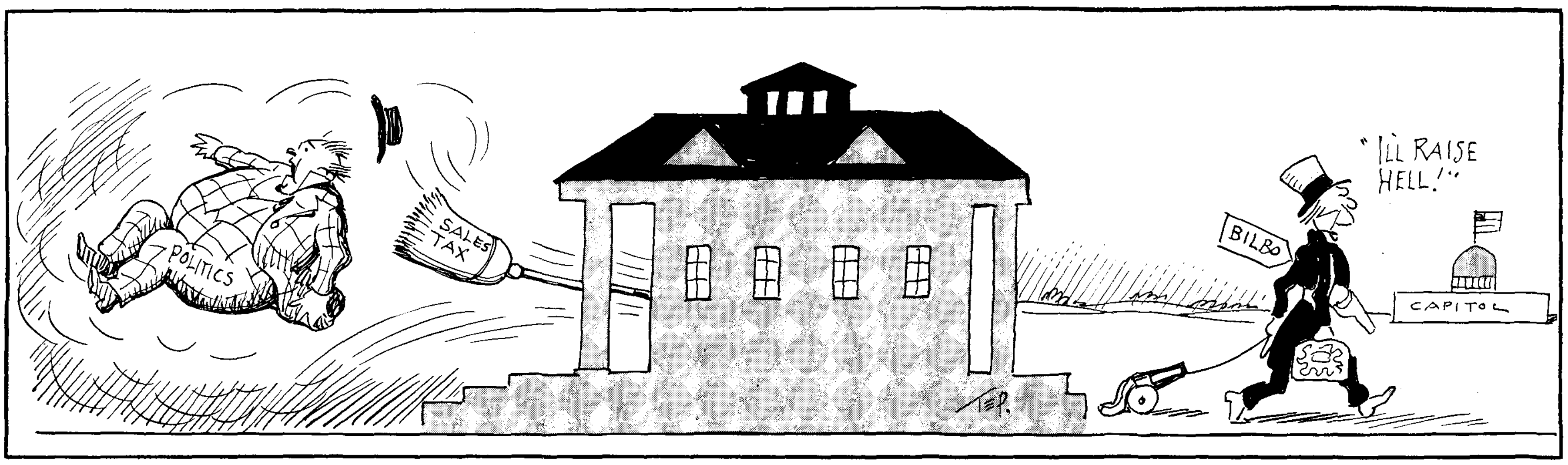
It was signed by Mr. Alfred Holt Stone, chairman of the State Tax Commission, to see whom was one of our reasons for being in Mississippi. It would be nothing new to Mr. Stone to talk, as tax commissioner, to somebody from outside the state. For a year or so they had been calling pretty frequently—tax commissioners from twenty or thirty other states, governors, mayors, bankers, economists, and members of Congress whose minds were bent all out of shape with much thinking about government revenue-raising. And all asking the same question, some simply and others in the opaque trade terms of the money scientist, which to such simple minds as ours are just clubfooted jargon.

They all want to know what magic was employed to drag Mississippi by her suspenders out of the apparently hopeless bankruptcy in which she wallowed in January, 1932, and establish her on the securest financial base she has known in more than fifty years. This in spite of two admittedly dismal business years. And this notwithstanding Mississippi's lack of diversified industrial activities. Financially, Mississippi is an inflexible monogamist. She has one love, one spouse, one source of income: Cotton. And we need not go into that subject to convince you or anyone else that the resurrection of a one-crop people in the years 1932 and 1933 is something that might be studied with profit.

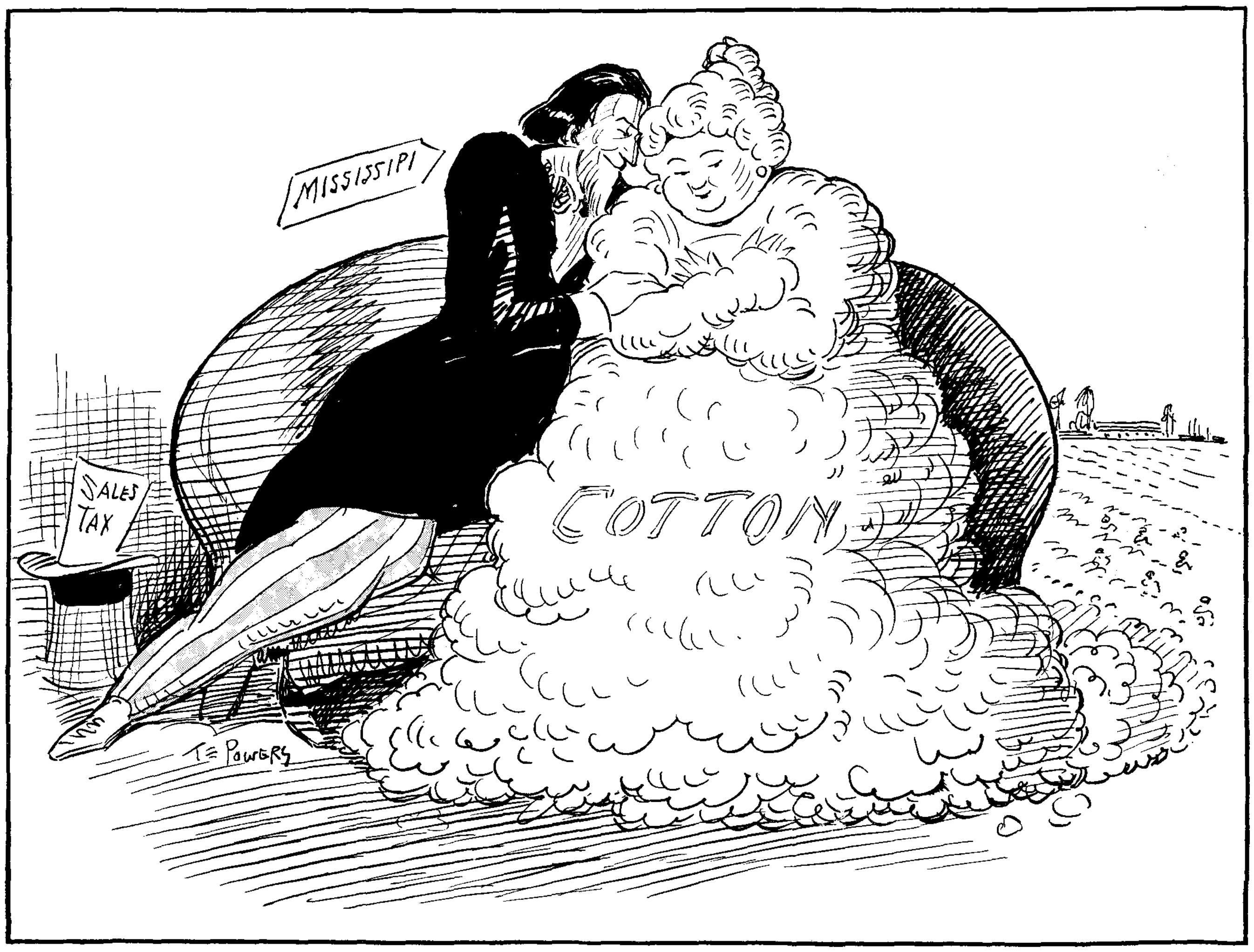
A Good Beginning

The point is this, however: These investigators looking for Mr. Stone's secret found no magic—unless a decade of disuse has transformed common sense into that category. And the only extraordinary feature the inquiring officials found was that Mr. Stone had not only divorced his office from politics but, with the coöperation of an honest governor (whose honesty, by the way, includes his intellectual activities and who therefore isn't any too popular), made the divorce absolute.

But we shall go into that in a moment. When we left the Hot Pig Palace of Griffin, Colee, McOrdy and Co., the partners were in the midst of a vulgar but brilliant wrangle over questions six and seven, which want to know whether the recipient's books are closed on a calendar or fiscal year basis, and if so whether they should forward the cigar box to Mr. Stone monthly or quarterly. The law has it that you must turn in your sales-tax accumulations every thirty days if your tax liability is more than ten dollars a month, and quarterly if less. We couldn't wait for the decision; it probably wouldn't interest you anyway. We had to hurry on to Jackson, where we had no trouble at all discovering that it is a sinful waste of time to listen to those birds of doom who flutter around assuring you that the retail sales tax won't work, that even if it did it would ruin the retail business if honestly heeded and that it is a felonious raid upon the widow's mite, the orphan's bread and butter and the poor man's tiny store. This, we are compelled to report, is frankly the bunk—



With politics out and Bilbo off to Congress, the budget was balanced



Financially, Mississippi is an inflexible monogamist. She has one love, one source of income: Cotton

an epithet of which you may have heard. Naturally, bad administration can ruin anything. But let's start at the beginning, like good fellows.

In 1932 the office of governor of Mississippi was vacated more or less willingly by an energetic gentleman named Bilbo. Mr. Theodore Gilmore Bilbo is now a member of the United States Senate, the state having elected him last fall to that once-exclusive body on the theory that he not only possessed the formula for restoring general individual prosperity but was exactly the man to mend the financial fabric of the nation. Just how Mississippi arrived at this estimate of Mr. Bilbo is one of those mysteries which will always be hanging around to mock us; certainly they must have forgotten that when he ceased being governor in 1932 the state treasury looked like a prolonged yawn by Mr. Joe E. Brown of Hollywood. It contained nothing but a few copies of Mr. Bilbo's inaugural speech and a deficit of seven million dollars or so. As for the financial plight of the eighty-two counties and their innumerable subdivisions, we need say no more than that there were no finances to be in a plight. Several of the investigators still have distressing shooting pains just above the eyes.

Perhaps you of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California and similar lairs of concentrated wealth may scoff at a deficit of a mere seven millions. To you a state treasury deficit of such modest proportions probably means high-class solvency.

Just a Governor

In these days, if a state is in the red no more than that she is likely to consider herself out of debt. But to Mississippi it was collapse. Mississippi has a population of 2,009,821 (1930 census) and of these, 1,009,718 are Negroes. Negroes contribute very few dimes to state treasuries.

In Mr. Bilbo's stead the state had elected a stout young lawyer named Martin Sennett Conner, better if not popularly known as Mike. A few words at this point about Mr. Conner will be of interest. In these days of boom for political nostrums and medicine-show government Mr. Conner appears to be slightly miscast. As a rabble-rouser Mr. Conner is just about as potent as the first and last stanzas of Lead Kindly Light. The poor fellow hasn't even an accordion player in his pocket, much less a hundred and fifty piece brass band. And he has been known to ask his secretary (who, incidentally, wouldn't make a bad governor) hours after Ole Miss, the State University, has quit taking a solemn beating from some more romping rival, what the score was. It is said of Mr. Conner that his magnificent neighbor, Senator Huey P. Long, helped make him governor, and the story goes on to say that when Mr. Conner realized this he hurried to the nearest corner and became violently ill. Briefly, the governor of Mississippi is scarcely anything outside his own home except a much better than average governor with no talents for ballyhoo.

Poor fellow, when he took office he decided that it was not good for Mississippi to be bankrupt, that it was not proper that Mississippi should ignore her debts and that it was silly to look for additional tax money where there hadn't been any at all for several years. Sixty thousand farmers were surrendering their land because they couldn't pay taxes or, if they could, had decided it was not worth while. The state's motto was just about to change from *Virtute et Armis* to The Hell With It, and there was some talk of tearing down the Mississippi River dikes and obliterating the whole unhappy scene.

There was, even under Governor Bilbo and long before him, a state institution known as the Tax Commission with gentlemen whose sole equipment for the job consisted in an astonishing lack of ability. They will tell you in Jackson that several of the wealthy corporations used to offer a trip to a tax-commission hearing to their young men as a reward for superior work.

Teeth for Tax Makers

They say it was a wonderful thing to behold the tax commissioners swaying under the eloquence of corporation lawyers, and frequently burst into unconscious applause when the orator called off a string of statistics without looking at the book. And there was, they say, one immortal on the commission whose vote was to decide whether a tax rate on freight trains laden with home-grown cotton should be decreased in the interests of lower freight charges to the planter. The railroad's champion had spoken for an hour and a half and the commission's decision awaited the vote of this one commissioner. He pondered for ten minutes, walking the floor, his thumbs hooked into his vest and a Ciceronian frown ennobling his brow. Obviously the man was thinking and the corporation's pleaders, unaccustomed to delays of this derivation, were too impressed to interfere. But presently he came to a halt, gazed stonily at the visiting lawyers and cleared his throat. The deciding vote was to be cast.

"Say, Major," he demanded, "you're from Yazoo County. Which one of the Plimpton sisters was it Gabe Gispell married?"

So it was evident to the new governor that it would be to Mississippi's benefit to have a commission that knew the difference between assessment and tax rate and when conferring with, say, the power companies, understood at the outset that transformer and kilowatt are not synonymous terms.

Mr. Conner thereupon wrote two letters—one to the legislature asking it to adopt a two-per-cent retail sales tax law and the other to Mr. Stone inviting

(Continued on page 38)

The Magic Popgun

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Detective Wragge's niece had to answer many unusual questions. But the one that "V. J." asked her was unique. Her answer was safe and sane, but what happened later because of it was not

MISS MOTT, engaged in her usual Wednesday afternoon task of answering the inevitable crop of letters demanding her advice in next week's "Home Talks," paused in perplexity before one of the last she opened. It was written on what appeared to be club stationery of expensive quality, but the address at the top had been carefully cut out:

> Dear Miss Mott:
>
> Give me your advice, please, in the next issue of your paper. I have recently met and been immensely attracted by a young lady whose friendship and affection I should much like to gain. Unfortunately I have not, up to now, led what is termed a respectable life, and I am afraid if she became aware of the nature of my profession she would not grant me the privilege of her acquaintance. Should I be justified, under the circumstances, bearing in mind the fact that my intentions are what are termed "strictly honorable," in seeking her friendship under an assumed name, and endeavoring to secure her interest in me before I divulge my profession?
>
> Please reply to V. J.

Miss Mott placed this epistle on one side and answered all the others first. Then she turned back to the waiting letter, lifted it for one moment to her dainty nostrils, and half closed her eyes. Afterward, with no further display of sentiment, she thrust a sheet of paper into her typewriter, and dealt with it:

> V. J.: *I am surprised that you should ask me such an unintelligent question. Under no circumstances would you be justified in approaching the young lady until you have entirely changed the manner of your life, and are prepared to live according to accepted standards.*

Miss Mott, whose touch upon her typewriter was usually both light and delicate, thumped out these few lines with unaccustomed force and energy. Afterward she rang the bell for the tall, bespectacled young girl who acted as her secretary.

"Ring up Scotland Yard for me, Amy," she instructed, "and inquire whether Superintendent Detective Wragge is in. If so, put me through to him on the telephone."

"Superintendent Detective Wragge. Yes, Miss Mott."

"My uncle," the latter continued. "And afterward, Amy, take this package of manuscript round to the 'Home Talks' office."

The girl accepted a bulky envelope, and retreated to her own den. Presently the telephone bell rang. Miss Mott exchanged a few words with her uncle, and arranged to lunch with him at one-fifteen that day at the Milan Grill Room.

SUPERINTENDENT DETECTIVE WRAGGE was a big, loosely built man, whose success in his profession could not have depended in any way upon his ability to disguise himself from his prospective victims, for he was a person of unusual appearance. He was over six feet tall, and his face was large, creased and lined. His eyes were shrewd and penetrating, his mouth sensitive and humorous. He might more easily have been taken for a cabinet minister or a barrister than a detective.

His successes had mostly been achieved from the armchair behind his desk, and were owing in large measure to his amazing memory of and insight into the ways and habits of the criminal world. He was commonly reported to be able to tell you offhand the favorite haunts and habits of any well-known evildoer, together with his chosen brand of cigarettes, and any other personal details. He seldom stirred from his room in Scotland Yard, but, on the few occasions when he sallied out professionally, either eastward or westward, things usually happened. He was very fond of his only niece, and it was, to a certain extent, under his auspices that she had combined her present venture with her newspaper activities.

"Is it true, Uncle," Miss Mott asked him, during the course of their lunch, "that you know the names and nicknames of every one of the principal criminals in London?"

"Perfectly true, my dear," he assented. "Nothing much in that. There aren't more than twenty or thirty of what we call 'big shots.' The remainder work under them in gangs."

"Do you know of a criminal I read about in the papers once, whose nickname is Violet Joe?" she inquired artlessly.

"Why, do you?"

She was a little disconcerted by the swiftness of the rejoinder but she adroitly concealed the fact.

"I HEARD him spoken of the other day, quite by accident," she confided. "I haven't any information about him, if that's what you were hoping."

"No, I don't suppose you would have," her uncle mused. "Violet Joe doesn't give himself away like some of the others do. If you were in a position to do anything about him it would be the biggest send-off your show could possibly have."

"He's—bad?"

"I wouldn't say that he's bad, but he's terribly clever," Superintendent Wragge replied, with an unusual note of seriousness in his tone. "He and his chief—Boss Meredith—are about the only two of the big five I couldn't lay my hands on at any time if there was any object in it. Violet Joe's too clever for the ordinary police brain. All we can hope is that some day he makes just one slip. Then we'll have a look into his past."

"That doesn't sound very pleasant," Miss Mott shivered.

"Crime isn't pleasant," was her uncle's dry response. "Let's not talk about it. Have an ice before your coffee?"

"I will have a chocolate and vanilla ice mixed," Miss Mott announced, "and, in the meanwhile, why shouldn't we talk of it? In my new department I might be mixed up with criminals at any moment. Crime fascinates me. I'm tired of giving advice about these courtship and domestic matters. I should like to be drawn into a really serious affair."

"Then you're a little fool, and I'm sorry I ever encouraged you to start your intelligence agency," Superintendent Wragge growled. "Crime—real crime—is an ugly and beastly thing. I don't suppose you'll ever come in touch with it, and I sincerely hope you won't."

THEIR conversation was broken into in somewhat abrupt fashion. A good-looking, exceedingly well-turned-out young man, who was passing their table, paused and, with a courteous bow, held out his hand to the superintendent. He was moderately tall, with clean-cut features, a pleasant mouth, shrewd eyes and brown hair which had a distinct wave in it where it was brushed back behind his ears. He wore a blue serge suit, with a tie of elusive purple, and a bunch of violets in his buttonhole.

"Superintendent Wragge, isn't it?" he remarked, with an ingratiating smile. "I am afraid you don't remember me."

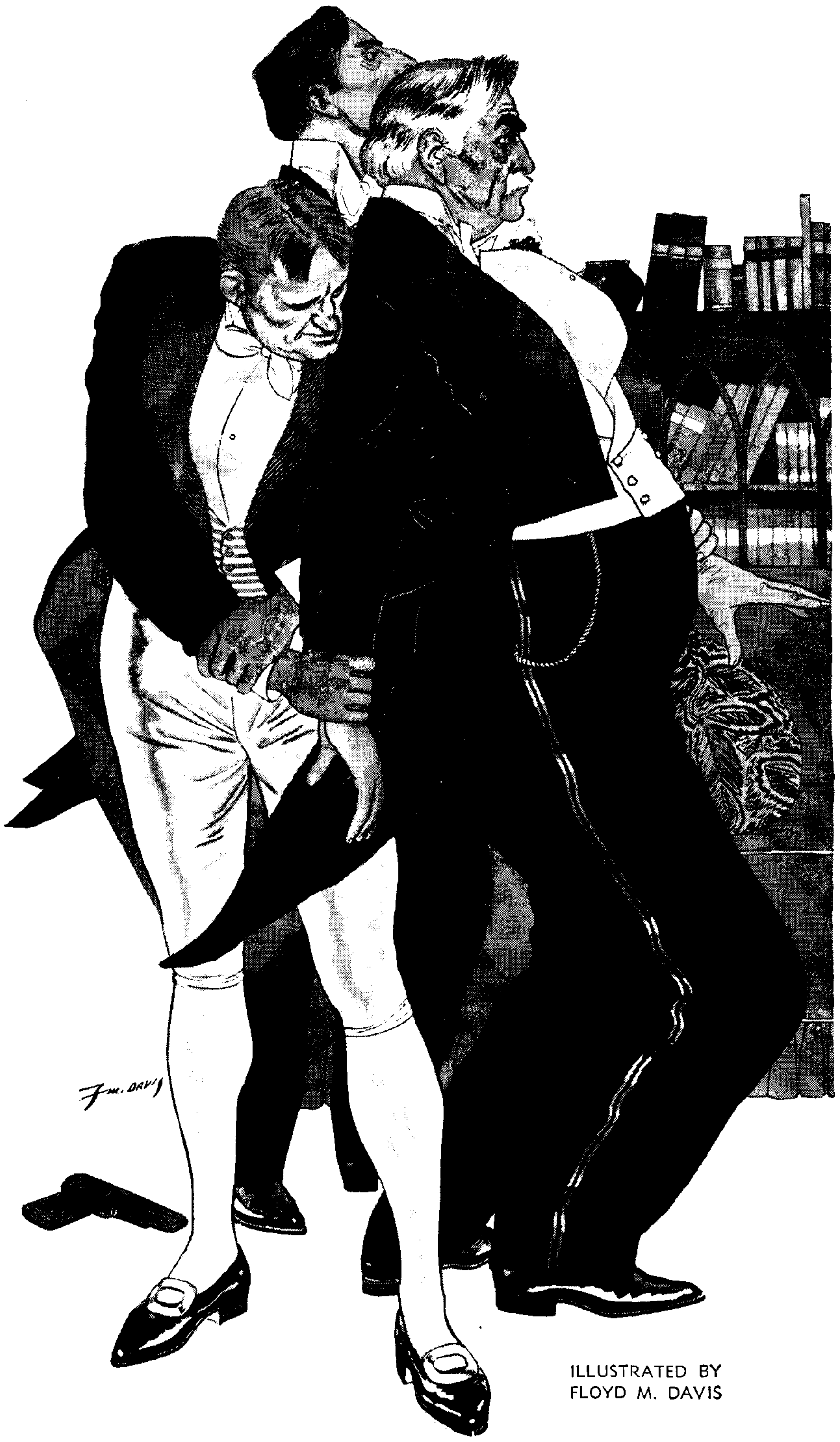
"Not entirely," the superintendent admitted, as he shook hands. "To say that your face is familiar wouldn't be exactly a compliment, as you seem to know my profession."

"About two months ago," the newcomer reminded him, "you came to Amberley Square—wedding reception, you know—Lady Hoskinson's. You had a man there already, watching over the wedding presents, but you thought you might spot a petty thief you were after."

"I remember the circumstance, but not you," the superintendent meditated.

The young man sighed.

"Lady Hoskinson is my aunt," he confided. "Victor Jones is my name. I



ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

asked you to have a drink, and you wouldn't."

The superintendent shook his head. "It doesn't sound like me," he objected. "All the same, there was a—what did you say your name was?"

"Victor Jones," the young man repeated. "Might I have the pleasure—"

He glanced toward Miss Mott. Her uncle accepted the hint.

"Mr. Victor Jones—my niece, Miss Mott."

THE young man took Miss Mott's somewhat timidly proffered hand in his. She looked into his eyes, and fear came.

"I am delighted," he murmured.

There was a moment's somewhat curious silence. For some reason or other Miss Mott, not usually a shy young woman, seemed incapable of speech.

"You hadn't the best of luck that night, had you, Superintendent Wragge?" Mr. Victor Jones continued easily. "Your man was there. You knew that. You couldn't spot him, and the diamond pendant was stolen. Never been recovered to this day, my aunt tells me."

"You seem to have the events of that evening at your finger ends," Superintendent Wragge remarked, "but, curiously enough, even now I don't seem to remember you."

He frowned, as though in a further effort of memory, gazing intently at the young man. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. Mr. Victor Jones was bending over Miss Mott, and she was trying hard to take no note of the appeal in his eyes, to be reckless of the scent of violets creeping once more into her nostrils. Her heart was beating fast. Furthermore, she was somehow conscious of the sense of drama closing in upon her.

"You, too, they tell me, are in a small way a follower in your uncle's profession," remarked the engaging stranger.

"A very small way indeed," she assented deprecatingly.

She raised her eyes and looked at him, and what he saw in those blue depths was quite sufficient warning to him. He smiled back a message of reassurance, and he left her swiftly. She herself had heard nothing, but she had seen her uncle's urgent summons to the *maître d'hôtel*, the whispered replies, the man's hurried departure, and egress through the door. Then she heard a disappointed exclamation. Mr. Victor Jones had swung away from the door, crossed the Grill Room, and plunged into the restaurant, disappearing almost at once among the incoming crowd. Superintendent Wragge, with an agility little short of marvelous, followed him, and Miss Mott was left alone with her thoughts.

IT WAS at least a quarter of an hour before Superintendent Wragge reappeared. He resumed his seat very much as though nothing had happened, but he pushed to one side the glass of very mild white wine, a bottle of which he was sharing with his niece, and ordered a double whisky-and-soda.

"Sorry to leave you, my dear," he apologized. "I had an idea—merely an idea—but one can't afford in my profession to neglect even the semblance of one. That young man now! What the mischief made him come to this table, and tell me a deliberate falsehood?"

"Did he?" Miss Mott asked simply.

"You heard him tell me that his name was Victor Jones, and that he had met me at his aunt's the afternoon the old lady persuaded me to go in there and superintend the arrangements for guarding her daughter's wedding presents. That was a distinct untruth. I never met him there, or anyone like him. The only young man who approached me was a fair, insignificant little chap, with an eyeglass, who was a brother of the bride, and even he didn't ask me to have a drink. What this fellow's object was in telling me that rigmarole, I cannot imagine."

"Perhaps," Miss Mott suggested modestly, "he wanted an introduction to me. I am afraid—he had been looking at me a good deal, and everyone knows who you are, so I dare say he tried a bluff."

Superintendent Detective Wragge stroked his chin, and regarded his niece thoughtfully.

"That never occurred to me," he acknowledged. "You are, I suppose, personable. It may have been that after all."

"Tell me about your idea," she begged. "What made you send for the *maître d'hôtel*, and afterward follow the young man?"

Her uncle leaned forward in his place. He satisfied himself that there was no one else within hearing distance.

"I will tell you," he confided. "We have information that Violet Joe is in town, and that there is something doing almost at once. That young man had to pass my table. He is notorious for doing impudent things. It would have been just like him to try to establish a false identity with me. Then look at his name. Probably invented on the spur of the moment—Victor Jones—Violet Joe. Look at the clever way he disappeared too. There was a touch of the habitual criminal there."

Miss Mott looked at her vis-à-vis very earnestly.

"Do you really believe that that was Violet Joe who stopped at this table and to whom I was introduced?" she asked him pointblank.

"It might have been," was as far as her uncle would commit himself.

INSIDE her little office, Miss Mott was depressed. For two weeks, not a caller, legitimate or otherwise, had disturbed the serenity of her days. Then, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the crash came. Miss Mott began to be very busy indeed.

A telephone call, from her uncle at Scotland Yard, started the riot.

"Seen or heard anything more about that young man who disturbed our luncheon party?" he inquired.

"The young man who might have been Violet Joe? I was going to ask you that. Not a thing. Have you?" Miss Mott rejoined innocently.

"Indirectly. I believe he is about, though. We must have another luncheon one day next week."

"I should love to. I have no engagements."

He still held on.

"By the bye, Lucie," he said, "if ever anything should happen to me suddenly—foul weather this for elderly people, and I've got a bit of a cough—my will is at Wyman's, the solicitor, 18 Holborn Row. Got that?"

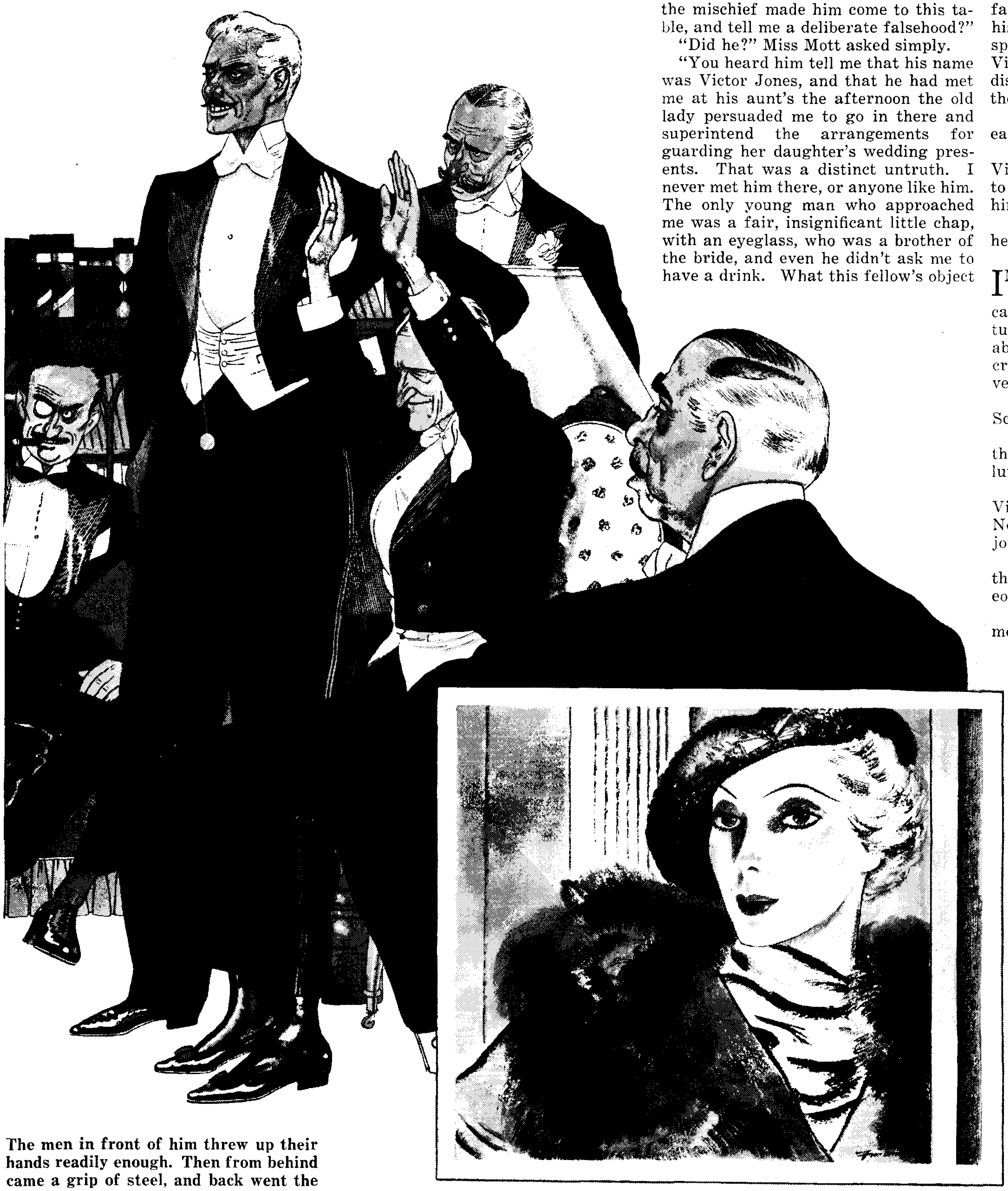
"Why, of course, Uncle, but what's the matter?" she inquired, suddenly alarmed. "You're not ill, are you?"

"Not I," he assured her. "I am perfectly well, but—I'm going out tonight after Violet Joe's crowd."

FOOTSTEPS upon the stairs—just as she was putting on her hat! Soft, swift footsteps, mounting through the darkness of the two upper flights of stairs. She waited, pulses quickening. To others it might have seemed long—Miss Mott had lost count of time—the footsteps at the door, the masked face peering through the aperture, the cautious, furtive entrance, the figure of her former visitor, lithe, alert, the flashing eyes, pinpricks of fire darting round the room.

"You are alone?" he snapped out.

(Continued on page 46)



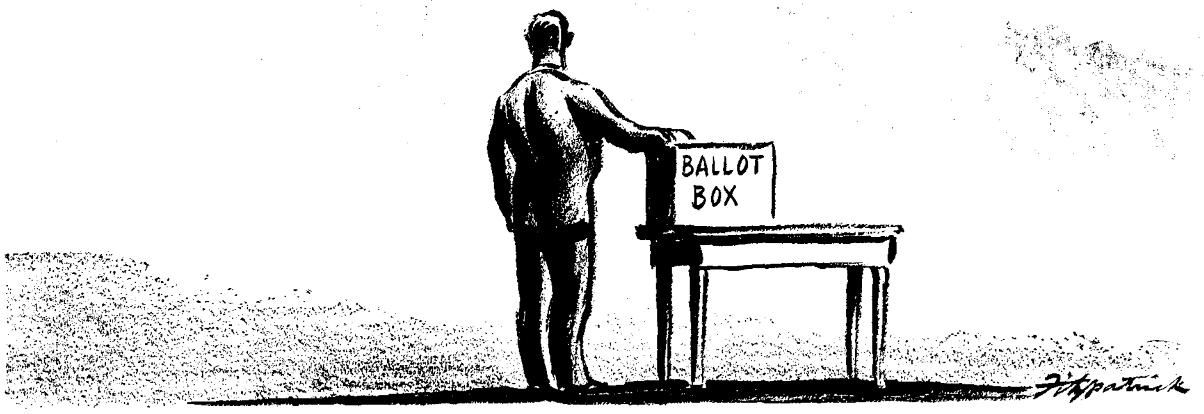
The men in front of him threw up their hands readily enough. Then from behind came a grip of steel, and back went the automatics, clattering onto the carpet

Why Not Dictatorship?

By Winston Churchill

ILLUSTRATED BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

This is an age of change, quick change; can constitutions and parliaments keep pace with it? Perhaps we ought to junk them and choose a dictator. Look at Italy. Look at Germany. Yes, look at them, says Mr. Churchill, and be grateful the English-speaking peoples still have their constitutions. They cost us plenty and they're still worth it



The English-speaking peoples have powerful safeguards against threats of bondage

THERE is a fearsome levity in the frequency with which this question is asked nowadays. All over Europe nations have been found ready to sweep away the entire political structure of government under which they have dwelt, and to adopt entirely new methods without the slightest attempt either to appraise the value of what they are throwing aside or to measure the future.

Many people, even in England, will speak of getting a different system of government with no more seriousness than they would bestow on choosing a new suit of clothes. "We have had enough of Parliament and all that; let's try something else. So-and-so seems a good man; tell him to run the country and make it powerful and rich." This mood has now spread to the United States.

"For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best."

Yet these same forms of government have from the dawn of civilization engaged at frequent intervals the thoughts and the passions of the leading races of mankind. Despotisms wise or wicked, monarchies hereditary or elective, republics and oligarchies of every character, together with interludes of democracy or mob rule, have filled the histories of every progressive people. Always the constitutional instrument has been judged of supreme importance and attempts to change it suddenly or drastically have usually been accompanied by the shedding of much blood. Certainly one would not feel that any nation would go far or survive long if it were careless or ignorant about the relation of its individual citizens to the state.

The first question which we must ask ourselves is: What kind of life do we wish to lead in our brief span? When we have made up our minds about this, it will be much easier to judge the merits of various systems of government. It should be noticed that up till this chaotic twentieth century the chief desire of all the noblest and most successful races has been to secure and preserve the rights and status of the individual citizen; and to protect him from the ambition, greed, malice or caprice of rulers.

A high degree of personal freedom and a sense of lawful independence has certainly been the main characteristic not only of the British people, but of the English-speaking races, now spread so widely through the world. Freedom of religion, freedom of thought, freedom of movement, freedom to choose or change employment. The inviolability of even the humblest home; the right and the power of the private citizen to appeal to impartial courts against the state and against the ministers of the day; freedom of speech and writing; freedom of the press; freedom of combination and agitation within the limits of long-established laws; the right of regular opposition to the government; the power to turn out a government and put another set of men in its place by lawful constitutional means; and finally the sense of association with the state and of some responsibility for its actions and conduct. All these make the greatest part of the message which the English people have given to the human race.

While Freedom Slumbered

The original conception of these privileges, or some of them, was born in ancient Greece. They were practiced in the classic days of Rome. They were trampled under foot in the dark ages of brutish barbarism. For more than a thousand years the whole world groveled under dictatorships and tyrannies of absolute kings, soldiers and priests. But the inspiration lived while it slumbered. It revived again in a small island shrouded in the northern mists.

Leaders arose who struggled and suffered. The rights and freedom of citizens or subjects were asserted, albeit in a primitive form, against arbitrary power. Parliament came into effective being. The Pilgrim Fathers set out for the New World to establish the freedom denied to them in the Old. Wars were fought; battles were gained. Tyrants or those who represented tyranny were decapitated. Very slowly, inch by inch, year by year, generation by generation, the rulers were taught that a new force had established itself. Oliver Cromwell, William III and John, Duke of Marlborough, were champions who by their swords made this system of free government resound with ringing blows upon the pates of the dictatorships of Europe with their ground-down, miserable populations.

Fortune, or perhaps it was Almighty God, rewarded the prescient island. For a long space the treasures of the New World and of the future were poured into its lap. Dazzling empire,

(Continued on page 29)

Singing Merman

By Kyle Crichton

Ethel Merman started by making a sacrifice for her art. She gave up a good job and the first syllable of her name. And has she ever had cause to regret it? She has not

THE chemical affinity between banging a typewriter, singing torch songs and fame has never been determined scientifically but it is undoubtedly very close and perhaps ominous. Lucienne Boyer, the French singer, stepped directly from the keyboard to the stage and Ethel Merman, who is currently appearing in the films with Eddie Cantor in Kid Millions and on Broadway with Victor Moore and William Gaxton in Anything Goes, sacrificed an excellent position with an automatic brake-shoe company to entertain the multitudes.

Mlle. Boyer was never any good as a stenographer but Miss Merman had already attained a high standing as a privut secrity and clung to it for months after she began singing professionally, never knowing when some stage manager would dump her in the alley and not wanting to burn her bridges to the rear.

As secretary to a wealthy gentleman who ran the brake-shoe company, Miss Merman made arrangements for the flowers which he sent to his friends in the profession on opening nights and generally was in touch with the life of the stage and Broadway through her boss. Never at a loss for a thought of her own in a crisis and having heard the Broadway ladies in song and not thinking them too torrid, Miss Merman finally broached him for a letter to his friend George White, who was casting a new Scandals. She took the letter over after work and found Mr. White resting from his labors after seeing applicants since eleven in the morning.

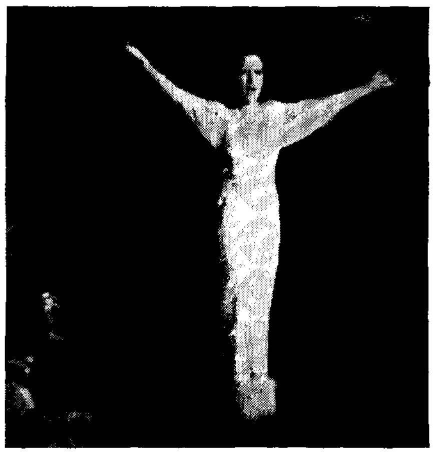
"What do you do, Miss Zimmerman?" he asked wearily, reading her name from the letter.

"Me," said Miss Merman, drawing herself up. "I sing. I am a singer."

"On singers," said Mr. White, "I am filled up. But I can give you a job on the line."

"A chorus girl!" cried Miss Merman indignantly.

"A thousand pardons," said Mr. White, dropping her letter gingerly in the wastebasket. "If anything turns up, I'll get in touch with you."



Ethel Merman thinks that managers must be crazy to pay her for her work, which consists of singing songs in successful revues on Broadway and acting in motion-picture hits

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

She went back to the brake-shoe company, which was in Long Island City, just across the river from Manhattan Island, and tried to forget about Broadway. After all, she had a good job and perhaps the stage wasn't so glamorous as they made out. Her work was soft because her boss only came down to the office two days a week and only stayed a few hours when he came. In those brief periods, however, he ran things at a pace, being subject to rages in which he pulled the telephone out by the roots and annihilated trick ash trays. The Zimmerman girl never let it matter. She called the telephone people and asked them to send the usual repair man and then went off to the supply room until the storm blew over.

A Double Life

At night she was Ethel Merman, the singer. She sang at weddings and clambakes and political rallies and banquets. She sang anywhere they had ten dollars for entertainment. She lived in Astoria and had been singing even before her days in Bryant High. Because she sang practically every night she had a system worked out for the office. When she came down in the morning, she opened the mail, dusted off the boss' desk and then went off to the ladies' rest room. She took off her dress, hung it carefully on a hanger and curled up on the sofa and went to sleep. If anything turned up the other girls rushed in to warn her.

"The boss is on the phone," they would cry, and Miss Zimmerman would wrap her fur coat about her and dash out to speak sweetly to the boss. After that she went back to finish her nap.

About that time she got a two weeks' engagement at Little Russia, a night club on Fifty-seventh Street. She was to appear nightly for sixty dollars a week, and was not to be annoyed by the ex-dukes and princesses who were doing their own specialties in the club. She went home after work, slept for an hour or two, always being a girl for her rest, and then got to New York on the subway about nine o'clock. She was home again at three in the morning. It was here that she met her present manager, Lou Irwin.

So She Arranged It

"Can you make an appointment in the morning to see Warner Brothers?" asked Mr. Irwin, and the lady was immediately in a predicament. She certainly didn't want to admit that she was a stenographer instead of a professional entertainer and she certainly didn't want to stay away from work for fear she might be asked to stay away permanently.

"Why—uh," she said, "let me call you in the morning and fix it."

"Why not fix it right now?"

"Because," said Miss Merman, thinking fast, "because I got another appointment tomorrow morning. I'll see if I can arrange it."

She went up to Warner Brothers and sang for one of the Warner brothers and was hired at $200 a week.

"When do I go to work?" she asked.

"Don't get excited," said whichever Warner brother. "Just stick around. We'll call you."

She stuck around for three months and felt bad about everything because she had given up her job with the brake-shoe company and she couldn't sing for anybody but Warner Brothers and they didn't want her to sing. They were insane enough to pay her two hundred dollars a week for the pleasure of not working. She went to her agent.

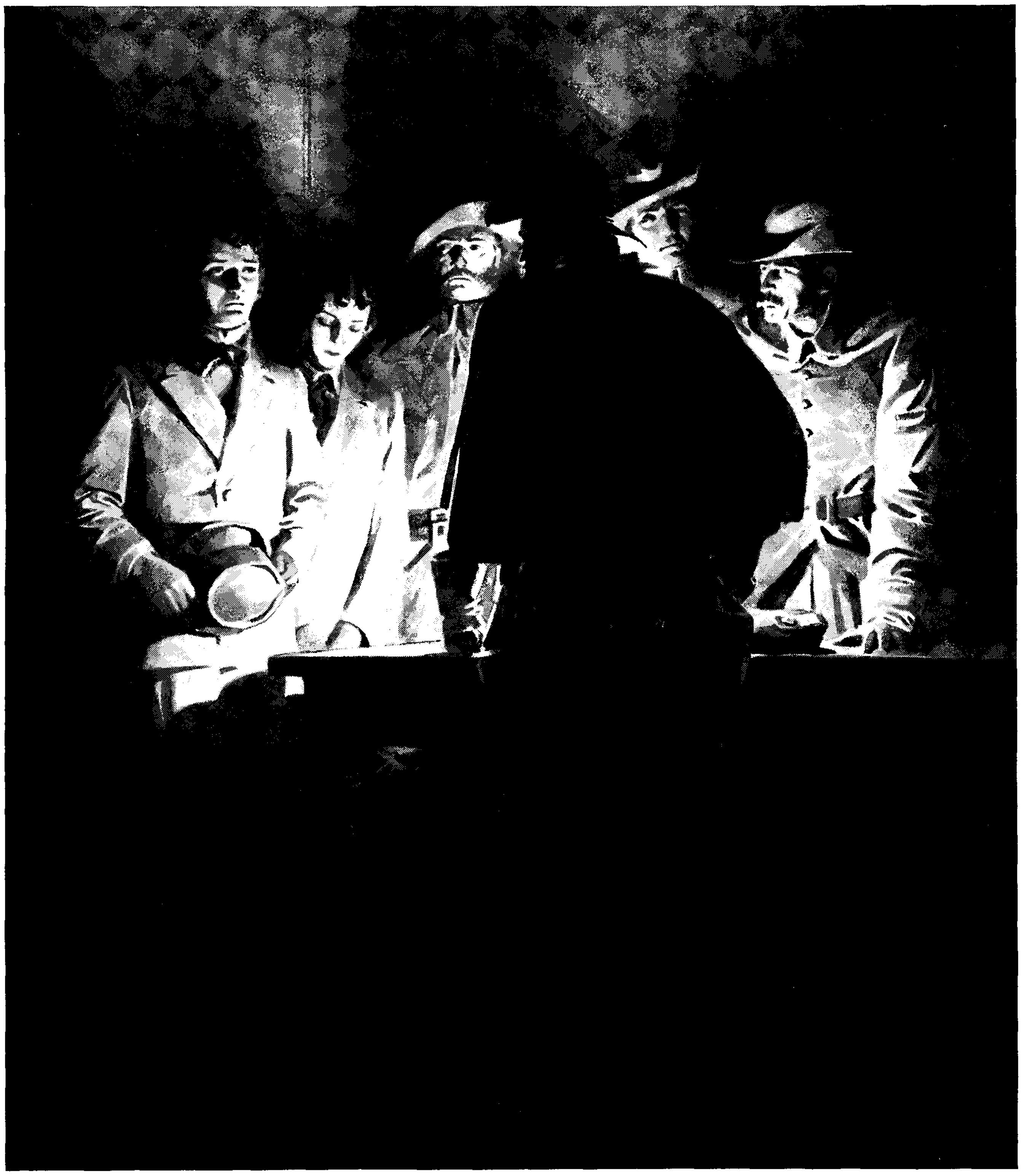
(*Continued on page 50*)

The Angels Ride with Mosby

By MacKinlay Kantor

A wild and beautiful romance of the days when Virginia's woods and fields were all too often crimson-tinted

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



He gazed intently at Duke. "But why have you lied to me?" he said

IN a voice like an angry whisper, the guard was singing a song about a girl named Maggie. He had been standing at the chicken-yard gate for a good ten minutes, grasping his carbine in both hands and standing with his back toward the prisoner.

Duke Angel was grateful, through all the deliberate pain of this hour, that the sentinel kept singing. Some involuntary gasp of pain must have sounded a time or two, when Duke scraped the skin from his wrists on the old sickle blade clamped between his knees. But now Angel had cut the halter strap around his ankles, and had severed all but a single layer of the belt that bound his wrists. This much he had accomplished quite undetected.

At times, when the pain buzzed in his ears, he said a prayer for the anonymous farmer who left the sickle under that bench long ago. But always he listened eagerly for voices to talk, within the open window at his right.

For a long time no sound except a stuffy cough had come from the lighted room—a cough and the scratching of a pen.

Duke sawed steadily at the rusty leather thong. In secret darkness behind the lantern at the gate, someone called, "Streeger?"

"Yup," said the guard.

Brass buttons shone from the night outside. "Who's your relief?"

"Benson. He's in that bluff game for at least nine dollars, damn his socks! Sergeant Bernatsky will hear about this."

Brass buttons came nearer, and blocked the opening in the high board fence. "Who you got there?"

"One reb. Patrol picked him up on the Brandy road. Looks to be asleep."

"Ain't he a citizen?"

"They think maybe a spy."

They were silent. Duke let his shoulders rise and fall with the quiver of one who sleeps even in discomfort. He felt the strap spreading apart, and muttered incoherently to drown the tiny noise of its falling.

"Old Baldy still burning midnight coal oil?"

"Yup. The staff was with him, but I guess they're all asleep by now. . . . You be a good fellow and go fetch Benson out of that bluff game."

The other man said: "Well, if you're certain he's s'posed to be your relief. They're playing over here at the stable."

The guard said profane things concerning Private Benson, and his friend went clanking away.

From under the shadow of his hat brim, Duke Angel saw the sentinel turn from the gate. *Now it's coming,* he thought, and set his muscles. Slowly the Yankee approached.

"SAWING wood? Hey, Johnny?" he asked, and then Angel flung himself backward on the bench and drove his right foot upward in a vicious sweep. His boot caught the guard upon the chin. The man rose mightily on his tiptoes, and flung his arms wide as he fell.

In a tom-cat spring, the boy prisoner had snatched the carbine. He crouched above the guard, listening, and gazing alternately toward the gate and the oblong of lamp gleam. Then, cocking the carbine, he snaked his way toward the open window.

In that room, well lighted by tin lamps, a man in a shabby dressing-gown was seated at a table. Gritting his teeth, Duke Angel soared up over the window sill, carbine and all. The bald-headed general turned, blinking. He tried to get to his feet.

Duke gasped, "Don't say a word or I'll blow you to hell."

The general slumped back in his chair, and began to cough. His face was pink and shiny; he had a long beard of curly gray and, surrounded by all his papers and pens, he resembled some kind of recording deity.

The boy swung the gun muzzle across the desk. "Go to the door and order your horse."

General Baldridge managed: "Where'd you come from?"

"Call for your horse or I'll fire!" He tried to keep the weapon from shaking. Savagely he wished that he was not so young and not so thin, then this Yankee would realize that he meant business.

"You dare not fire, sonny," the Northerner told him, rising. "Might as well put that gun down. You'd never get out of this camp if you pulled trigger!" He walked to the door, flung it open.

"Come and arrest this man! He's—" Duke pulled the trigger. The gun banged, and the officer staggered and caught at his elbow.

THE boy plunged through the door. There were two men in that outer room, and somebody was trying to get a revolver out of a holster. Angel flailed the butt of the carbine and felt it hit a substance that snapped like wood. Then he was across the porch. A tall shape in a long overcoat rose up and fired at him. The rifle flame nearly blinded him, but the bullet did not graze him.

Three horses tied to the stave fence, and another lantern by the carriage gate, and another gun flash or two. *"If I don't come, what would she do?"* he sobbed half aloud, and he reached the first horse. He jerked the halter and a picket crunched loose from the fence. Then he was mounted, and they would never catch him, mounted, unless they shot him off the horse's back.

There was shouting in the house and shouting in the chicken-yard on the other side. The horse danced sideways and raked Duke Angel's boot against the fence. It reared, snorting, and then pitched out at the gate. A very small soldier tried to grab the rope halter; he missed. . . . The lantern light swished away. Ahead there were only stars and dark pine woods and the road to Warrenton.

A few bullets crooned, far too high.

Half an hour later he rode into a country lane where a stone wall wrapped a thin growth of fir and cedar, and where gravestones were mute and gray in the darkness. Now the blood pounded in his ears as it had never pulsed, even when the Yankees fired at close range. A tingling dread went through him like fever.

A horse nickered beyond the farthest bundle of cedars, and Duke wanted to whoop and swing his hat.

A black Cossack shape moved out from behind bushes and sat ready for flight but with pistol leveled.

"Bailey . . ." Her name choked him.

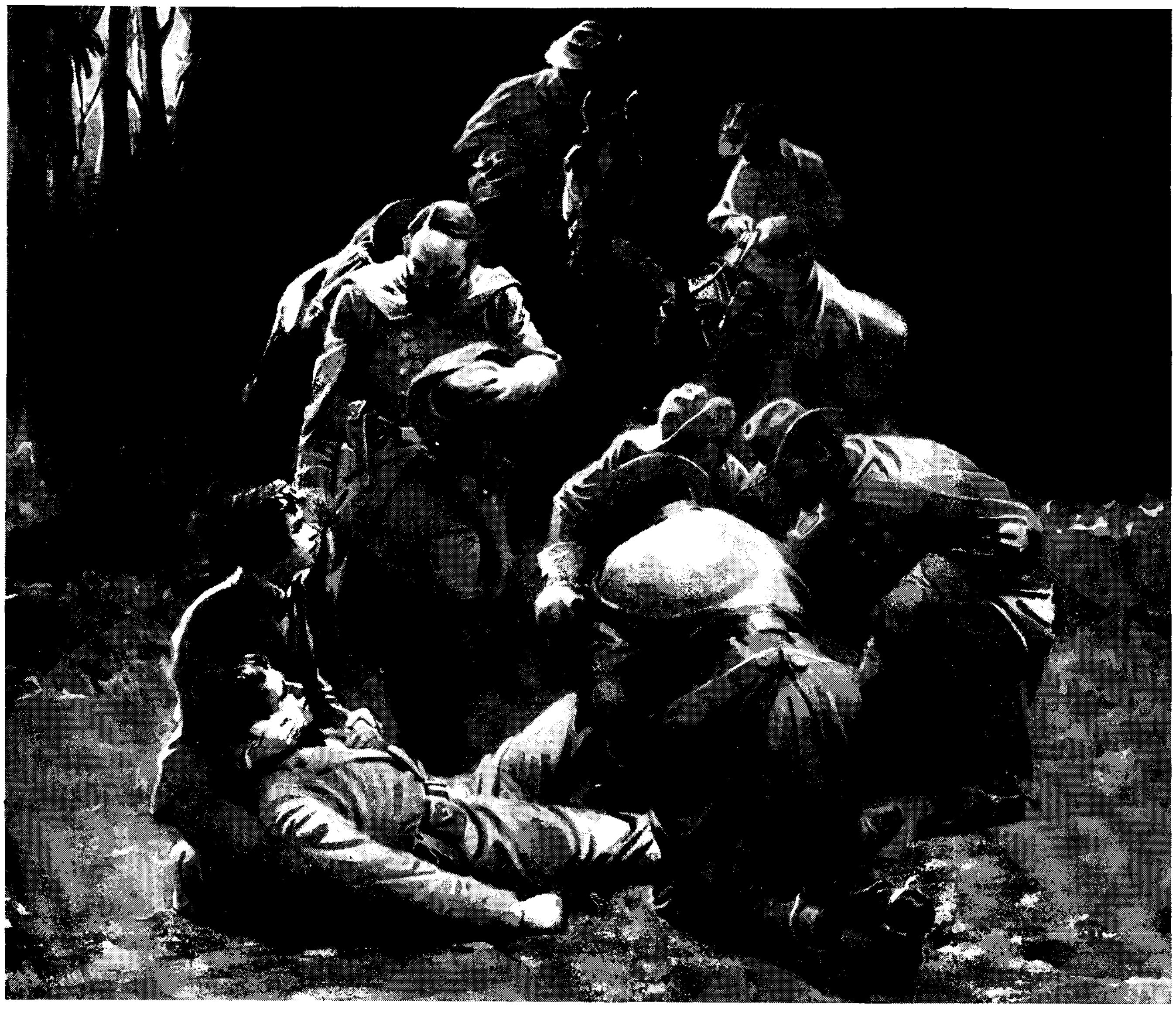
"Oh, Duke," she sobbed with relief. "I thought you'd never come! I nearly shot you . . . How come you're riding a black horse? Where's Peppermint?"

"The Yankees captured old Pep; they had me, too, but I got away. This mare is stolen."

FOR a while she wouldn't let him release his arms, and of course she wouldn't release hers. They stood among the slanting tombstones, with the Yankee mare tied alongside and Bailey's horse, Lombard, muzzling suspiciously at her.

The girl Duke Angel held in his arms was the cousin of his dead father. Her name was Bailey Angel, and she made a very small and slender man. She wore the clothing of such a man, but even so the clothing was too large for her. Around her waist two U. S. Navy revolvers were buckled.

"Duke, it's been hours and hours. So dark here. . . ."



Mosby coughed. "You will remain with him, Miss Angel?"

"I should be whipped for letting you come!" He blinked the bitter tears out of his eyes. He was eighteen years old, and she not quite seventeen.

"I would have gone sole alone. You know it, too." Now she wailed, "Your hands are bloody. Sticky! I can feel—"

"Only the hide cut, on my wrists. . . . They had me tied, but I found an old sickle and used it to get loose." He dropped his arms and straightened. "Honey, we've got to get to *him.* Immediately! I know where he is, too."

She nodded. "So do I. I found Mr. Dunway in Kyletown, and he told me. It's the old McClevy house, only a little way from here. Remember, when we were children at great-grandfather's, we used—"

"Prepare to mount," he commanded abruptly and swung her up on Lombard's back. "Wait. Give me one of the revolvers—belt and ammunition, pouch and all."

She asked demurely, "And what became of your revolvers, sir?"

He glowered through the darkness, until she had handed down the heavy holster and belt. Then he untied the stolen mare and mounted. "If the Yankees hadn't captured me, Miss Smart, I shouldn't have known about Colonel Mosby!"

"What wouldn't you have known about—?"

Duke slapped Lombard's rump, and the offended gelding bounded toward the gate. The two riders thudded out into the old lane, side by side.

"I demand that you tell me," the girl cried. "If you treat me so, I'll go join Jeb Stuart, and then what?"

He grinned. "Doubtless you'd be switched and packed off home where you belong, miss." They loped east at the cemetery corner; the stars glimmered softly.

Duke's voice was shrill with excitement. He rode close at the girl's side. "The Yankees know where Mosby is," he said.

Her face seemed pale, even in the gloom.

"They intend starting to capture him at dawn. I heard it all through General Baldridge's window. I had run smack into a squad of Yanks north of Brandy Station, and I tried to prove that I was a citizen, but they wouldn't believe me. The guns and Father's gray cape and all. They took me to headquarters at Lester's Forge, and said they'd examine me tomorrow and hang me if I was a spy."

BAILEY leaned toward him. She rode like a little Comanche, and nodded quaintly as his words came through the muffled clump of their galloping.

"The sergeant was a foreigner; he was drunk, too, or likely they would have been more cautious. I loosed myself and kicked the guard—"

"That was very ill-bred in you, Duke."

"—in the jaw," he added with satisfaction. "I took his carbine. There were troops sleeping in the stable-yard, so I had to enter a window and go through the house. The Yankee general didn't believe I'd shoot, but he learned."

She said fearfully, "Did you kill him?"

"No. I guess I missed. He was struck in his arm." And then, after a moment, "But what if I had killed him? What matter? What of Father and Randall and your father and Jeff?"

Bailey began to cry. She sobbed for a time, still riding with all the tireless grace of an Indian. . . . At the bridge over Tory Run they halted, and Duke got down to make a gap in the fence.

"Honey," he asked tenderly, "shouldn't you return to Richmond tomorrow?"

She railed through her tears: "Suggest that again, Dentworth Eggleston Angel, and I'll ride straight toward Yankee headquarters and maybe be shot! You swore I should come with you, and if your promise is—"

"Well enough, well enough!" he conceded. "I shan't mention it more. Oh, Bailey, I love you."

She told him, "Sir, it was agreed we should not speak of that."

On a long ridge curling north from Tory Run, they halted nervously, peering into the valley beyond.

"It's squarely below us," Bailey whispered. "But there are no lights. I can't even make out the little grove. What's become of all our stars?"

He explained: "Mist. It's nearing dawn, and the mist comes so often at this season. They'll have the windows covered, or I don't know Mosby."

"Indeed you don't know Mosby," said the girl. "You're a mere boy who wants to join his Rangers, and perhaps he shan't want you at all."

He rode ahead. Through the minor annoyance of her remarks he was conscious of a new pulse-hammering, a giddy intoxication at knowing *he* was so near—

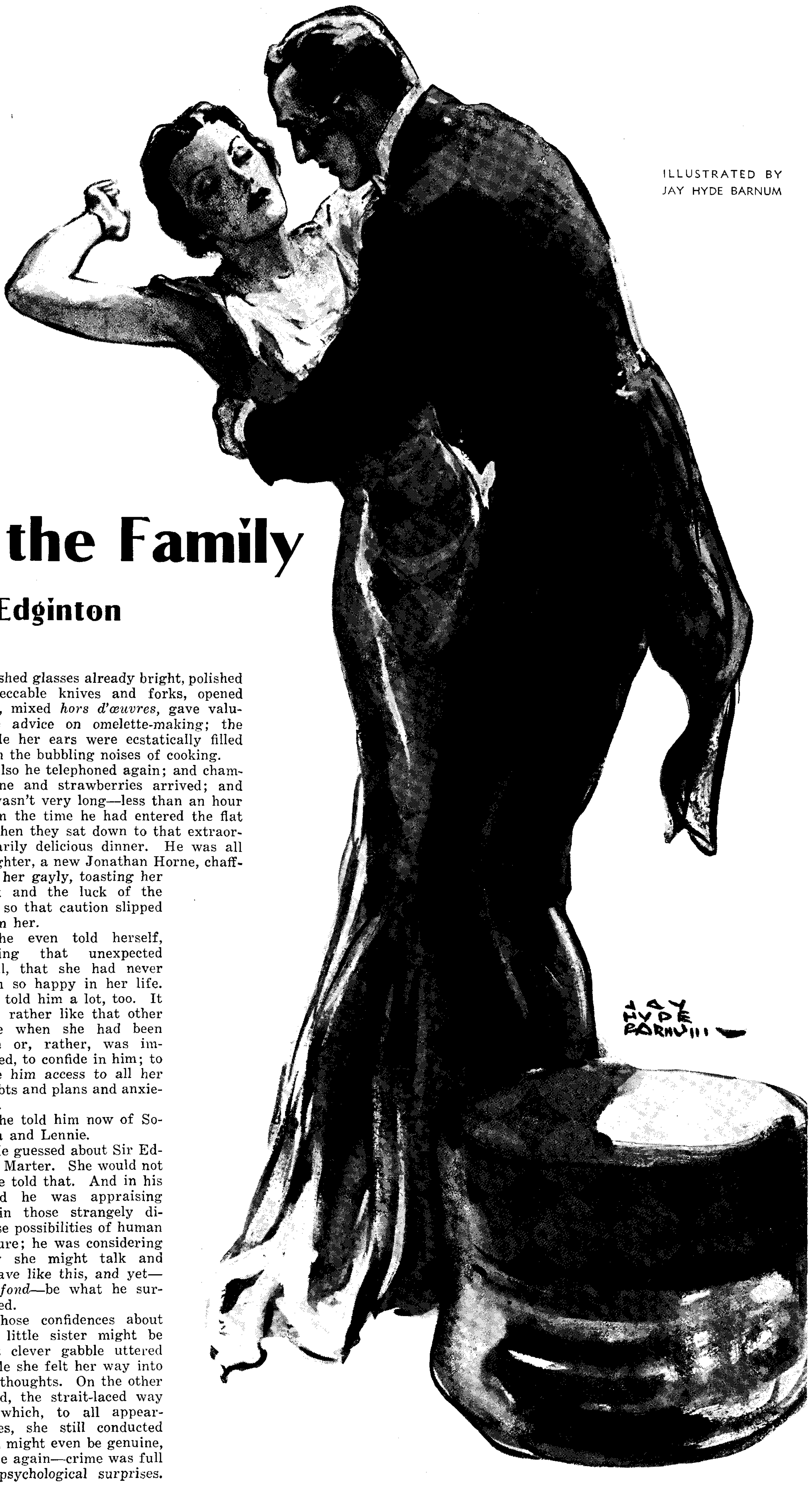
In that moment there were mounted men all around them. Two in front and two behind and others alongside. Duke had not seen them come, he had not heard their horses. They had sprung like ghosts from the weedy patches of this endless field.

The girl guided Lombard close to him. "Duke," she whispered. "Men—"

"Halt!" a low voice ordered. "Do not draw or you'll be shot down!"

The black ghost-horses pressed around them in an efficient wall. "Lantern,

(Continued on page 55)



ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

He had never seen so lovely and so furious a girl. She couldn't speak. But, leaning away from his arms, she struck him full across the face

Woman of the Family

By May Edgington

The Story Thus Far:

EXPLOITED by her avaricious family—her mother, her father and her giddy young sister, Sophia, who take almost every penny she earns as secretary to Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man—Eve Langham becomes the hostess of the Regalia, a night club.

A short time later, shocked by the ardent advances of Sir Edgar, she gives up her secretarial job; then, to emancipate herself from her family, she takes a flat of her own. Meanwhile, Sophia has not been idle; fascinated by Lennie Ward, the sleek young dancing man who had introduced Eve to the Regalia, she snares him. And presently Eve learns, to her amazement, that Sophia, coached by Lennie, has secured a job—*as Sir Edgar Marter's secretary!*

At the Regalia, she sees Sophia and Sir Edgar together. Aware that Sir Edgar is an unscrupulous roué, she is very much perturbed. The following day, Lennie meets her, laughs at her fears. "Sophia can take care of herself," he chuckles. "And she's in love with *me*—we're going to be married."

Sinister events are, apparently, shaping at the Regalia. Fero, the manager; Assistant Manager Hopton; Tonetti, the orchestra leader, and even some of the guests seem strangely nervous, apprehensive. Among the guests is one man who interests Eve greatly: Captain Jonathan Horne, an explorer. A person of force and rare charm (and a man of mystery, who is in close touch with Scotland Yard), Horne flatters her with his attentions. He says nothing, however, of love.

At seven o'clock one evening he calls at her flat. "Let's dine, right here," he suggests. "I can't," says Eve. "I must be at the club in half an hour." By way of answer, Horne steps to the telephone, calls Fero. "This is Horne," he says. "I'm dining with Miss Langham in her flat. Will it be all right if I bring her in a bit late?"

He hangs up, smiling, to confront an irate Eve. "Why," she demands, "did you say that—in that strange, insinuating way?" But Horne declines to argue with her. "I'm a great cook," he exclaims; "I've cooked in camps all over the world. Let's see your kitchen."

VIII

SHE didn't know if it was proving a success or a disappointment—this first dinner party. Certainly Jonathan Horne was practiced in the art of making little things go long ways. He provided a half hour's astonishment during the time that he assisted her—half in and half out of the little kitchen—as he set their dinner table, polished glasses already bright, polished impeccable knives and forks, opened tins, mixed *hors d'œuvres*, gave valuable advice on omelette-making; the while her ears were ecstatically filled with the bubbling noises of cooking.

Also he telephoned again; and champagne and strawberries arrived; and it wasn't very long—less than an hour from the time he had entered the flat—when they sat down to that extraordinarily delicious dinner. He was all laughter, a new Jonathan Horne, chaffing her gayly, toasting her luck and the luck of the flat so that caution slipped from her.

She even told herself, during that unexpected meal, that she had never been so happy in her life. She told him a lot, too. It was rather like that other time when she had been able or, rather, was impelled, to confide in him; to give him access to all her doubts and plans and anxieties.

She told him now of Sophia and Lennie.

He guessed about Sir Edgar Marter. She would not have told that. And in his mind he was appraising again those strangely diverse possibilities of human nature; he was considering how she might talk and behave like this, and yet—*au fond*—be what he surmised.

Those confidences about the little sister might be just clever gabble uttered while she felt her way into his thoughts. On the other hand, the strait-laced way in which, to all appearances, she still conducted life, might even be genuine, since again—crime was full of psychological surprises.

Since bigamists might be family-loving and moral, and thieves often adored their aged grandmothers, a professional night club girl might be a snow maiden.

All very difficult!

Yet he remembered also, vividly, his impressions of her on that night drive to her home, when he had been certain for a while that she was the high-hearted, high-couraged, devotional young woman-of-the-family which she represented herself to be.

If so—and that skepticism acquired in many of life's hard places demurred at it—what would she do when and if the Regalia Club vanished from London and she found herself workless after so alluring a season?

Carefully he considered that subject, with its accompanying suggestions.

The suggestions were obvious: A month or two among the people she was meeting now might prove very profitable surely? She would have introductions, acquaintances, such as she had not had before . . . ? There were now many men?

WHILE they ate his strawberries, he began to discuss marriage for money.

Surely that chance would be in the head of any girl taking a hostess' position at the Regalia? Such a girl surely would be looking out for an eligible husband?

She repudiated it: "That's always abominable; beastly. Cowardly."

"Aren't women cowards?"

"Are they?"

"Marriage for money—it's a hallowed custom," he responded. "It has the accredited hall-mark of centuries."

She said rather anxiously: "Surely you don't think that the Regalia Club will fail? Though if it does, Mr. Fero may go back to the Continent, and he is going to offer me work there."

"You want to follow Fero?"

"Fero is the best thing that has ever happened to me," she said.

For the first time that evening his good humor broke a little, and that blaze which she had seen before came into his eyes.

"Women had better keep under shelter."

"If you were a working girl, you'd get tired of hearing that—"

"You rebel against orders—"

"Your women may be sheltered," she said. "They're born to shelter, and they don't know anything else, but the working girl isn't sheltered, and when she marries she isn't likely to be sheltered either. She is likely to marry a working man, and his hold on things will probably be just as precarious as her own was. I have seen my father; I have seen a lot of failures."

"You've seen the Sir Edgar Marter sort of fellow, too. Mightn't there be something in making the best of him?"

"You really think such things?"

He hesitated.

"You're funking issues!" she cried out.

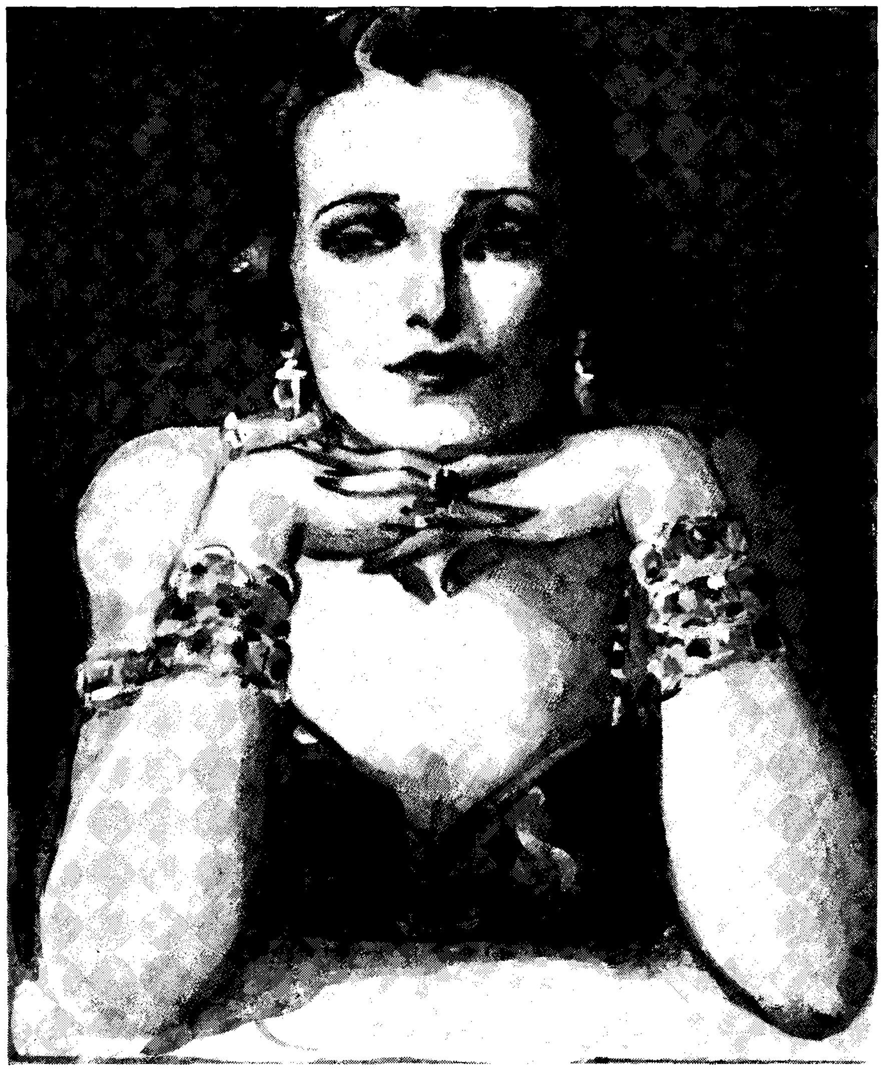
He looked her full in the eyes.

"It is the problem of the day," he said, "this feeling that the sexes have about each other, or rather, the problem is that women are expressing themselves, and they express themselves so badly."

Then there was a sudden flare-up.

It was achieved by Horne—he would have said, deliberately, although it was almost as spontaneous and uncontrollable on his part as it was on hers.

"Listen," he demanded; and suddenly he rose from the table and stood immensely tall and broad in that low-ceiled room: "You women don't know what you do. You play with the most dangerous things on earth like a baby plays with any brittle thing it can get hold of. There's a smash! What do you women do then? You cry out, astonished. You just pucker up your silly faces and cry like a baby does when its queer toy has broken in its hands. You're like the baby that crawls to the coal box—that is what you're doing now—and pulls out the lumps and blackens itself all over. You women haven't the least sense of the elemental or, even if you have, you go on treating the elemental as if it were some little artificial fountain to tinkle on and off at your pleasure. Whereas the elemental is likely to surprise you. It is no tinkling fountain. It will swamp and drown you one day."



"You could easily fall in love with that girl," Louise Poinsetter said

"WHAT are you getting at?" said she, crisp and cool.

"Chiefly—you."

"It leaves me cold," she said.

His long mouth set straight.

"No; it does not leave you cold. For you've got the hell of a temper, and it's simply burning you up at this moment. It's only that you're taking pride in leashing it."

"And you?"

"Oh, I have got the hell of a temper too; but, as you're a woman, I have to leash it."

"Please don't give me so much consideration."

"That's childish; that's silly—"

"Everything a woman does is childish and silly, isn't it, Captain Horne?"

"Generally."

"It is clear to me every time we meet," she said, "that you're not used to my kind. The kind of girl that stands on equal ground with men because she has to—"

"She does not stand on equal ground with men. Merely compare yourself with old Edgar Marter."

"Do you think I suffer by comparison?"

"Certainly you do."

And he added brutally: "Compared with definite achievement, that little clash of manners, which I suppose took place between you, hardly counts in a man's scheme of values. You, a woman, give it undue importance. To me, it is just one of nature's rough little ways. The fuss you made about it shows me that your attitude is entirely female."

"I *am* female."

"Yes," he said, "you are." And he was going to add illogically, "Thank God for it," but didn't. He knew quite well that if he uttered something like that he might begin, according to the "little ways" of nature, to make love to her; and whatever might eventuate from that, this was not the time and the place, and he knew it. He had his plan to carry out, and using all her "little ways," nature should not make him change it.

"Is it a crime merely to be a woman?" she asked nearly at white heat.

"Don't be foolish. That is the kind of thing a woman would ask."

"Well," she said, still at the table, "what are the elementals I am supposed to be toying with at the moment?"

"That," he said, looking at her deliberately, "you must find out if you don't know already. There's just one piece of advice I will give you in the latter contingency, and that is: don't take too long in finding out."

"You're still harping on my work at the Regalia Club?"

"Am I?"

"I remember that you said it exposed a girl to all sorts of insolence, and assaults, and liberties; and bogeys of that kind."

"Bogeys?"

She shook her shoulders. "You don't wonder about these awful dangers for the charwoman, or the housemaid, or the girl shop assistant, Captain Horne."

"Don't I?"

"No. Men only begin to wonder whether a girl isn't risking too much temptation when her job is pleasant and glamorous, and well paid, and she can dress well, and eat well, and dance, and meet amusing people."

"Amusing people—"

"Men do so want to discipline us."

"That's natural."

"It's beastly."

"We're beasts, then."

In a pause they looked at each other in some bewilderment.

She was amazed and dismayed to see how suddenly the battle had loomed over this pleasant and mutually contrived dinner party. Half an hour ago that relationship of hostess and guest had been entirely light and charming.

Their glasses were not yet empty of his champagne. The last half dozen of his strawberries still remained to be eaten.

"WHAT are we doing?" she murmured, with a little gasp, looking up at him and trying to laugh.

"Fighting."

"I can't think why we fight, can you?"

Male experience told him why they fought. He would not have enjoyed battle with a dull girl or an insipid girl, with any woman who did not interest him to the point of distraction. This kind of fighting was dangerously near that love-making which, a few moments ago, he had resisted.

"Yes, I know why we fight," he said brusquely. "Let's call a truce. You spoke of amusing people. You mean, of course, certain patrons of your club?"

He reeled off, as if they came readily to his tongue, the names of a half dozen people, all men except Mrs. Poinsetter, who were prominent at the Regalia, whom Lennie had described admiringly as Rich Fellows, or Prominent Men, or Well-Known Cosmopolitans, though, until that summer, she had neither heard their names nor read them in even the most garrulous of society weeklies.

"What if I do, Captain Horne?"

"That is your business, not mine."

"I should have thought so," she said.

Horne's long mouth set harder.

"I have trespassed," he said dryly. "I am sorry."

"You're not a bit sorry."

"Perhaps I'm not," he agreed briefly.

He turned from her and, his back to the room, hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, stood looking out at the tree-tops of Bloomsbury Gardens. They had darkened a little as the sky paled and dimmed with the fading sunset.

HE HEARD behind him the little movements of Eve getting up from her chair, putting plates together, carrying things out to the kitchenette. He showed no sign of hearing and no intention of helping; for the little movements appealed to him stupidly. "Stupidly," he thought. They were so quiet and quick and delicate, and pleased.

She liked handling her things. With her hands upon her china, her lace mats—oh, adorable and most female girl!—her temper vanished. She fought no more. . . .

Well, work it out again! Human nature was contradictory. That was the only safe rule about it all the time. He had been with other beautiful girls in what they loved to call their bachelor flats, and it wasn't often—in fact it had been never—that he had seen this delicate housewifeliness, this fastidious care which was among other unexplained queer small things that could touch his heart. Surely it was some indication of a woman's character, of the straightness of her mind and her soul, when she reverenced all her household gods.

"No, you damned fool," he said to himself, "it's nothing of the kind. It cuts no ice at all."

(Continued on page 41)

The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

HIS father murdered by bandits, little Bill Roper is adopted by "Dusty" King, a kindly cattleman. Fifteen years later, while a cattle war is raging in the Kansas-Texas sector, with Dusty and his partner, Lew Gordon, opposing the savage Ben Thorpe, Dusty is killed. And Roper, now a self-reliant man and King's heir, resolves to "get" the killers: Thorpe and his two aides, Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner.

In Ogallala, Nebraska, he makes his plans carefully. Lew Gordon disapproves of them violently. Likewise, the girl Roper loves: Lew's daughter, Jody. "I'll marry you any time anywhere," says the girl. "But not if you do this crazy thing!"

Whereupon, Roper dissolves the partnership with Gordon, and goes to Texas. There, Tanner, Thorpe's agent, rules over a vast cattle domain—all stolen. Securing the services of one Maxim, a shrewd lawyer, and hiring a corps of daring outlaws—Dry Camp Pierce, Nate Liggett, Dave Shannon and others—Roper goes into action. Night after night, he attacks Tanner's strongholds, takes thousands of cattle away, and finally brings him to the verge of bankruptcy.

Then, meeting Tanner in a revolver duel, Roper kills him. After which, one enemy disposed of, he turns to another—Walk Lasham, whose herds (like Tanner's, stolen for Ben Thorpe) range a large section of Montana. And presently, Jody Gordon, encountering Shoshone Wilce, one of Roper's lieutenants, learns that the man she loves is again waging a winning war; that Lasham is being hard pressed by Roper's outlaws. "But," Wilce warns her, "Thorpe thinks your old man's backing Roper. Make him wear a gun—Thorpe's after him!"

Three months pass; three months of hard riding, hard fighting, for Bill Roper, who, planning his final blows, goes to Miles City. There in a barroom, playing a game of solitaire, he is approached by a girl, who speaks to him. He knows her name: Marquita; he does not know who she is. "Listen," she says. "I hate Walk Lasham too. He is in town. He knows you're here. And he's the fastest gun fighter in the north!"

"Thanks," says Roper—and goes on with his solitaire. A few minutes later the girl reappears. She comes to his table. Then, leaning close to him, "He's coming," she whispers. "He's coming along the walk—*to get you!*"

VI

"WALK has two of his men with him," the girl went on rapidly. "You haven't a chance, not a ghost of a chance. I can't bear to see you killed! I know you don't care anything about me. If you did I'd go anywhere in the world with you. But now you have to come out of here—quick—by the back way. I'll do anything—"

Roper turned his head to look up into her face, very close to his. "I wouldn't step aside two feet," he told her, "to pass Walk or any man. I tell you, Walk won't fight!"

"It's you I'm afraid of! You're the hardest—"

Suddenly she whimpered. Bill Roper saw that three men had come into the front of the Palace Bar.

The first of the three, a dark, lean man with wide, bowed shoulders, was Walk Lasham.

Marquita caught Bill's head in her arms, forced up his chin, and kissed him. He was surprised at the unexpected softness of her lips, hot against his mouth. Then abruptly Marquita stooped, and as she sprang away from him he felt the weight of his gunbelt ease. She flung over her shoulder, "It's for your own sake!" Her face was white, frightened.

He half started up, in instant anger, but the girl was running down the room. He saw her put something under the bar, and he knew it was his gun.

Roper rang his whisky glass upon the table, trying to catch a bartender's eye. If Lasham had not seen what the girl had done, one of them could bring him his gun before it was too late. But the bar was thronged; the bartenders were working fast, in the thick of the evening rush.

The bar-flies had made room for Walk Lasham at the end of the bar, and Lasham and his two cowboys had their heads together now, consulting.

ONE of the cowboys, a man with a scar across his face that distorted his mouth in the manner of a harelip, went quickly behind the bar, hunted beneath it, and returned to Walk. Roper saw Lasham's long face set. He said to himself, "Walk knows. . . ."

Walk Lasham was fiddling with his empty glass on the bar, and the scar-mouthed man was watching Roper covertly with one eye, from under the brim of his hat. Lasham reached for a bottle, filled his glass, tossed it off. Then he turned squarely toward Roper and came walking back through the room.

Roper played his cards, his hands visible upon the table. It seemed to take Lasham a long time to walk the length of the room. Roper glanced at the lookout chair, where a salaried gun fighter usually sat. It was empty now.

Walk Lasham was standing in front of him.

"So you," he said, "are the tough gunman that killed Cleve Tanner."

Bill Roper raised his eyes to Walk Lasham's face. "And you," he said, "are one of the dirty cowards that murdered Dusty King."

Sparks jumped in Lasham's eyes and instantly disappeared again.

"And I suppose," Walk Lasham said, "it's in your mind to get me, one of these times?"

"When I'm ready, I'll get you, all right."

Lasham drew a deep breath and held it for a moment; the corners of his nostrils were white. "Well—I'm here."

A hush had fallen upon the room, unbroken by the clink of a glass or the rattle of a chip. Lasham and Roper looked at each other through a moment of silence, while the bartenders stood immobile among their bottles, and men who feared they were in the line of fire moved out of the way, stepping softly.

"Not ready now?" Lasham said.

"You'll know it when I am."

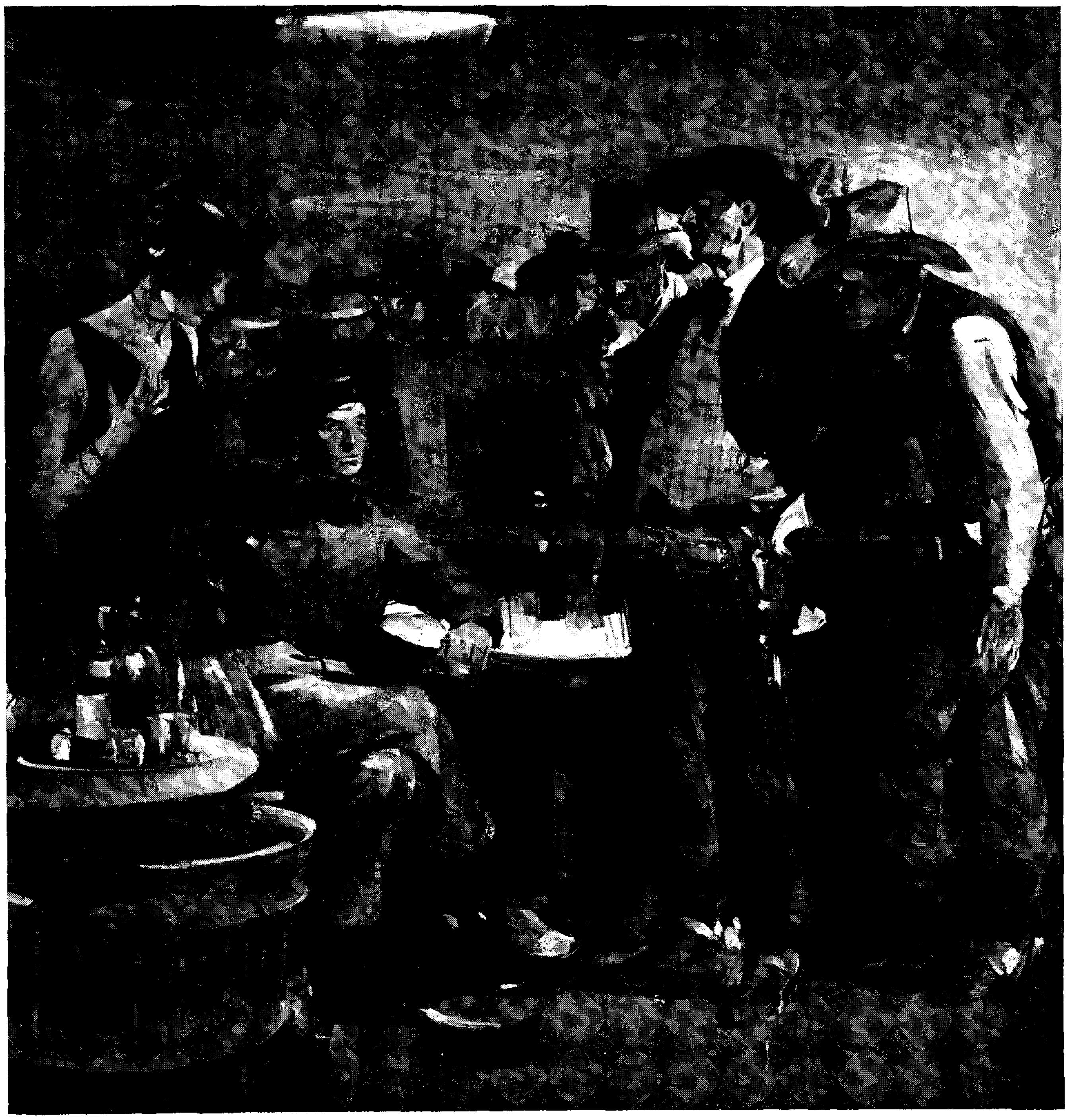
"*I* happen to be ready now!"

HE DROPPED his eyes to Roper's hands, and his own right hand started a tentative movement toward the butt of his gun. His spread fingers shook a little as his hand crept down. But he was grinning now, sure of his ground.

"Looks a little different to you now, huh?"

"A coyote always looks like a coyote to me."

The smile dropped from Lasham's face. "I'm going to give you every chance," he said. His voice swung in even rhythms, low and singsong. "I'm going to count five. Draw and fire any time you want to; because on five I'm going to kill you where you sit."



Lasham drew a deep breath; the corners of his nostrils were white. "Well—I'm here," he said

"I don't think you are," Bill said. "One—two—"

Roper scratched his left shoulder with his right hand; he was trying to reach the back of his chair with his finger tips, for he believed now that that was his only hope—to buck the gun with the chair.

"—three—"

But now the scar-mouthed man spoke suddenly; from his position at one side he had dared flick his eyes to the door. "Walk, look out! Don't turn! Watch this buzzard, but wheel back and stand by me!"

Into the front of the bar two men had come; they came striding back the length of the room, their spurs ringing brokenly. Roper did not see their guns come out. But suddenly the weapons of both of them appeared in their hands, smoothly and easily, from no place.

Lee Harnish and Tex Long.

Tex Long's .45 clicked in the palm of his hand as it came to full cock. He said, "Howdy, Bill. A Mex girl just brought us word. Dave Shannon and Hat Crick Tommy are up the street. And Dry Camp Pierce."

"Say," Lee Harnish said, "we've been hunting you for two months! You want us to blast these Indians, boss?"

Bill Roper drew a deep breath and grinned. At first he could not even appreciate that here, at last, were the leaders he needed for his great raid. All he could think of was that he had been reprieved from certain death; and he knew that life was good.

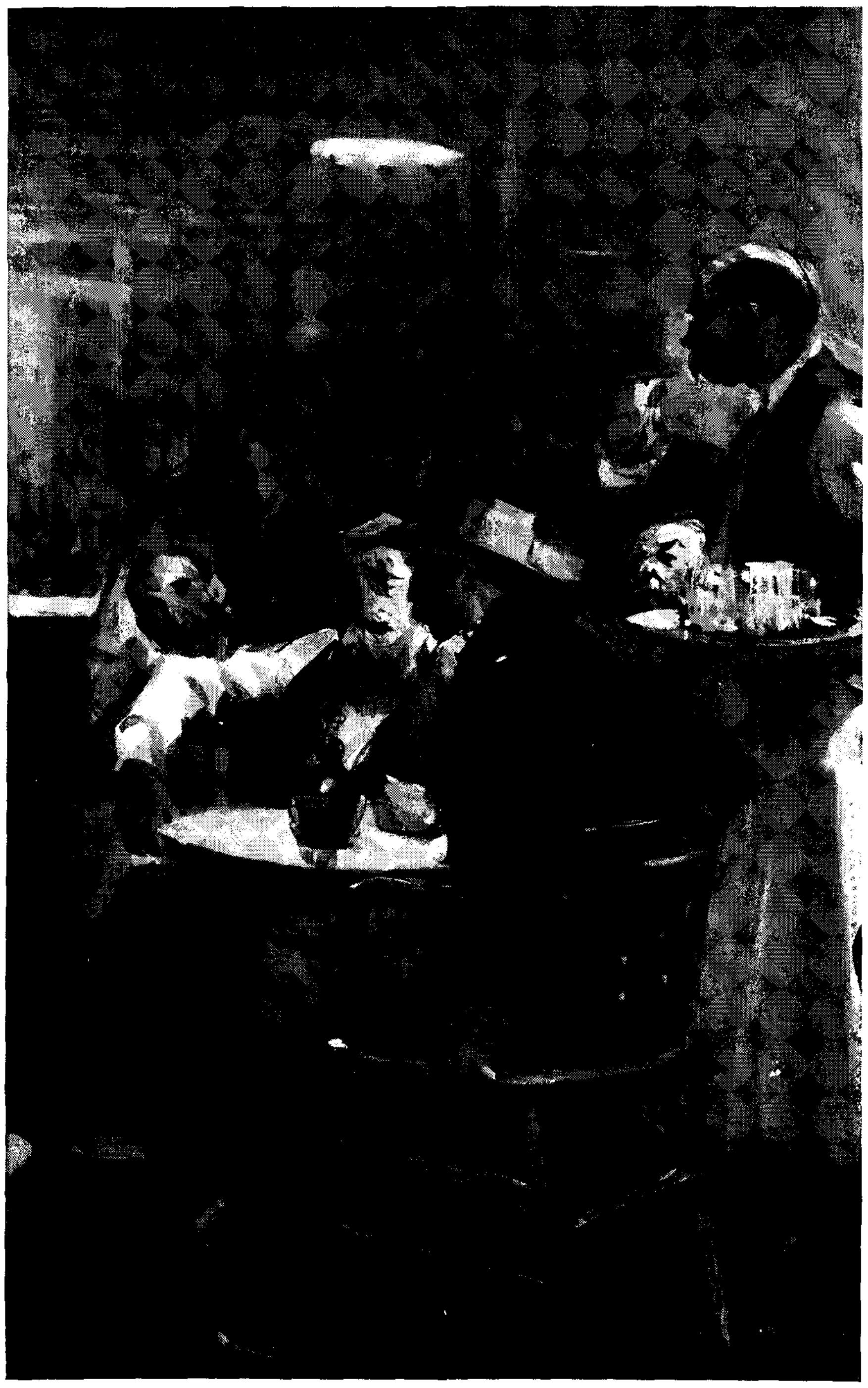
The tribute implied by the regathering of the wild bunch leaders was one of the most extraordinary things that had ever happened in Bill Roper's life. There was not much to their story. Driven out of Texas on the eve of Bill Roper's victory, for a while they had gone their separate ways. But gradually they had drifted together again, in the Indian nations, at Dodge, in the northern cow camps. With Cleve Tanner broken in Texas, and the roots cut from under Ben Thorpe's organization by the loss of his breeding grounds, the outlaw riders found themselves unwilling to leave their work unfinished. So at last they had come looking for Roper—and had found him.

NONE of them had much to say. "A couple of us ain't doing anything right now," Lee Harnish said casually. "We figured maybe you could get us some sewing to do."

With these men Roper had busted the toughest organization in Texas; there was a bare chance that with them he could accomplish the impossible again, this time in the north.

"Yeah," he said, keeping to himself the stir of warlike triumph their arrival had brought him. "Might be I could help you out! Can any of you boys ride a horse?"

The first thing was to get them out of there. The open gathering in Miles City of the same outlawed riders who had smashed Cleve Tanner in Texas was a gauge of battle that Walk Lasham would be forced to take up. Roper was not ready for that; might not be ready for many weeks.



He therefore named as rendezvous a lonely shanty on Fork Creek, and hazed his reunited wild bunch out of town by ones and twos, before Walk Lasham could get into action.

Roper himself was the last to ride out of Miles City. Seasoned night riders though these men might be, with names now famous the length of the trail, most of them were youngsters still. No one of them could be trusted not to get a skinful of liquor and go gunning for Lasham men on his own hook.

Roper was relieved, therefore, upon riding into the Fork Creek rendezvous in the dreary February twilight, to find his Texas men already waiting for him there. They were eating fresh beef, but not their own, as Roper came into the little cabin, stamping the snow off his boots.

"Glad to see you're eating again," Roper said. "We've got to up-stakes mighty soon."

Lee Harnish looked sheepish. "Say, I forgot something. I got a letter for you here."

Roper took the worn envelope and stood turning it over in his hands. The date showed it to be three weeks old—no great age, everything considered. But what took hold of him, so that for a full minute he dared not break the seal, was that the letter was from Jody Gordon.

"Where—where'd you get this?"

"I got it off the Wells-Fargo man at Sundance. You'd already come on here when I was there."

Roper ripped open the envelope; the weather-faced riders in the little cabin ostentatiously avoided watching his face as he read. The whole note covered no more than half a page; but as he folded it and put it into a pocket his hands were shaking in a way that would have cost him his life if he had been walking into a gun fight then. There was a long silence.

"What you got figured, Bill?" Hat Crick Tommy was asking.

WITH a visible effort Bill pulled himself together. Briefly he told them what his new wild bunch had done.

"But we haven't even scratched the surface," he finished. "Unless we hit Walk Lasham quick and hard, Thorpe will get his balance again, and reach his roots back into Texas; and all the work we did down there will go for nothing."

"Me," Tex Long said, "I aim to swing with you and try to finish up what we begun. But, way I see it, the layout up here is terrible bad for our style of work."

Dry Camp Pierce spoke for the first time: "Worst thing is, we've got no place to get rid of our stock, even if we lift it. If all those boys we had with us in Texas was here, we could run some bunches southeast to the railroad camps, and maybe try some drives down into Wyoming. But the way we're fixed—"

"There isn't any profit in the way I figured," Roper admitted. "I've been taking a ride up along the Canadian border; I figure it's an easy drive. If you criminals are willing to come on and take one more crack at Thorpe and Lasham—"

"There's no one beyond the border that's needing any stock," Dry Camp Pierce said gloomily.

"Dry Camp," Bill Roper said, "I'm thinking of the tribes."

There was a moment's silence. "Granting that Canada's full of war paint," Tex Long said, "how the devil—"

"I've talked to Iron Dog."

Every one of them, each in his own way, pricked up his ears at that. Iron Dog was a famous warrior chief of the Gros Ventre Sioux. Ragged and starving, his decimated band driven far out of their home country, Iron Dog no longer was the stubbornly resisting force which had once made his name. But though he was broken and helpless now, remnants of his leadership remained; his influence extended over many bands and more than one tribe.

"I don't hold with dealing with red niggers, much," Dave Shannon said.

"These bucks are forced out of their ranges without any deal made whereby they get fed," Roper said. "Half of them are in as pitiful a state of starvation as you ever saw. A big part of the blame for that is on Walk Lasham. Now I aim to square the deal."

"Starvation is good for Indians," Dry Camp said. "Makes 'em more pious."

"I ALREADY made us a rendezvous with Iron Dog before I knew you were in on this," Bill Roper told them now. "Inside of a month Iron Dog will be camped on the Milk River with anyway seven or eight bands."

"Seven or eight bands!" Tex Long shouted at him. "My God, there'll be worse than a thousand Indians on the Milk!"

"A thousand, hell!" Roper said. "If there aren't that many buck warriors alone, I'll eat the beef myself!"

The men in this little cabin were not easily surprised, and less easily shocked or awed; but their usually unrevealing faces now gave them away.

"He's done it now," Hat Crick Tommy said slowly. "You know what happens when you throw that many loose Indians together? You got a war on your hands! They'll come whooping down Montana—they'll tear the country wide open! The whole frontier will go up in a bust of smoke. Nothing'll ever stop 'em, once they get together like that!"

"One thing will."

"What will?"

"Grub," said Roper.

"That might be so," Dave Shannon admitted. "I never yet see an Indian go to war on a full stomach. . . ."

A tensity had come into that dark cabin; they were realizing now that they stood in the shadow of events of a magnitude they had not dreamed of. In the quiet, Bill Roper's hands kept creasing and recreasing the letter from Jody Gordon. A faint dampness showed on his forehead, but his fingers acted cold and awkward.

"There's five of us here," Tex Long said. "You expect us to just suddenly feed every Indian in creation?"

"I got twenty-seven riders waiting to throw in with us at the first word."

"Twenty-seven riders? Where?"

"All over Montana. What do you think I did all winter? Holed up like a she-bear and had cubs?"

Silence again, while they all studied Roper.

"How many you figure to move?" Tex Long asked at last.

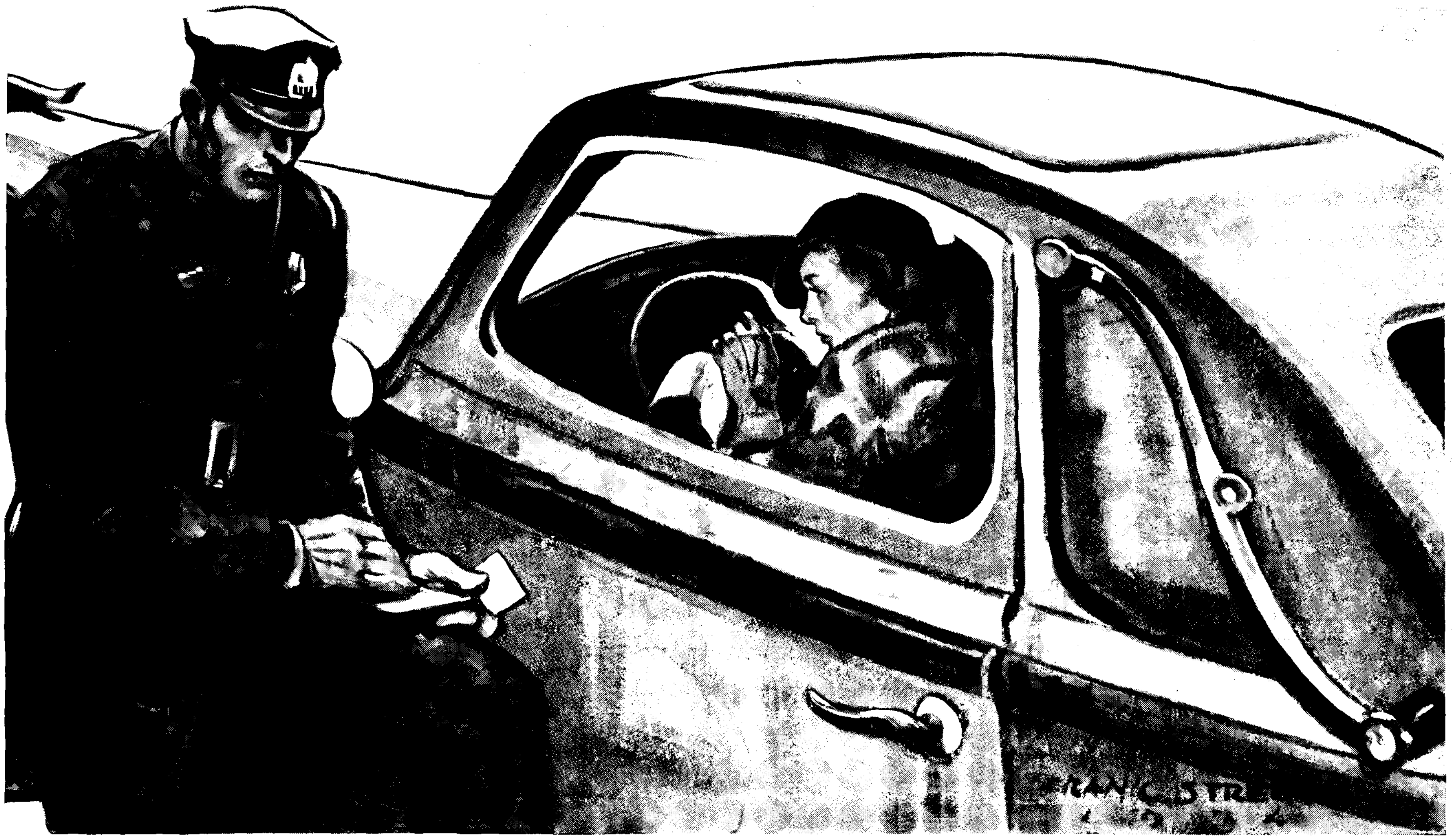
Roper's voice was so low they could hardly hear his words. "Between twenty and thirty thousand head."

Tex Long threw his hat against the roof poles in a gesture of complete impatience. "Dead of winter," he said; "maybe having to fight part of the time; why, thirty-forty cowboys couldn't drive—"

"We don't have to handle this stock like fat beef," Roper reminded him. "We don't have to pull up for quicksand, or stampede losses, or high water. If a hundred head get swept down a river, what the hell? Some different Indians will get hold of 'em downstream. Working that way, hard and fast, thirty cowboys can move every head in Montana!"

"We're terrible short of time," Tex Long said.

(Continued on page 34)



He was treating her like any other offender. That was what she had become to him

Very Civil Service

By George S. Brooks

Police Sergeant Hahn loved Anice Driscoll. So he stopped her car and gave her a ticket. Here's the evidence, the story headquarters missed

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

THE girl settled him upon the davenport, snapped out the lights, drew his left arm around her and, with a contented sigh, pillowed her head upon Joe Hahn's shoulder.

"I love you," Anice whispered.

That was no news to him. She had admitted it weeks ago. But she kept talking about it as if she were afraid that he was afraid she would change her mind. What the deuce! They'd agreed. That was that.

Much as he loved her, he kept wondering what would be the best way to ease himself off the davenport. He ought to be home working. A man who expected to be married had no time to waste on "I-love-yous" and "You-love-mes." That wouldn't make down payments on a house and furniture.

"You do love me, don't you, Joe?"

She was lifting his right hand to her lips. That was a habit of hers. Kissing his hand. It always made Joe feel silly.

"Don't you?" she persisted.

"Oh, sure," he assented absently. "*Ouch!*" Instead of kissing the back of his hand she had bitten it.

"Don't you dare say 'Oh, sure' in that tone of voice."

He was silent.

"Joe, darling. Did I hurt you?" That was silly. It was just a little nip.

"No."

"I did hurt you. Are you mad?"

"No." He shook his head.

"If you'd done that to me, I'd be so spitting mad I'd never speak to you again."

"But, Anice, what would be the good of that?"

Instead of answering, she hid her face on the breast of his blue serge coat. He guessed uneasily that she was crying. "You've picked yourself a hellcat, Joe. You poor darling, it's too bad. You don't deserve it."

NO DOUBT about it. She was crying. And when she cried she had to be comforted. That all took time, which he should be spending on his books. "I guess I do deserve it," he remarked, holding her tighter. "Forgive me, sweetheart."

"Oh, Joe, I wish I was like you. You haven't a mean hair on your chest."

"That isn't a nice thing to say, especially before we're married." His tone was mildly shocked.

The next sob changed to a giggle. "There wasn't any secret about it the night you won the police boxing tournament from that Conroy. Every woman in the armory was thinking how handsome you were. I heard the commissioner's wife ask him who was that swell-looking man."

"Now, Anice. I asked you not to keep talking about that."

"But I can't see why you're so ashamed of being handsome." Men were awfully funny. They were so different from women. That is, nice men were.

Now she seemed to be feeling better. Joe hoped that in a few minutes he could make a break. This being engaged cut into a man's free time. He ought to have put it off until after . . .

"Honey. There's something on your mind."

"No, there isn't."

"There is, too. Come on. Tell me."

"Well, Anice, I was just wondering. Suppose they ask about the kids."

"Of course, Father O'Donnell will ask about kids," she replied in a matter-of-fact tone. "You'll have to agree to let them go to my church."

Joe's blush started at the roots of his hair and spread six feet and two inches to the soles of his feet, inside his policeman's special, waterproof, size 11-E shoes.

"I mean children in the street," he said hastily. It was a funny thing, but when it came to discussing babies women had no modesty. Men were more delicate about such matters.

"Gee, you're funny."

"I meant," he explained, "if the board should ask what I'd do about kids playing ball in the streets. It's no use writing I'd prevent 'em from playing on the pavement, because it can't be done."

"Oh, you'll pass. You'll be top of the list. Quit worrying," she returned carelessly. "Say. I forgot to tell you. I saw a rug that would do for the front room. It's a mark-down. In Adams' basement."

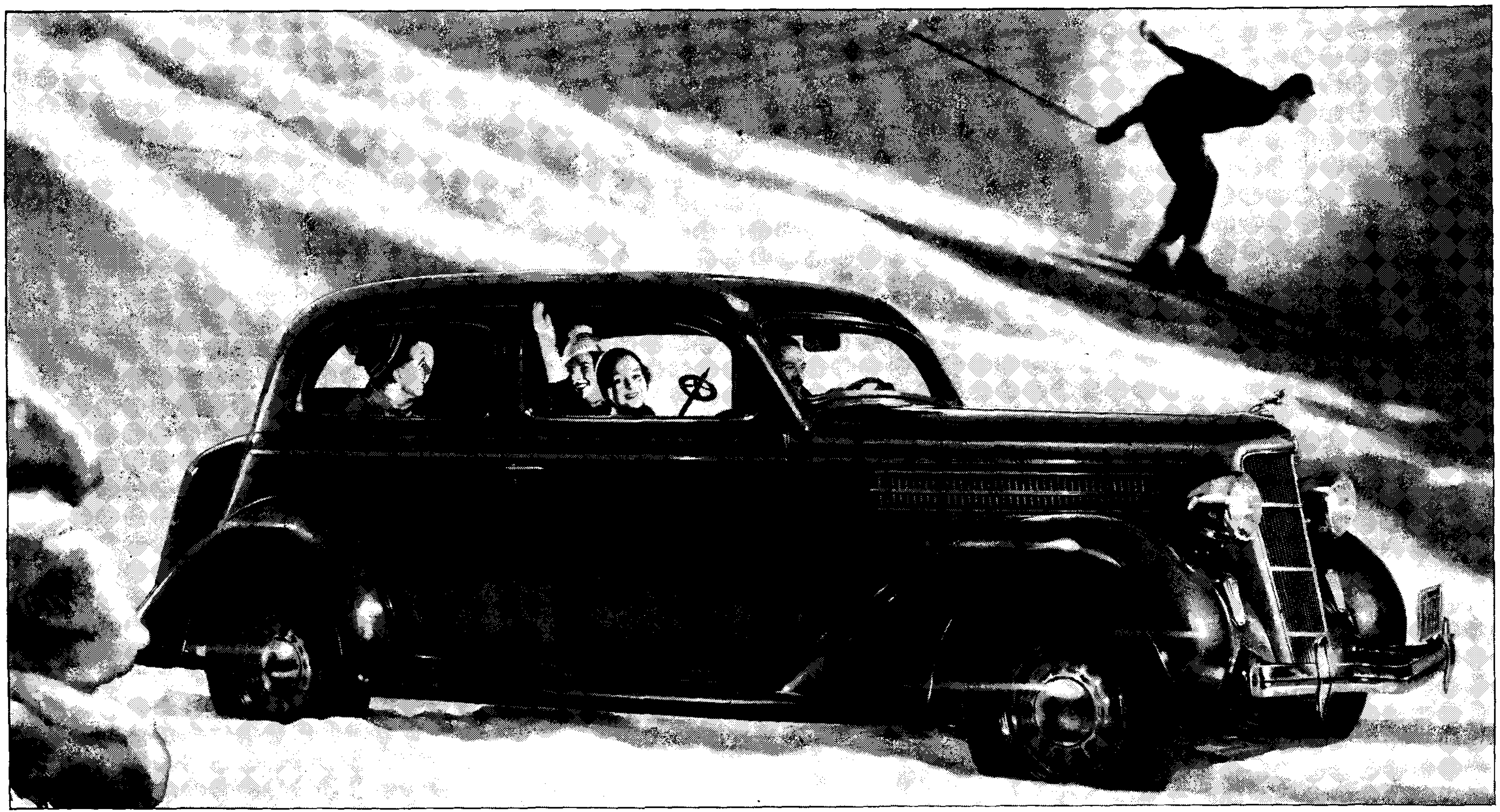
JOE HAHN shivered. Here was the girl he was going to marry talking about rugs for the front room, when the civil service exam for traffic section lieutenants was only ten days away. Suppose she turned out to be frivolous-minded. "In the book it says that the best prevention of accidents to children playing on the pavement is to regulate motor vehicles so that they are operated carefully at a slow rate of speed and are under control at all times."

"That sounds okay to me." She shrugged.

"Maybe the board will expect more. The board won't be as easy on me as you are."

For a moment the girl's expression was just like her mother's when Pa

(Continued on page 52)



*New-Value Dodge Touring Sedan (2-door, with trunk) $715**

Airglide Ride SWEEPS AMERICA!

EASIER RIDING AND DRIVING QUALITIES OF 1935 DODGE AMAZE THOUSANDS!

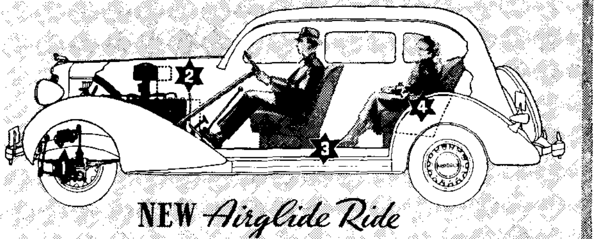
THE "Airglide Ride"—greatest thrill in motoring—is winning America in a single ride! It is a matchless sensation. It brings undreamed-of riding comfort. The car has a steadiness and roadability never before even approached in any car. It holds a level keel at all times. Hugs the road. Skims smoothly over rough spots. Steps over bumps. Takes sharp curves safely, even at high speeds. Engineers have compared this remarkable "floating freedom" that you feel to the sensation of "flying on wheels."

Lovers of performance will hail the amazing Dodge "Red Ram" engine, with 87 horsepower and satin-smooth speed of 85 miles an hour, and up! But thrifty motorists will welcome it, too. Owners report 20 miles and up per gallon of gas—with astonishing oil economy.

Just when others are beginning to offer their first hydraulic-type brakes, Dodge gives you time-tested, dual cylinder hydraulic brakes, pioneered by Dodge many years ago, and proved in service by hundreds of thousands of owners. The famous Dodge all-steel body was introduced by Dodge over 20 years ago and perfected year by year, until today, it holds unquestioned leadership. Dodge gives you Floating Power engine mountings—patented!—impossible to imitate! And dozens of other features that make Dodge stand up longer, keep costs down lower.

When you've examined and ridden in the New-Value Dodge—compare the delivered prices—now just a few dollars more than lowest-priced cars. Only the experience of 20 years' fine car construction could produce such outstanding dollar-for-dollar value.

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION
Division of CHRYSLER MOTORS



NEW *Airglide Ride*

1 Dodge "level-ator" and new Multi-leaf springs end body roll and sidesway.

2 "Red Ram" engine moved forward 8 inches to permit equal distribution of weight on all four wheels.

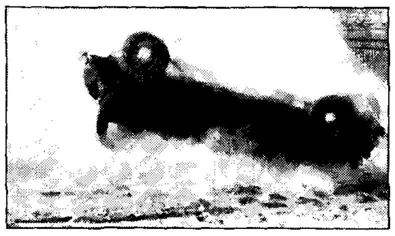
3 Floor lowered 3½ inches to give seats the height of a comfortable living-room chair.

4 Rear seat moved forward 6 inches. Passengers seated ahead of the axle "shock-line."

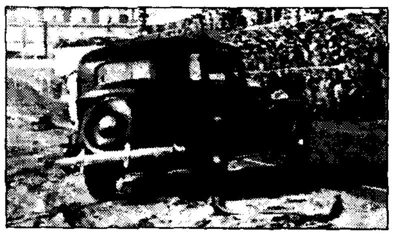
YOU NOW RIDE CRADLED BETWEEN THE AXLES.

DODGE TAKES IT... AGAINST EVERY TORTURE ENGINEERS CAN DEVISE!

1 Here comes the Dodge! At break-neck speed . . . watch! Driver swerves the car into the sand pit in a sharp half-circle.



2 Watch her roll! Bouncing on her top in an explosion of sand. Jarring . . . shaking . . . testing every part of frame and body.



3 Upright again! Gliding proudly off under her own power. Only a few dents and scratches to show the torture she has been through.

THE *New-Value* DODGE $645*

DELIVERED NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

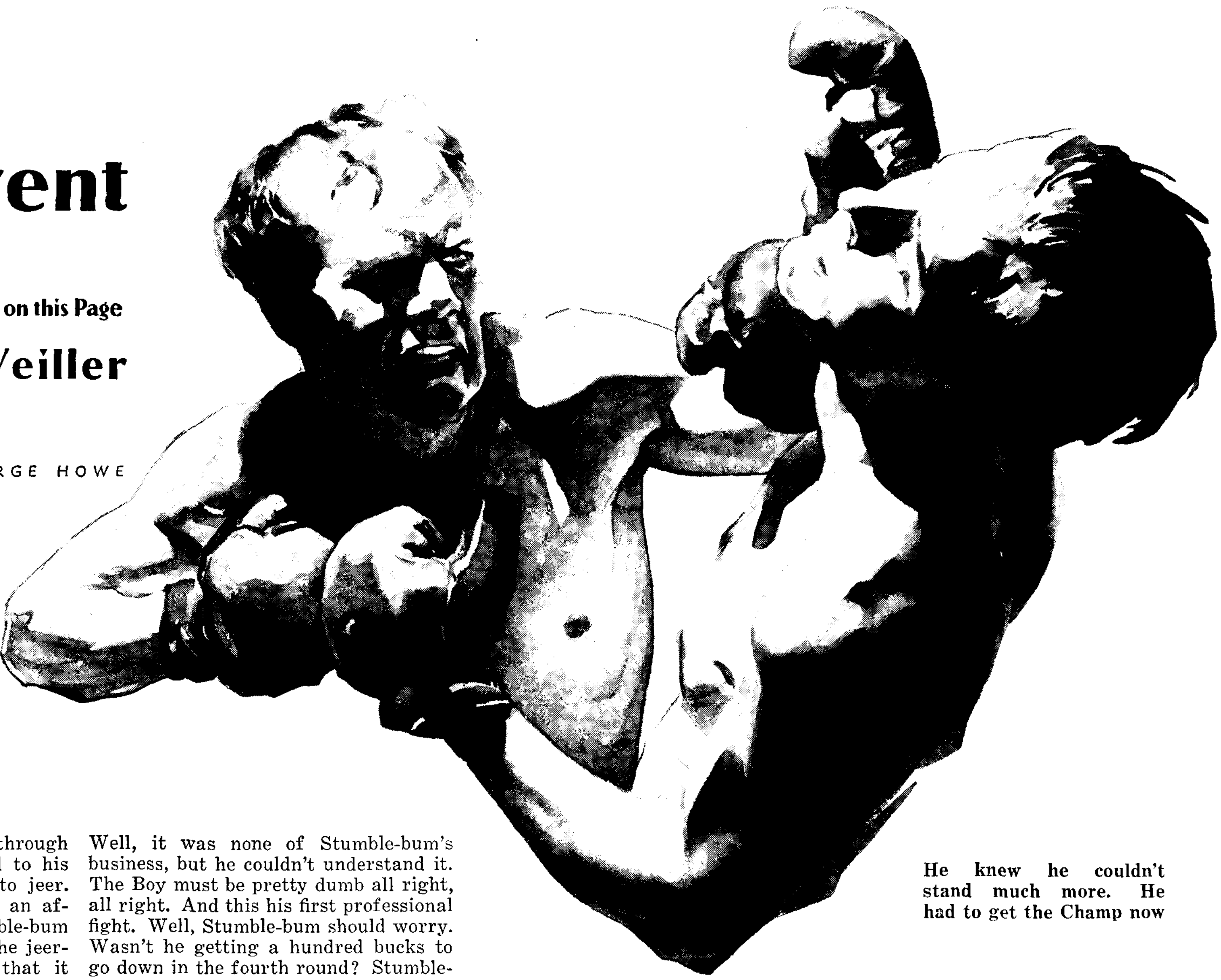
*NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with trunk) $760. *All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

Final Event

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Anthony Veiller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



He knew he couldn't stand much more. He had to get the Champ now

STUMBLE-BUM climbed through the ropes. As he walked to his corner, the crowd began to jeer. It was a friendly, almost an affectionate jeering, and Stumble-bum liked it. He had been hearing the jeering for so many years now that it seemed homelike and when it was missing he got lonesome inside.

Here in the Stadium the crowd knew him well. Back in the bleachers, where the real fans sat, were men who could tell you—and would, if you weren't very careful—of the night Stumble-bum met the Champ. Right in this very ring. Yes, sir. There were real fighters in those days. Stumble-bum was being managed by Cap Johnson then. And he wasn't Stumble-bum. He was Young Flower.

There was a manager for you, Cap Johnson. He could tell you three days before a fight who was going to win and in what round. He knew, Cap did. He had an instinct with the boys. Cap's dead now. Been dead twelve—no, thirteen—years. But when Stumble-bum fought the Champ, Cap was in his corner. And you should have seen the look on his face when Stumble-bum went down in the fourth round as that desperate left hook of the Champ's connected with his jaw. It was right after that that they began calling him Stumble-bum instead of Young Flower.

Stumble-bum didn't even remember much about those days any more. That water had gone under the bridge a long time ago. Now he was satisfied if Jake—Jake managed Stumble-bum, though his real business was running a fifteen-table poolroom on Spring Street—got him a fight every couple of weeks so he could keep his room rent paid and get enough to eat and buy oil and gas for the old car he drove around in. That car was the only reminder there was of Stumble-bum's palmy days.

He sat on the stool in his corner, with a second rubbing his stomach muscles, as he waited for the other fighter to enter the ring. He couldn't remember what the kid's name was. Must be sort of a nut though. Giving up a good home and college and all that to be a fighter. Society boy, that's what he was. And wanting to be a fighter. Well, it was none of Stumble-bum's business, but he couldn't understand it. The Boy must be pretty dumb all right, all right. And this his first professional fight. Well, Stumble-bum should worry. Wasn't he getting a hundred bucks to go down in the fourth round? Stumble-bum was used to going down but this was the first time he ever got paid for it. Yes, sir, twenty years in the ring and the first time he ever sold a fight. He wouldn't do it now, only he was so tired. Dead tired. And with that hundred bucks he could buy a barbecue stand on Washington Boulevard and be through with the fight game. At the thought, Stumble-bum grinned.

The Boy came through the ropes and the crowd began to jeer again. But it was a different kind of jeering. Stumble-bum felt sorry for The Boy.

The referee called them to the center of the ring and gave them his instructions. They went back to their corners and the bell rang and they began to fight.

IN THE first round Stumble-bum kept away from The Boy. He was going to get a hundred bucks to go down in the fourth round. And he was going to wait for the fourth round. If they'd wanted him to go down in the first, they'd have said so. He wasn't taking any chances of losing that hundred bucks. And the barbecue stand.

The bell rang and he went back to his corner. He couldn't hear what Jake was saying to him, the crowd was yelling so loud. It was angry yelling. They knew it was a set-up and they didn't like it.

The bell rang again and Stumble-bum went out. He began to spar, cautiously. The referee told him to fight or get out of the ring. Those at the ring-side heard it. So Stumble-bum began to lead. But he couldn't hit The Boy. The Boy danced away too quickly.

The bell rang again and Stumble-bum went back to his corner. He asked what round it was. Jake spat disgustedly and said the third.

The bell rang and he went out again. He could mix it up now all right. He had to last only one more round and then he could take it and get his hundred bucks. He stood in the center of the ring and swapped body blows with The Boy. He wasn't hitting hard and The Boy grinned at the ease with which he could take Stumble-bum's punches. They clinched and The Boy got him with a short jab in the stomach. It hurt. But Stumble-bum didn't mind. It was the last time anyone was going to take a sock at his stomach.

The referee separated them. They began swapping body blows again, and Stumble-bum found himself backed into a corner. He moved to get out of it and something hit him on the side of the head. It was a long right swing of The Boy's. Stumble-bum had moved right into it and it snapped his head back. Stumble-bum felt something snap inside his head. His eyes glazed. He clinched. He had to hang on. He couldn't go down. He had to hang on. He didn't know why but he knew he had to hang on. The bell rang and The Boy helped him to his corner.

The crowd was yelling itself hoarse. Was this what they'd paid their money for? This wasn't a fight. It was a joke. Get in there and fight. They kept yelling all the time Jake was rubbing his stomach. But it wasn't his stomach that hurt. It was his head. He shook it dazedly and the mist began to clear. He looked at Jake but he didn't see him. He saw Cap Johnson. And across the ring, though not very clearly, he could see the Champ. Jake leaned over and whispered to him. He said, "This is the round." Stumble-bum nodded and tensed himself. He said, "Okay, Cap," and Jake looked at him as if he were crazy. The bell rang and he went out.

He knew he had to get the Champ in this round. Cap had told him so. Cap had said this was the round. He went into the Champ with both fists coming up in a one-two. But he couldn't hit the Champ. And the Champ was raining blows in. Short body blows that hurt sickeningly. He knew he couldn't stand much more. He had to get the Champ now. With every bit of strength he had left, he brought his left up. He felt a twinge of pain in his forearm as it connected with the Champ's jaw. The Champ went down.

Mechanically he moved to a neutral corner as the referee started counting. "Four . . . seven . . . ten!"

THE fight was over. In the fourth round. Just as Cap had said.

He shook his head to try to clear away the haze from in front of his eyes. Suddenly it wasn't the Champ lying there at all but The Boy. And Cap wasn't in the ring either. In his corner stood Jake, his mouth open in amazement and his cigar fallen to the floor.

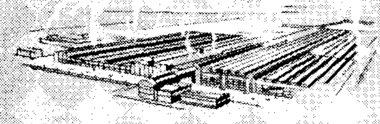
Stumble-bum went down the aisle toward the dressing-room. Men slapped him on the shoulders but he didn't feel it. He was numb. Inside.

He went through the door that led to the dressing-room. He pulled his bathrobe about him. He ripped off the gloves and dropped them on the floor. He tied the cord of the bathrobe about his waist. But he didn't go into the dressing-room. He pushed open the back door of the Stadium and went into the parking lot. He got into his old car. He stepped on the starter and pulled the choke out. He put the car into gear and drove into the street. The crowd was just coming out of the Stadium.

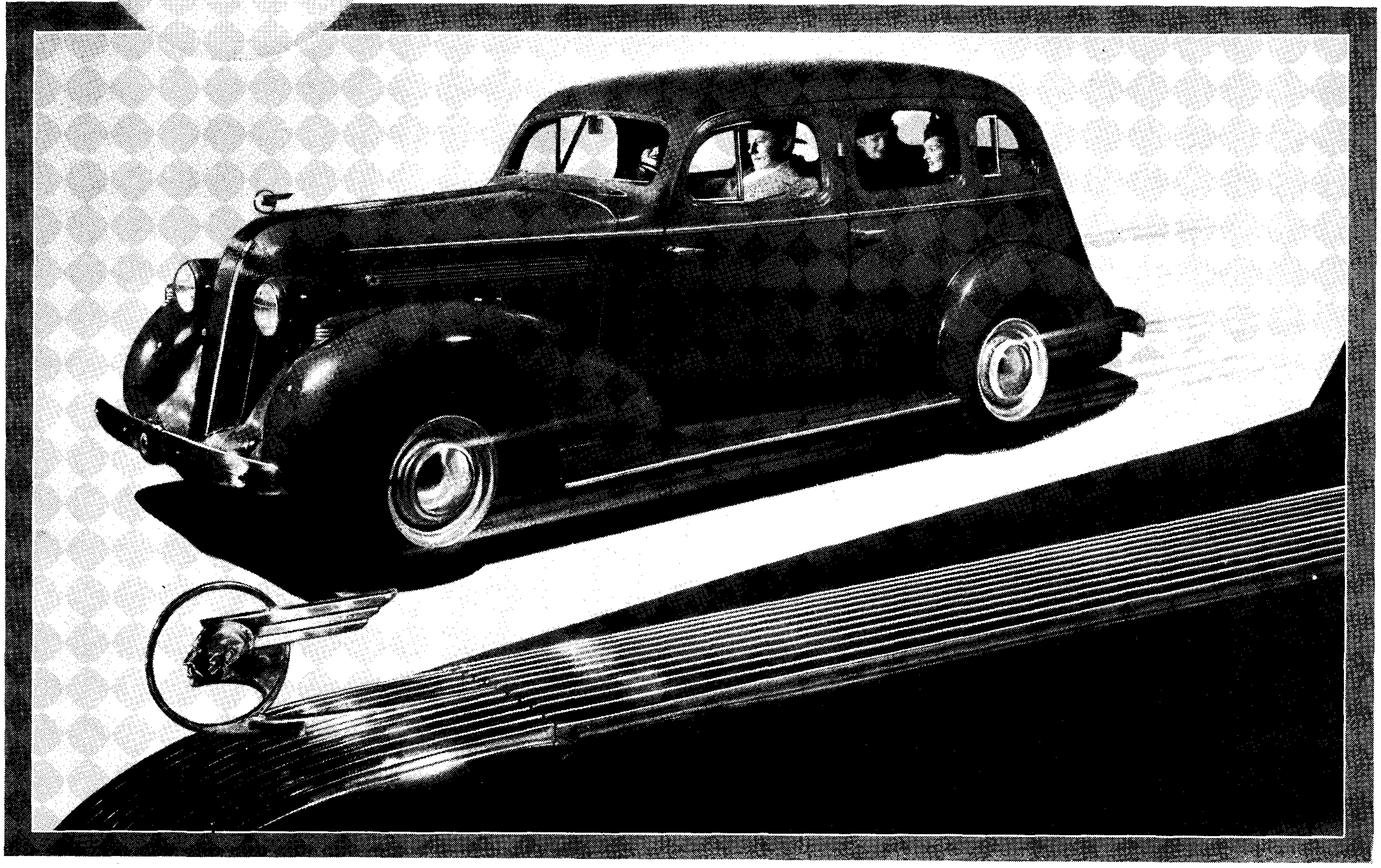
He paid no attention and drove down the street. He couldn't see very well. He was crying and the tears made a blur over his eyes. He was crying all the way down the street. He knew he couldn't go back and get his hundred bucks.

A Low-priced Six

whose quality makes the price Phenomenal



ONLY FROM A PLANT SO
MODERN COULD COME
A LOW-PRICED CAR
SO FINE



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

If it is your habit to compare before buying, please change your usual method when you come to the new Pontiac Six. Compare it, by all means, but *not* with cars in its *own* price range. Measure it, instead, against *the costliest cars of the day*. Despite its low price you will find that its quality ranks with the finest! There are no better bodies than "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher, whose solid-steel roof, welded to steel sides, makes them the safest in the world. Money cannot buy better brakes than Pontiac's big hydraulics—triple-sealed against dirt and moisture. The six, as Pontiac builds it, successfully combines smoother, livelier performance with even greater economy. And, of course, the car America christened *the most beautiful thing on wheels* will more than hold its own in appearance. So compare—and insist on quality. If you want to stay in the low-price range, you are bound to decide—*you can't do better than a Pontiac Six.*

HIGHLIGHTS OF PONTIAC QUALITY FOR 1935

▪ ▪ ▪

Solid Steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher ▪ Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes ▪ Speedlined Styling ▪ Completely Sealed Chassis ▪ Silver-Alloy Bearing Engines ▪ 10-Second Starting at Zero ▪ Even Greater Economy ▪ No Draft Ventilation ▪ *Knee-Action ▪ Luggage and Spare Tire Compartment.

PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN. *Division of General Motors*

NEW PONTIAC SIXES *and* EIGHTS $615

BODY by FISHER

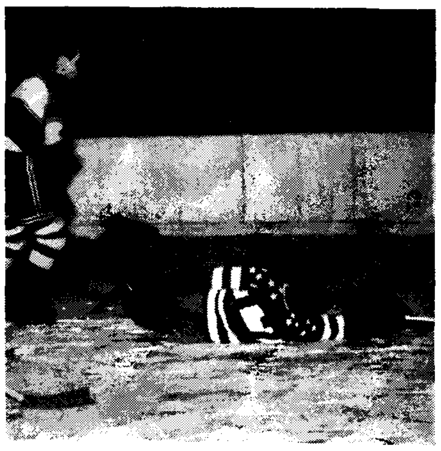
*AND UP. List price of Standard six-cylinder Coupe at Pontiac, Michigan. Standard group of accessories extra. *On the Eight and De Luxe Six Models.*

Picking 'em off the Ice

By Quentin Reynolds

The story of Roy Worters, a very good goalie, who lives in constant dread of encountering a cross-eyed hockey player

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



LIONEL CONACHER was very hot that night. Once more he cradled the puck at the heel of his stick. Once more he shot down the ice, swerving disdainfully away from one defense man, fooling another by a feint—then a flick of his wrist and the rubber disk danced merrily into the cage and the scoreboard read, Century Rovers—6, Riverside Juniors—0.

Roy Worters, captain and center of the Juniors, skated back to his goal tender. Roy was mad. Conacher had scored all six goals. Every time Worters looked up that cage was full of pucks. He was mad all right.

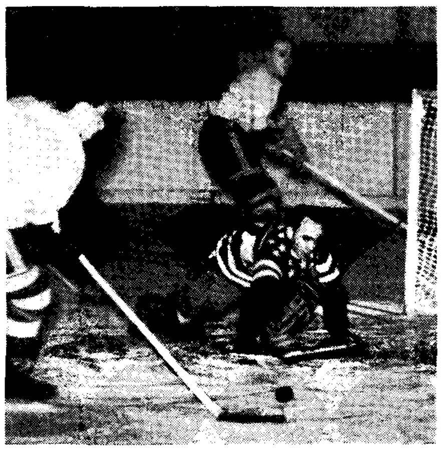
"You are lousy," he said icily to his goalie. "Can't you stop any of those pucks?"

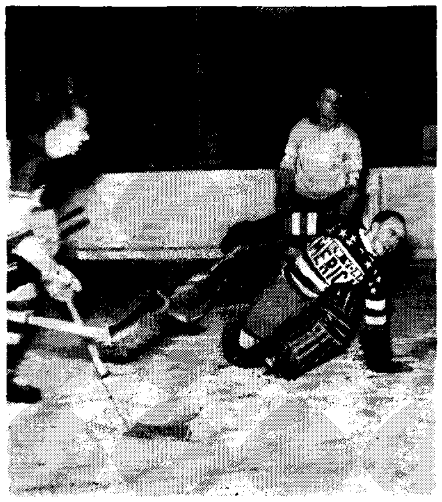
"I'm lousy, hey?" the goalie snarled. "Well, see if you can do any better."

"Who, me?" Worters said, but the goalie didn't hear him. He was on his way to the dressing-room. Worters had to step in front of the cage himself. It was his first attempt at goal tending. He didn't know the first thing about it. Why, he didn't even know enough to keep his eye on the puck. Instead he kept his eye on Lionel Conacher. Conacher was doing all the shooting. Little Worters kept watching Conacher's eyes and he discovered that he could tell when Lionel was going to let the puck go by the sudden shifting of his stare. By moving to the spot where that stare led, Worters was able to get in front of the puck. Conacher didn't score again that night—and Roy Worters has been guarding cages ever since.

Today Worters is generally recognized by the players as being the best goalie in hockey. It's because he still watches eyes. He has one horrible fear, however, a fear that he can never shake.

"Some day," he moans, "they're going to ring in a cross-eyed player on me and that'll be just ducky. I won't know where he's aiming at. We had a player in the league with one eye. The other was glass. He was tough enough to stop but, thank goodness, he played on my team—the Americans. Leo Reese, his name was, and in practice I used to go nuts. That glass eye looked straight ahead no matter where Leo was going to shoot. As long as I could remember which was the good eye I was all right but as soon as I'd forget that puck would whiz right by me."





Goal tending, like sitting on a steeple or making straw hats under water, is a highly specialized vocation. Not everyone can be a good goal tender—and goodness knows not many want to be even a bad goal tender. A goalie is merely a stooge for the rest of the team. If his team scores a 4-to-0 win the critics will rave about the great offensive work of the forwards, forgetting the hundred stops the goalie has made. If the team loses a close 2-to-1 game the papers will report sadly that the goalie "let the winning goal slip past him." Yet Worters likes being a goalie. It's sad but it's true.

The home stand of the Americans is Madison Square Garden. New York is pretty much a winner-take-all town. In New York as long as you're on the top you're a hero. But if you start losing you're a bum—at least. The New York gallery gods are possessed of a colorful vocabulary and the word "bum" compared to some of the other epithets is practically a term of affection. Yet Worters, playing on a team which has never been a championship one, manages to keep in the good graces of the fans. They seem to recognize class when they see it and the fans admit that Worters is "lousy with class."

"The New York fans are all right," Worters says. "If you're going good they'll give you a hand. If you're going bad they'll pan you. That's fair enough. Now, I've played on teams . . ."

When Worters graduated from the Riverside Juniors he migrated to the gold country in northern Ontario to play for the Timmins team. Timmins had a big rival—Iroquois Falls. Iroquois Falls was a lovely frontier community of broad-chested men who believed that handles were put on coffee cups so that they could be thrown more easily. Playing for the Iroquois team were such accomplished amateurs as Billy Boucher, Aurel Joliat, Swift Campbell and Bill Brydge—all of whom became very famous later on.

When Timmins played the Iroquois team the good citizens of Timmins showed their civic pride by putting up the family china and chintz on their team. The Timmins team had to win—or else. When the team lost, little Worters got the blame. But he survived. He survived his first season with the loss of nothing but four front teeth. When a hockey player only loses four herring-destroyers in a season he knocks on wood and considers himself to be an especially favored child of fortune.

"When we won an important game," Worters says, "it was very nice indeed. We'd walk coyly down the main street of the town trying to catch the eye of the shopkeepers. When one called us into his shop we knew that he was going to give us a new suit or something. It is quite different now," he added wistfully. "When a Times Square merchant calls us into his shop it means he's asking for another payment on a suit. New York is a bit different from Timmins."

The fame of this diminutive goal tender spread and soon he wound up in Pittsburgh playing for the Pittsburgh amateur team. For an amateur team it paid very well and the $250 a month Worters earned looked like big money.

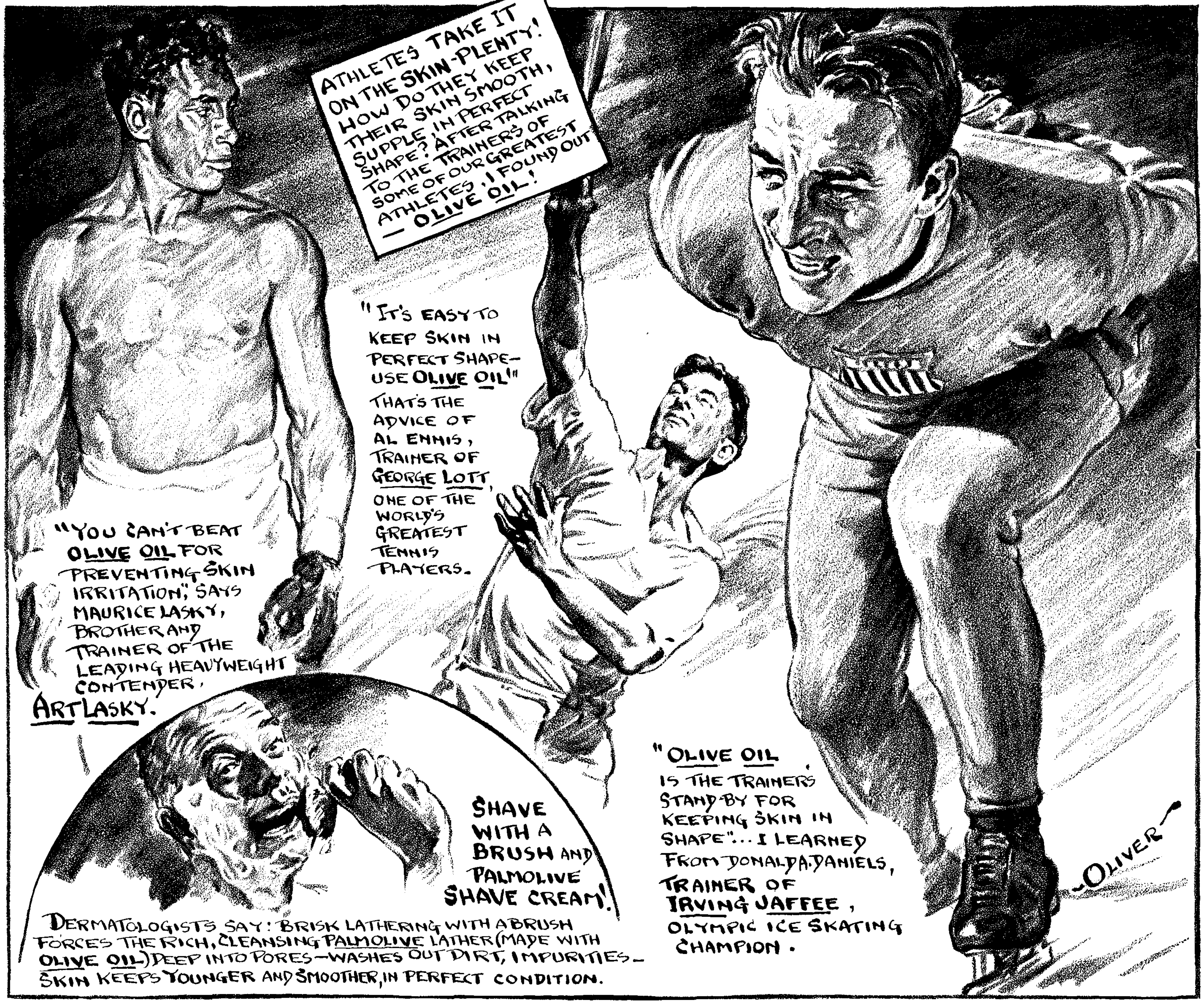
The Mob Takes Up Hockey

About this time a few bright and intrepid souls got the idea that professional hockey, if introduced into this country, might be of esthetic and financial advantage to all concerned. Hockey to the country at large was about as well known as badminton is in Siam but the boys had a hunch. They spread the word that hockey was a game in which the players were allowed to use clubs in whatever fashion their elfin spirits dictated. Needless to say, hockey was an immediate success. The back rooms of the Loop; the beer parlors of Pittsburgh's Smithfield Street; the speakos of Eighth and even Park Avenues began to hum with talk of "body checking," of "stick handling" and similar expressions of the trade.

You'd mention Hack Wilson, Dazzy Vance, Lefty O'Doul or Jimmy McLarnin and only vague stares would greet you, but mention Billy Burch or Bun

(Continued on page 37)

"TAKING IT ON THE SKIN" BY OLIVER


ATHLETES TAKE IT ON THE SKIN-PLENTY! HOW DO THEY KEEP THEIR SKIN SMOOTH, SUPPLE, IN PERFECT SHAPE? AFTER TALKING TO THE TRAINERS OF SOME OF OUR GREATEST ATHLETES, I FOUND OUT — OLIVE OIL!

"YOU CAN'T BEAT OLIVE OIL FOR PREVENTING SKIN IRRITATION," SAYS MAURICE LASKY, BROTHER AND TRAINER OF THE LEADING HEAVYWEIGHT CONTENDER, ART LASKY.

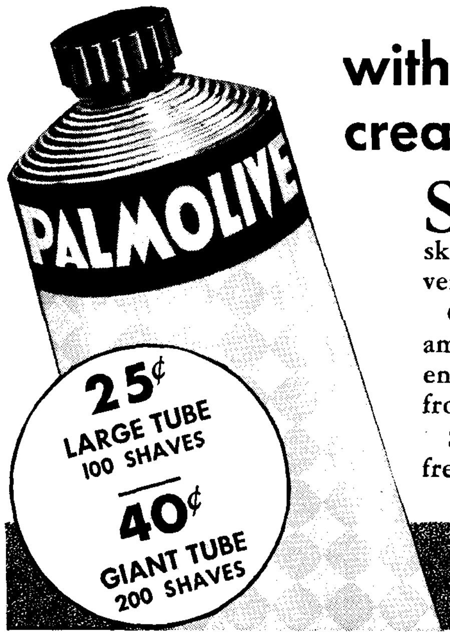
"IT'S EASY TO KEEP SKIN IN PERFECT SHAPE—USE OLIVE OIL!" THAT'S THE ADVICE OF AL ENNIS, TRAINER OF GEORGE LOTT, ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TENNIS PLAYERS.

"OLIVE OIL IS THE TRAINER'S STAND-BY FOR KEEPING SKIN IN SHAPE"... I LEARNED FROM DONALD A. DANIELS, TRAINER OF IRVING JAFFEE, OLYMPIC ICE SKATING CHAMPION.

SHAVE WITH A BRUSH AND PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM!

DERMATOLOGISTS SAY: BRISK LATHERING WITH A BRUSH FORCES THE RICH, CLEANSING PALMOLIVE LATHER (MADE WITH OLIVE OIL) DEEP INTO PORES—WASHES OUT DIRT, IMPURITIES—SKIN KEEPS YOUNGER AND SMOOTHER, IN PERFECT CONDITION.

BANISH AFTER-SHAVE IRRITATION!



25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

with Palmolive...the shaving cream made with olive oil!

SHAVERS, too, "take it on the skin"—every day! So, men, take a tip from the thousands of trainers and skin specialists who agree that the finest thing for preventing skin irritation is—olive oil!

Change to Palmolive! For olive oil, in just the right amount goes into the making of this remarkably different shave cream—to keep your face fit and fresh, free from after-shave irritation!

Shave just once with Palmolive! See then how much fresher and smoother your face feels! No sting! No burn! Not a sign of after-shave irritation! That's due to Palmolive's unique *lotion-effect!* And this same soothing action also tends to produce a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin!

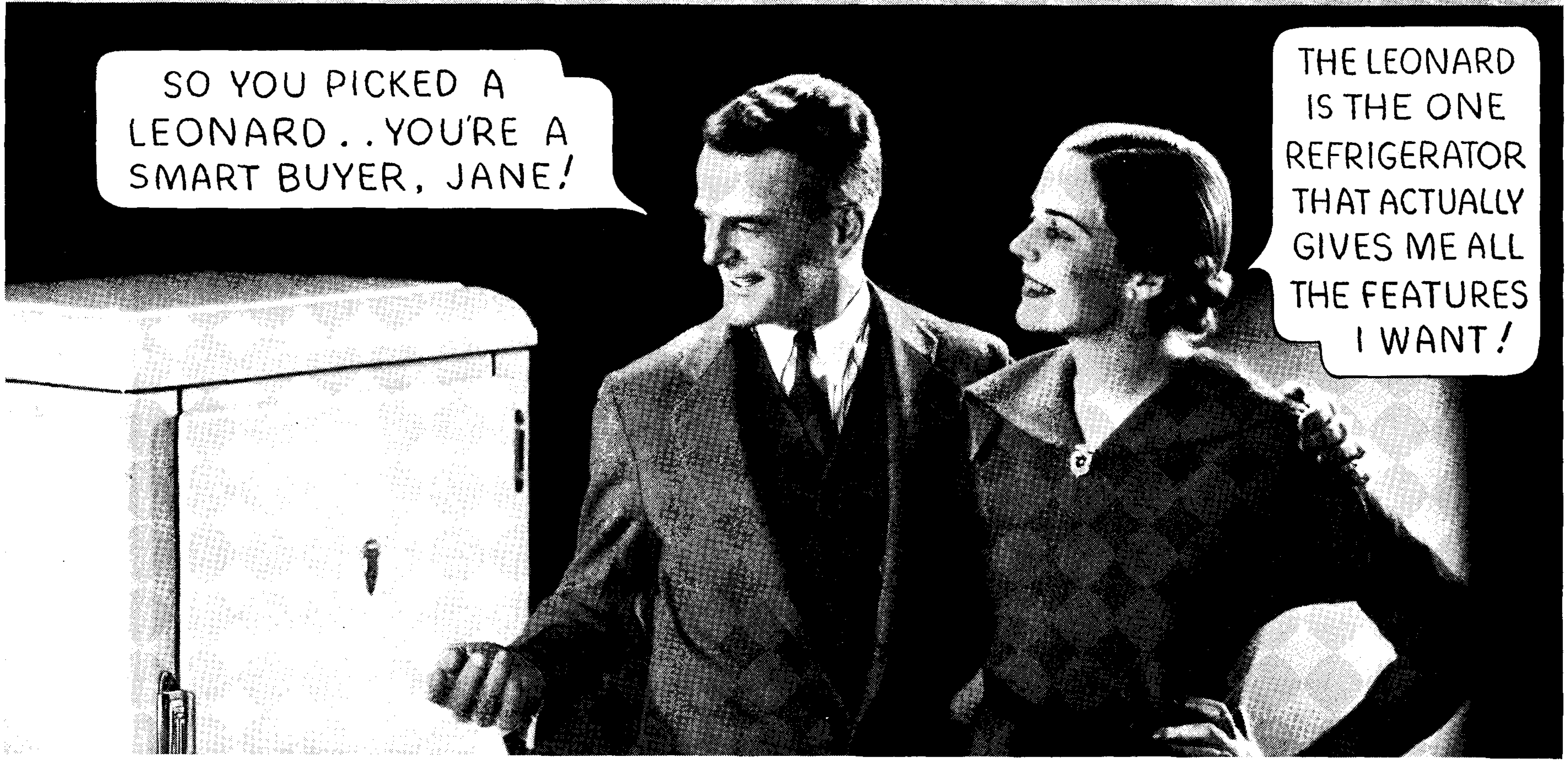
You'll find, too, that, due to the unique Palmolive formula that includes olive oil, you get a richer, thicker, creamier lather! (One inch of cream fluffs up into a full quart of lather.) This lather stands up on your face for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had!

No wonder Palmolive is the largest selling shave cream in the world! Why not get a tube today?

As the final touch to a perfect shave—use Palmolive After-Shave Talc and Palmolive After-Shave Lotion.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

WIFE THRILLS TO HUSBAND'S PRAISE!


SO YOU PICKED A LEONARD . . YOU'RE A SMART BUYER, JANE!
THE LEONARD IS THE ONE REFRIGERATOR THAT ACTUALLY GIVES ME ALL THE FEATURES I WANT!

NEW LEONARD WITH 2 TO 4 TIMES AS MANY CONVENIENCE FEATURES NOW WIVES' FIRST CHOICE

Hailed Everywhere as the Complete Refrigerator

When a refrigerator tops its sales by a wide margin year after year, it's a mighty good sign that a *better* refrigerator is being built. So the big swing to Leonard is easy to understand. Women everywhere are choosing this *complete* refrigerator.

And no wonder! Look what you get! Two to four times as many convenience features. A big, sturdy, beautiful cabinet with charming modern lines. Plenty of room inside. Shelves that fold up to make space for tall bottles. Shelves that pull out to save reaching. Automatic interior light. Twelve freezing speeds. An extra fast freezing tray. A Cold Chest for storage. "A vacation temperature" that reduces operating cost when you're away. Ice tray lifter that ends sticking trays. And of course, the famous LEN-A-DOR . . . the door opening pedal that saves so many steps each day.

Imagine! All of these features and many more in *one* electric refrigerator. Certainly Leonard earns the right to be called the *complete* refrigerator.

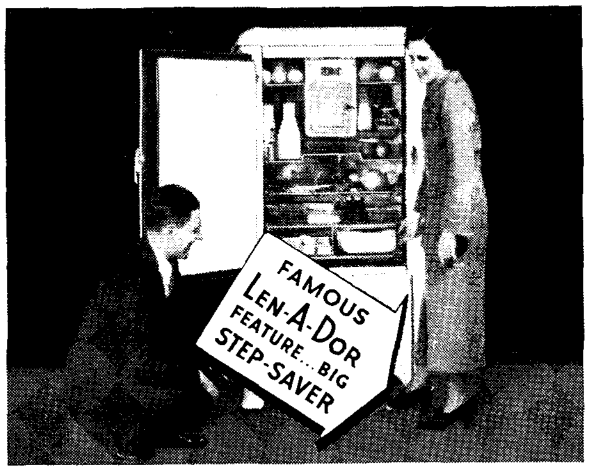
Priced With the Lowest, Too!

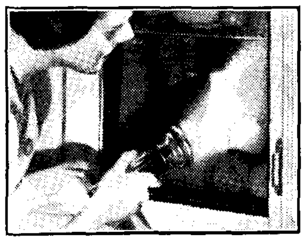
But the big surprise will come when you look at the price tag. If you've been "shopping around" you'd probably guess that the new Leonard costs far more than it actually does. But instead, Leonard prices are right down with the lowest!

The best way to make sure that here is a *better* refrigerator is to see the Leonard for yourself. Make your own comparison. Then try to find one competitive refrigerator that gives you all that Leonard does.

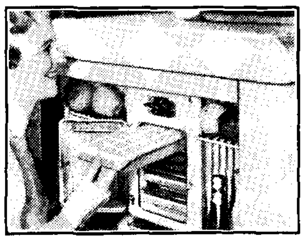
And don't forget! Leonard brings you the refrigeration experience of 53 years. So you can be absolutely sure of not going wrong—of getting the refrigerator that suits you best.

Why not make it a point to see the new Leonard now? Consult the classified section of your telephone directory under "Refrigeration—Electric" for nearest Leonard dealer . . . LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, *14297 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan, and London, Ontario, Canada.*





No need for a flashlight. An electric light clicks on automatically—lights up every corner—as you open the door.



Ice cubes? All you can use. Special ice tray lifter prevents sticking trays. Cold Chest for storage. 12 freezing speeds.

Need extra bottle storage space? Leonard's Folding Shelf provides it. Folds up making room for tall bottles.

Look! A special Service Tray. Useful in rearranging food. Planned interior provides a surprising amount of room.

LEONARD THE *COMPLETE* REFRIGERATOR

Why Not Dictatorship?

Continued from page 14

wealth and greatness came to the land which was governed by law and by debate in which many, and indeed ever-increasing numbers, took part. The small country of four or five millions of people who had broken the tyranny of Louis XIV, grown larger, faced and fought and overcome the formidable splendor of Napoleon, and emerged triumphant into the sunlit glories of the Victorian era. And in our own time, greatest of all, the attempt to subjugate Europe and the outer world to German domination, was shattered in its turn and Kaiser Wilhelm lurks neglected at Doorn.

But all this was gained because of a vigorous, active law-making citizenship expressing itself through Parliament and especially through the House of Commons, and by the fact that English people loathed and abominated one-man rule, militarism and tyrannies of every kind.

Religion from the Drill Book

The collision between the American colonies and the English Crown and Parliament, and the War of Independence in which it culminated, afforded the occasion for forming the Constitution of the United States, which embodied under republican symbols the rights and liberties and parliamentary system which its creators had inherited from the land of their origin. Under the limited monarchy and Parliament of England, and under the American Constitution, there grew the greatest efflorescence of freedom, wealth and power that has ever been witnessed in history for such great populations over so lengthy a time.

The moral conceptions of both governments were raised with their increase of strength and of education. England at great cost repressed the slave trade. The United States after a tremendous war eradicated slavery from its midst. And both nations have continued to this day through every vicissitude and peril to be the leading, strongest, richest and most free-spoken communities in the civilized world.

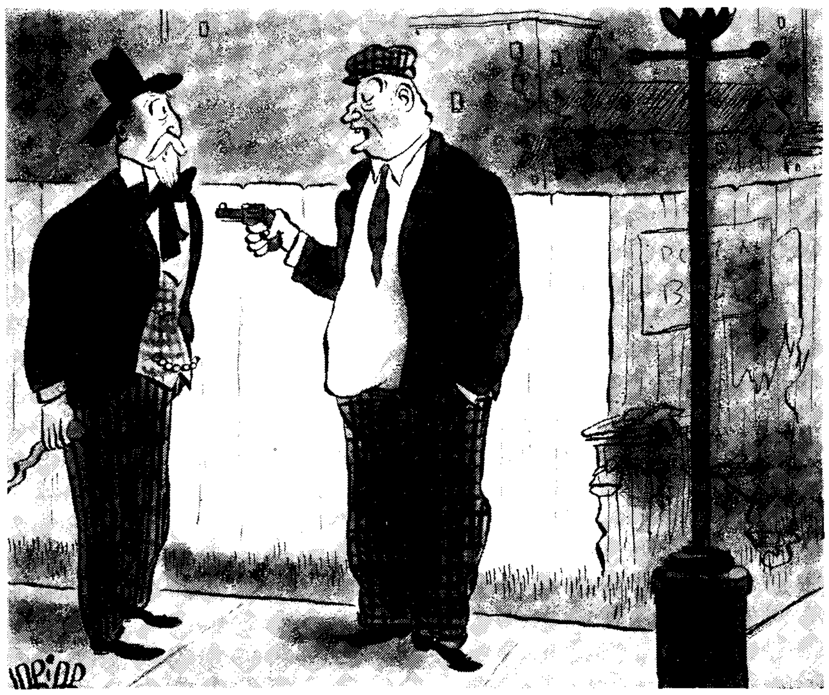
In the twentieth century came the great extensions of the franchise. We were told to trust to our liberties and to democracy. If every man and woman had a vote there would be more freedom—there would be better government. Education—universal, compulsory, secular, free—would afford these vast masses the means of judging the problems of government. It was a great hope. We must not lightly let it die. We must take effective means to realize it.

But how melancholy it would be if, when everybody had the vote in Great Britain and the United States, all they did with it was to throw away all those rights and liberties so painfully and nobly gained in three or four hundred years!

We look out upon the continent of Europe. It affords us no guidance. Except the fierce and valiant French to whose terrible revolution we owe so much, these poor peoples have hardly ever known anything but arbitrary rule. In the nineteenth century they were all striving after parliaments on the English model. They fought and killed each other to set them up. But when they had got them they threw them away. Russia destroyed her Duma and became a kind of ant heap, whose occupants were underfed functionaries. Italy, threatened by this fate, found safety at grievous cost by reviving the ancient Roman office of dictator in times of mortal peril, and under the leadership of a great man has achieved the kind of polity against which Englishmen and Americans rebelled three hundred years ago. The new countries or the small, recovering, defeated countries are still struggling in their birth throes. Beset by dangers from without and from within, they have not advanced beyond the phase of quasi-military despotism.

The terrible collapse has been in Germany. This mighty people, the most powerful and most dangerous in the western world, has reverted to the conditions of the Middle Ages, with all the modern facilities and aggravations. We are confronted with the monstrosity of the totalitarian state. All are to think alike. No one is to disagree. To point out an obvious mistake or miscalculation is to be convicted of heresy and treason. Every link with the past, even with the most glorious traditions, has been shivered. A despotism has been erected only less frightful than the Russian nightmare. Its aims are different, its forms are opposite, but its methods are the same.

Kingship and the glorious memories of bygone days are brushed aside in the interests of the newcomers, who usurp all the loyalties due to the slowly woven fabric of the race. Religion must be read from the drill book. Jews must be baited for being born Jews. Little Jewish children must be insulted by regulation and routine on particular days of the week or of the month appointed in the curriculum of the schools, and made to feel the ignominy of the state of life to which the Creator has called them.



"Stick 'em up, suh!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

Venerable pastors, upright magistrates, world-famous scientists and philosophers, capable statesmen, independent-minded, manly citizens, frail, poor, old women of unfashionable opinions are molested, bullied and brutalized by gangs of armed hooligans, to resist whom is a capital offense. To be thought disloyal or even unenthusiastic to the régime, which only yesterday was unknown, warrants indefinite bondage in an internment camp under persecutions which, though they may crush the victim, abase also the dignity of man. What a fate for Europe's strongest, most industrious and most learned son!

Is there anything in all this which should lead us in the English-speaking world to repudiate the famous chain of events which has made us what we are?—to cast away our Parliament, our habeas corpus, our rights and many freedoms, our tolerances, our decencies? On the contrary, ought we not betimes to buttress and fortify our ancient constitutions, and to make sure that they are not ignorantly or lightly deranged? What a lamentable result it would be if the British and American democracies, when enfranchised, squandered in a few short years or even between some night and morning all the long-stored, hard-won treasures of our common civilization!

It must not be. If the present franchise were ever to be found incapable of defending the rights and liberties of British subjects or of American citizens against a vague and feckless mood of Cæsarism, the franchise would have to be strengthened and weighted so as to assign due leadership to the more instructed and responsible elements. If we have gone too fast or too far in broadening the basis of full citizenship, and the result endangers the permanent well-being of the community, we must not hesitate to retrace our steps for a short distance.

If our legislation as at present constituted does not give expression to the true strength of the nation, we must not fear or delay to make the necessary modification. The good cause must not perish through lack of proper organization. Elected parliaments in which all participate, with impartial courts of law and under a tradition-guarded constitution or limited monarchy, are the last words yet spoken in the honorable government of men.

We must set our house in order and we must be well prepared to defend it and to guard our independence from foreign perils and foreign propaganda.

We in England see no need to alter our system of government. The flexible character of our constitution enables the necessary adjustment to be made from one generation to another in accordance with the needs and dangers of the times.

In the United States the strong growth of state legislatures offers the fullest expression to the parliamentary and political aptitudes of the people, and up to the present time all the stresses and changes which the world undergoes as it spins have been sustained both by state and federal governments without any serious challenge to the rights of the citizen. Therefore, we dwell in a period when, throughout the English-speaking world, parliaments and legislatures will function effectively, when the constitutions are maintained, when the respective powers of office bearers and public bodies are preserved in due balance; and when any direct attempts to overthrow them would encounter the swift, overwhelming resistance of the vast majority of either nation.

Slow but Sure Growth

Nevertheless, the mood of the age and the obvious weaknesses of democracy are so increasingly prejudicial to representative government and parliamentary procedure that it is important that every Englishman and American should realize what he owes to free institutions, and how bitterly he would regret the loss of them.

Never was a more homely truth spoken than "Every country gets the government it deserves." That is why I am full of hope in these stormy, uncertain and swiftly changing times. One cannot conceive the British or American peoples falling into either of the opposite forms of personal servitude to which the Russian and German masses have apparently resigned themselves.

We feel sure that millions among us would rather die than be subjected to such a hateful schoolmarm, drill-sergeant, prison-warder discipline. Such tyrannies could never be established in our midst, and if in some mood of inadvertence they were imposed upon our people, then by a spontaneous explosion of the national will, they would be scattered to the winds and their authors to the crows.

But if the English-speaking peoples who have framed and cherished the principles of civic liberty and government by parley—that is to say, by talking one with another—mean to defend themselves, and therefore rescue humanity from these opposite forms of atavistic dictatorships, it is above all things necessary that they should have "a frequent recurrence to first principles." They must comprehend vividly what they have to fight against and what it is they have to fight for.

First, they must fight against all this loose talk of dictatorship and one-man power. Secondly, they must guard with the utmost vigilance their own individual rights of citizenship. Thirdly, by the exercise of a far-seeing, enduring patience, they must submit themselves to the established and regular processes of law and make sure of fortifying the independence and impartiality of all who administer the law. Fourthly, they must acquaint themselves thoroughly with the past history of their country, reverence its traditions, and take pride in the glorious achievements of their forefathers.

They must dismiss from their minds the illusion that material prosperity can be bestowed upon large communities by legislation, or that confidence can be restored by mass declaration. They must visit with scorn and opprobrium any politician who promises that poverty can be ended by electioneering. They must avoid discrediting parliamentary government by passing a vast number of laws. They must realize that almost everything worth having here below is not manufactured but grown, and that what is best usually grows slowly.

EVERYTHING A CAR MUST HAV

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THIS year, of all years, look at the new-model cars *with your eyes wide open to quality.* Make absolutely sure that the one you choose is complete with *everything* you want... that it is 100% in safety, comfort, performance, dependability and economy... that it offers *all the things a car must have to be modern in 1935.*

Exactly that kind of car is the new and bigger Oldsmobile. Not a single important quality or feature has been left out of this all-inclusive new automobile. Both the Six and the Eight are so beautifully streamlined, they admittedly set the new 1935 style. The bodies are the world's newest and safest type—Solid-Steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher. Even the roof is one solid sheet of steel built as a seamless unit with the rest of the body.

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Plainly, Oldsmobile has chosen to stay on the *Quality standard*... to give you everything that engineering progress has made possible for 1935—*and not withhold a single important feature.* Get your full money's worth this year:—choose "the car that has everything!"

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Sixes $675 and up . . . Eights $860 and up, list prices at Lansing, subject to change without notice. Bumpers with guards, spare tire, and rear spring covers built into all cars at the factory at extra cost. Convenient G. M. A. C. time payment plan. The car illustrated is the Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $820 list.

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One Tube ... must give you cleaner, brighter teeth or

DOUBLE Your Money Back!

Get one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream (or one tin of Colgate's Dental Powder). Brush your teeth with it for two minutes at least twice a day until it is used up. Then look in your mirror, and if you do not honestly admit that your teeth are cleaner and brighter than ever before, send the empty tube or tin to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and we will gladly send you a check for twice the price you paid for it.

We want you to try Colgate's Dental Cream. See how its penetrating foam gets the whole tooth cleaner . . . how its harmless grit-free polishing ingredient brings back lustre. Learn why more dentists recommend it than any other kind—why people in 72 countries buy it, use it and praise it.

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You'll find this toothpaste a real economy. The large size tube costs only 20¢; the giant size (more than twice as much) is 35¢. Start using Colgate's Dental Cream today.

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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM OR DENTAL POWDER

Sailors Forget

Continued from page 9

on the floor in greater peace of mind than he had enjoyed since his girl jilted him. Zouma was staring at a row of broken knuckles, and Sally was looking at Charlie with blazing indignation, which could hardly be accepted as legal tender after the services he had rendered.

"You darned fools! Couldn't you have waited?" she cried and sprinkled water over Kent's face. Some of the water that fell was tears.

Came then the proprietor with an invitation for them to get out. Charlie thought the idea sound and was for accepting it.

Sally pointed.

"Pick him up and bring him along."

"But where's the sense in that, kid?"

She stamped angrily.

"Pick him up," she repeated.

Kent, limp as a sack, was carried out on Zouma's shoulder and thrown into a taxi. And suddenly Sally was inspired.

"The Bridge Hospital," she said to the driver, "quick as you can."

She refused to answer Charlie's questions during the short drive. She was occupied in staring at Kent, who breathed heavily on the seat beside her. As they neared the hospital she put a hand in his coat pocket, withdrew the roll of notes and tucked it in the breast of her dress.

The taxi stopped at a big stone building.

"Carry him inside. You can leave the rest to me."

They carried him to the reception-room of the accident ward.

A young doctor, with engaging manners, formed a very rapid diagnosis.

"Slight concussion. Nothing serious. We'll shove him in the accident ward."

Then Sally said: "Could you do something for me, if I paid you for it?"

"If *you* paid?" he echoed, half humorously.

"Yes. I want him to have a room to himself—well, that is, not quite to himself . . ."

"Hey!" said the doctor.

"Ah! Give me a chance to explain and don't be silly."

"Go right ahead!"

THE sun was shining into the room when Kent returned slowly to consciousness. With a painful effort he forced his eyes to open and blinked at a ceiling of dazzling whiteness.

"Now, where would this be?" he asked himself.

The question would have been easier to answer without the incessant cries that rose and fell from somewhere near at hand. He rolled over on his elbow and stared at a baby's crib drawn up alongside his bed. He stared and recoiled, for within the crib was a small, crumpled face from which the cries flowed in an unbroken stream.

"Well, for crying out loud!" he muttered and tried to collect his thoughts.

He vaguely remembered coming to Sydney to be married. Was it possible that the marriage had taken place and here were the fruits thereof? If that were so how could he have forgotten it, and where was his wife? There was some reason why he had no wife. Of course! He had torn her up and dropped her through the porthole. After that there had been another girl—who might have been a nice girl, only . . .

His throbbing brain refused to carry him further. Its powers were blunted by cries from the crib. With a sudden impulse he put out an arm and scooped the screaming infant into the bed beside him. The cries ceased as if magic had silenced them. There was a small nestling wriggle and a crow of contentment. Then a nurse put her head round the door.

"Awake? That's right!" She peeped into the empty crib. "Oh, so you've taken him in with you. The doctor will be along directly."

"What's this talk about doctors?" he demanded. "Where am I?"

"At the Bridge Hospital. You had an accident."

Kent stared at the baby on the crook of his arm.

"I certainly have," said he. "Here, hold on! Who is this kid?"

"Johnny Stannard, of course."

"What? But Stannard is my name!"

"Aha!" she nodded and slipped from the room.

Kent dropped back on the pillows.

"I got to get this straight."

His coat was hanging on a chair by the bed. Gingerly he put a hand into the breast pocket. His money was gone. The events of the previous evening began to take shape.

SALLY listened to what the nurse told her, with a lump in her throat, of which she was heartily ashamed. A man responsible for her sister's death was the last person for whom she had a right to feel sympathy. It was degrading that she should have allowed herself to worry whether he was alive or dead. His only use in the world was to make amends. But she had worried—sleeplessly—hour after hour. With the morning all the glitter and shine had gone from her appearance. It was in a very simple frock that she sat waiting for news. And now that she had the news, and it was good news, she stupidly wanted to cry.

Nurse said: "I think you could slip up to him now, if you want to."

"Okay!"

But at the door of Kent's room she paused to pull herself together. She thought: "It'd be easier if he didn't seem so darn' nice under it all."

She squared her shoulders and went in. It was maddening that the spectacle of Kent with the child on his arm should have started the tears back to her eyes. It was doubly maddening because he was looking at her with an expression of humorous cynicism.

"Come to return my bank roll?" he asked.

"Sure, now you're in a state to look after it." She took the notes from her bag. "Better count 'em. Some may be missing."

But he did not count them; instead, he watched her eyes stray to the baby.

"You seem to have got together!" she said.

"Hadn't a lot of choice, had I? But you must be a great optimist, kid."

She met his stare quite unashamed.

"Because I give a guy a chance to prove he isn't all bad?"

He said: "Took me quite a while to figure out this racket."

"And now you've got it?"

"I guess so."

The baby stirred.

"Here! S'pose you take him for a bit. It'd kind of seem more natural."

"I wouldn't say that," said she, "but I'll take him."

She gathered up the baby and sat rocking him in her arms.

"You say you've figured it out. And what's the total?"

Kent rubbed his forehead. His head still ached and thoughts were hard to control.

"A simple one—so darned simple as to make no sense. Here's a girl, maybe through no fault of her own, who loses her Sunday-school certificate."

"It *was* through no fault of her own," said Sally grimly.

"I said so and, what's more, I believe it to be true. But that's no excuse for running wild and trying to unload your troubles on other guys. Believe you me, that kind of trick isn't so simple to pull as you seem to fancy."

"Trick? My troubles? What are you talking about?"

He replied with some heat.

"It's certain they aren't mine. Getting a guy crowned by a couple of gorillas and tumbling him into bed alongside a baby is no sort of way of coaxing him into adopting it."

She could not doubt the sincerity of his words. They could only mean one thing. He had not understood. He thought the child was hers, and that she . . . Her eyes filled with burning resentment.

"Perhaps you've forgotten Nora Brant?"

"Sure I have, if I ever heard it, which I never did." He stopped and screwed up his forehead. "Wait a minute, though, the name does sound kind of familiar."

"I thought it would."

"I got it now. She was the kid that was stepping out with Ray Benny, last time we called at Sydney."

Sally stared.

"What's that you say?"

"Benny. First officer of the Avatar before I took over."

But she was not to be bluffed by a fool trick like that.

"It's a lie. There's no such person."

"You're dead right, there's not. We buried him at sea eight months ago. Though what Ray and Nora have got to do with us beats my understanding."

AND suddenly Sally knew he was speaking the truth, and put a hand before her eyes. The relief was almost unbearable. Yet it should not have been relief, for all her labors were wasted; she had got the wrong man.

"Nora was my sister," she said. "She died giving birth to—to this little feller. And I thought you . . ."

Kent sat up in bed.

"At last I can see some sense in it."

"I don't know what I can say—what you can think!" Her voice sounded pathetically small and humble.

"That's easily answered. Since first we met I been wanting to admire you and think you was swell. Well, kid, for what it's worth, I can do that now."

Sally felt as if somebody had lit a nice warm fire in the room.

"B-but I had you beaten up."

"Well, I guess I earned the beating the way I talked to you."

Every moment the fire seemed to be brightening. But it could not be for her that it brightened. She dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief, put the baby in the crib and moved toward the door.

"Hey! Where are you going?"

"I reckon I could hardly go too soon."

"Wrong again," said Kent. "Sit down. Take off your hat. Make yourself at home."

She looked at him half doubtingly.

"When you came to Sydney you had something on your mind you wanted to forget?"

"When I came to Sydney it was on my mind that I was going to be married. Well, I can't pretend my ideas have changed a whole lot. Sit down. Funny the way the kid seems to have taken to both of us."

Announcing 1935 . . .

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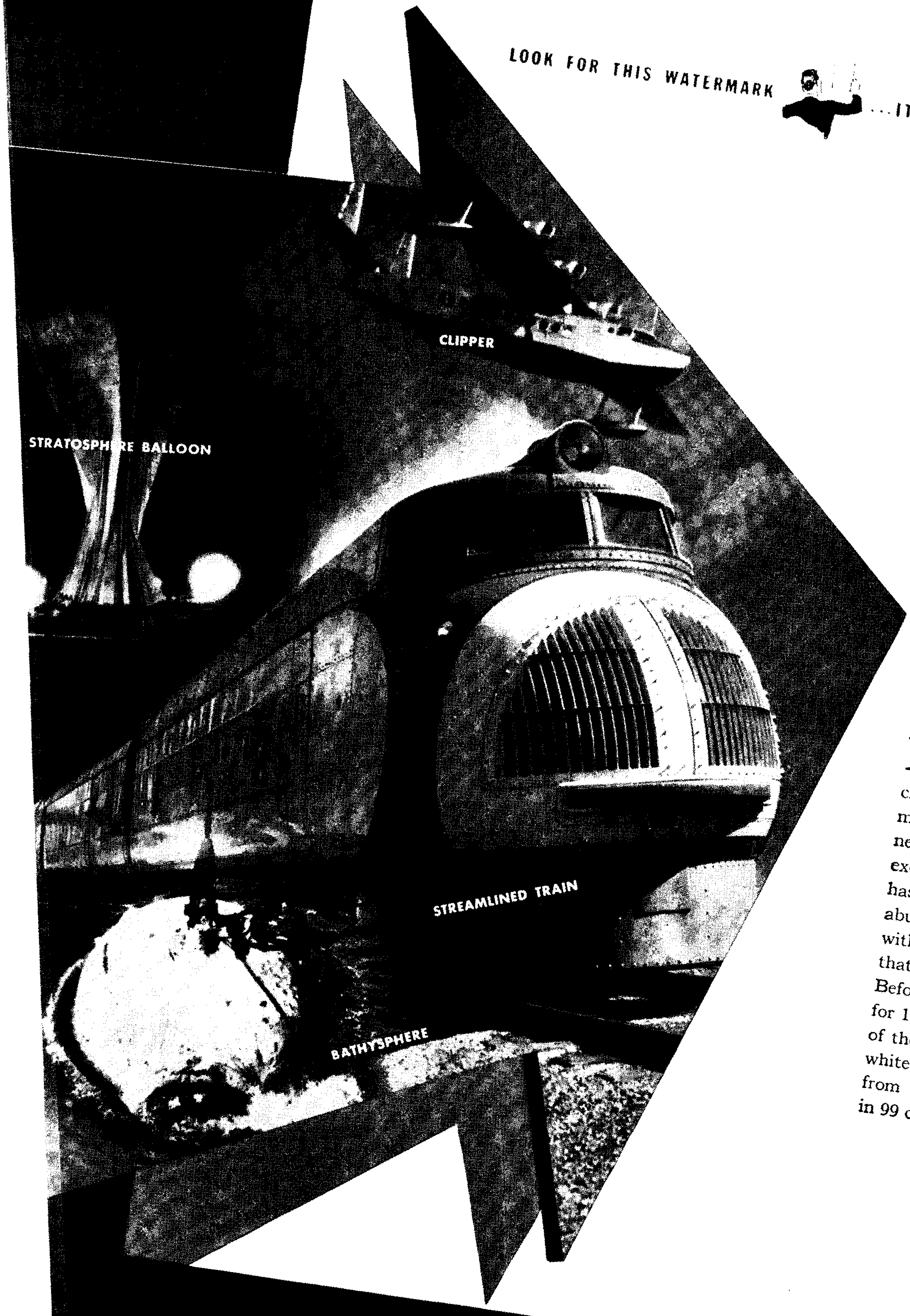

PROGRESS . . .

in paper-making, too

LONG famed for its brightness, strength and uniformity, Hammermill Bond chooses to outdo itself in 1935. Improvements in manufacture have resulted in a new, brilliant whiteness. But beauty is no excuse for weakness. So, Hammermill Bond has been given added strength to take all the abuse that paper gets in busy offices. And with it all, in Hammermill Bond you will find that even its uniformity has been improved! Before you buy letterheads or printed forms for 1935—be sure to ask for a demonstration of the 1935 Hammermill Bond. Available in white and 13 colors, envelopes to match, from stocks of wholesale paper merchants in 99 cities.

FREE—Whether you are a Department Manager, Purchasing Agent or Private Secretary—whatever your position or company, if you are responsible for buying printing or selecting paper, you are welcome to your copy of the new 1935 Working Kit of Letterheads and Printed Forms. Just fill in and mail this coupon to Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.

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PIPE TOBACCO USED BY THREE GENERATIONS OF THIS FAMILY

Letter from Long Islander Tells of Interesting Find

When men of three generations in a family prefer one particular brand of pipe tobacco —that tobacco *must be good.*

33-51 80th Street,
Jackson Heights, L. I.
March 5, 1934

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

In the last year, I have developed the pleasant habit of smoking a pipe. Edgeworth has been my choice since first I tried it. My father has also used it exclusively for the last ten years. Not only that, but it seems apparent that my grandfather also favored your smoking tobacco. At least I found this can of Edgeworth among those things which he left behind him.

Finding it still good, but too dry to smoke, I am sending it to you with this testimonial letter as proof of one family which has enjoyed your product for three generations.

Sincerely yours,
Daniel B. DeLand, Jr.

Mr. DeLand refers to "the pleasant habit of smoking a pipe." If he had started smoking with a harsh, tongue-biting tobacco, he might not have thought it a pleasant habit. If he had commenced with a pipe tobacco of the more or less neutral, tasteless sort, he might not have considered smoking a pipe worth while.

Experienced pipe smokers appreciate Edgeworth

Edgeworth is a happy combination of delightful tobacco flavor with a mildness which pleases the smoker. This combination of genuine tobacco flavor and mildness is not easy to secure in a pipe tobacco. Edgeworth has it. It is this combination of flavor and mildness which has so endeared Edgeworth to pipe smokers all over the world.

The reason Edgeworth is both mild and delightful is that it is made from only certain carefully chosen leaves of the Burley tobacco plant. These particular Burley leaves are known to be the mildest pipe tobacco that grows. They are particularly suited for the pipe. Furthermore, the manner in which Edgeworth is prepared allows it to burn slowly without overheating the pipe. When you smoke Edgeworth, you will notice that it leaves a clean white ash. That means complete, perfect combustion without impurities.

"The pleasant habit of smoking a pipe"

Edgeworth is put up in all sizes convenient to the smoker, from the 15¢ pocket tin to other sizes up to pounds packed in vacuum. In these airtight vacuum packages, the flavor of Edgeworth remains the same indefinitely in any climate.

Edgeworth is manufactured and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

Smoky Years

Continued from page 21

"I know it; in another couple of months their chuck wagons will be heading out and the deep grass will be full of their riders. We have to move, and move quick."

"What do they look like, these twenty-seven riders you got?"

"Mainly cowhands—laid off for the winter. Every one of 'em hates Lasham's guts; none of 'em looks for any pay."

"It might be," Dry Camp Pierce declared himself, "it just could be done!"

Suddenly Dave Shannon smacked his thigh with his huge hand. "By God, I believe it'll bust 'em!"

Over the pack of outlawed youngsters had come a wave of that fanatic enthusiasm which sometimes sways men as they face the impossible, but Roper, strangely, was unable to share it. The great raid he had planned all winter now seemed futile—a plan senseless and cold.

"Bill," said Lee Harnish, "what's the matter with you? You got chills and fever, or something?"

Roper spoke to Harnish alone, as if he had forgotten the others. "That letter was from Jody Gordon," he said.

"Bad news, son?"

"I don't know. She wants me to come to Ogallala."

"When?"

"Now—right away."

"What for? Does she say?"

"She says she needs me; she says she needs me bad, and right away. I guess she does, all right. If she didn't, I don't believe she'd ever write to me."

There was silence in the little cabin.

"Bill," said Lee Harnish at last, "if you quit on us now—" He stopped.

Roper lifted his eyes from the floor to look at the others. He had never dared to hope he would hear from Jody Gordon, of her own initiative. The piece of paper upon which she had written, the handwriting that was her own, seemed to bring her suddenly near and close, nearer than the cabin walls, nearer than his side riders here in the room. She always had the ability to get inside his defenses and break his heart with a glance or a word.

He stood up, shaking his shoulders.

"Catch up your ponies."

"We pulling out? Tonight yet?"

"You bet your life we are. Ought to make Red Horse Springs by midnight."

"And after that," Harnish said slowly, "what is it, Bill? Is it Ogallala?"

Once more the silence, while they waited for Bill.

"It's the raid," Roper said.

LEW GORDON came stumping across the corral of his little Miles City house, his spurs ringing at every stride. His big hands, rope-hardened and thickened at the knuckles, swung loose at his sides; but his face had the look of a man beset.

Here was a man born and bred to the rigors of the saddle, and competent to face them, even yet; but now he was face to face with necessities other than those of the plainsmen. At this hour in his life Lew Gordon controlled a greater potential wealth and power than that of most international bankers. The obscure, inadequate figures in his tally books had multiplied in meaning, ever since the death of Dusty King. He found himself now fighting a desperate battle of his own, in which no man was equipped to help him; and, like all truly great battles, it was one which a blind courage, however stubborn, could not win.

Opening the back door of the house, he sent a great roar through the walls—"Jody! Jody, where are you?"

She answered him, and Lew Gordon, picking up a cold steak from a platter always left for him in the kitchen, went to find her, tearing off mouthfuls of beef as he walked.

"What's the meaning of this?" was his greeting as his daughter came running to him through the house. "You were supposed to stay in Ogallala!"

Jody threw her arms about his neck and pulled his head down to kiss him; but Lew Gordon was not to be put off.

"That horse wrangler just brought me word that you was here," he said. "How in heck did you get here?"

"I rode, Dad. I couldn't send you word I was coming because I came faster than the mail could come through."

"You rode? Alone? Better'n four hundred miles across all that—say!"

"Some cowboys were riding up this way," she told him.

"Cowboys! What's the good of that? I won't stand for it! You ain't a child any more. This thing of larruping all over the country with a pack of saddle tramps—damn my soul if I ever heard the beat!"

"Dad—I want to talk to you."

"Darned if I know how I'm ever going to get you raised—"

"Dad, will you please sit down? I tell you, I want to talk to you!"

"Oh, all right." Lew Gordon flopped into a chair, jabbed his spurs into the floor at long range, and tore off another huge mouthful of beef.

"There are two pieces of bad news," Jody said now. "First thing, Ben Thorpe has cut under us in the bidding for the government contracts, at Dodge."

A spark leaped into Lew Gordon's eyes; under the pressure of the last two years he had turned edgy and garrulous, as if his mind had become hasty on the trigger, now that his hands were idle. "I might have known it!" his big voice boomed. "Those infernal—"

"The loss of those contracts is going to hurt," Jody said; "I've brought the books up into fair shape, and it looks to me as if King-Gordon is starting the worst year in history. If the losses go on piling up the way they are—"

"Everybody is up against losses," Lew Gordon growled. "I guess we can stand it if anybody can. What's the other bad news?"

Jody Gordon came and sat on the arm of her father's chair. "There was a man rode up to Ogallala from Dodge City," she said. "He brought some very peculiar news, and I don't like it at all."

"If that renegade Colorado outfit think they're going to—" Lew Gordon began.

"This was a Bill Roper man," Jody said.

WHEN Lew Gordon spoke his voice was so quiet that its very stillness carried threat of imminent destruction. "Bill Roper sent a man to you?"

"I didn't say that. He's a man who was with Bill Roper in the Texas Rustlers' war; he doesn't seem to be in the Montana raids. In the Texas war he rode for Bill Roper as a scout, I think. I guess you'll admit that the men who scouted for Roper in Texas knew their business."

"Who was it?" Lew Gordon rumbled. "What's his name?"

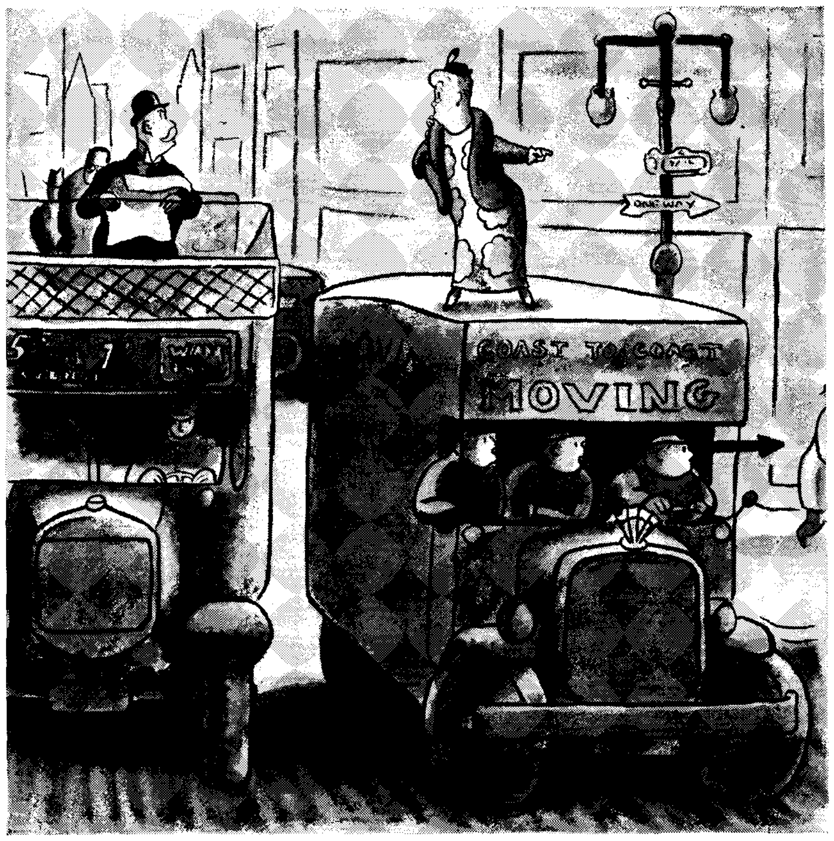
"Shoshone Wilce."

"Wilce! I know that name. I know it well. I'd rope and drag him in a second if I caught him talking to you!"

"This man has talked with Ben Thorpe in Dodge," Jody told her father. "A lot of strange news is working down to Thorpe from up here in Montana. Some bands of rustlers are slashing up and down Montana throwing lead and leather into the Thorpe outfits under Lasham; they say he's badly hurt already—nobody will know how badly until the winter breaks. They say—"

"Well," her father interrupted her, "everybody knows that."

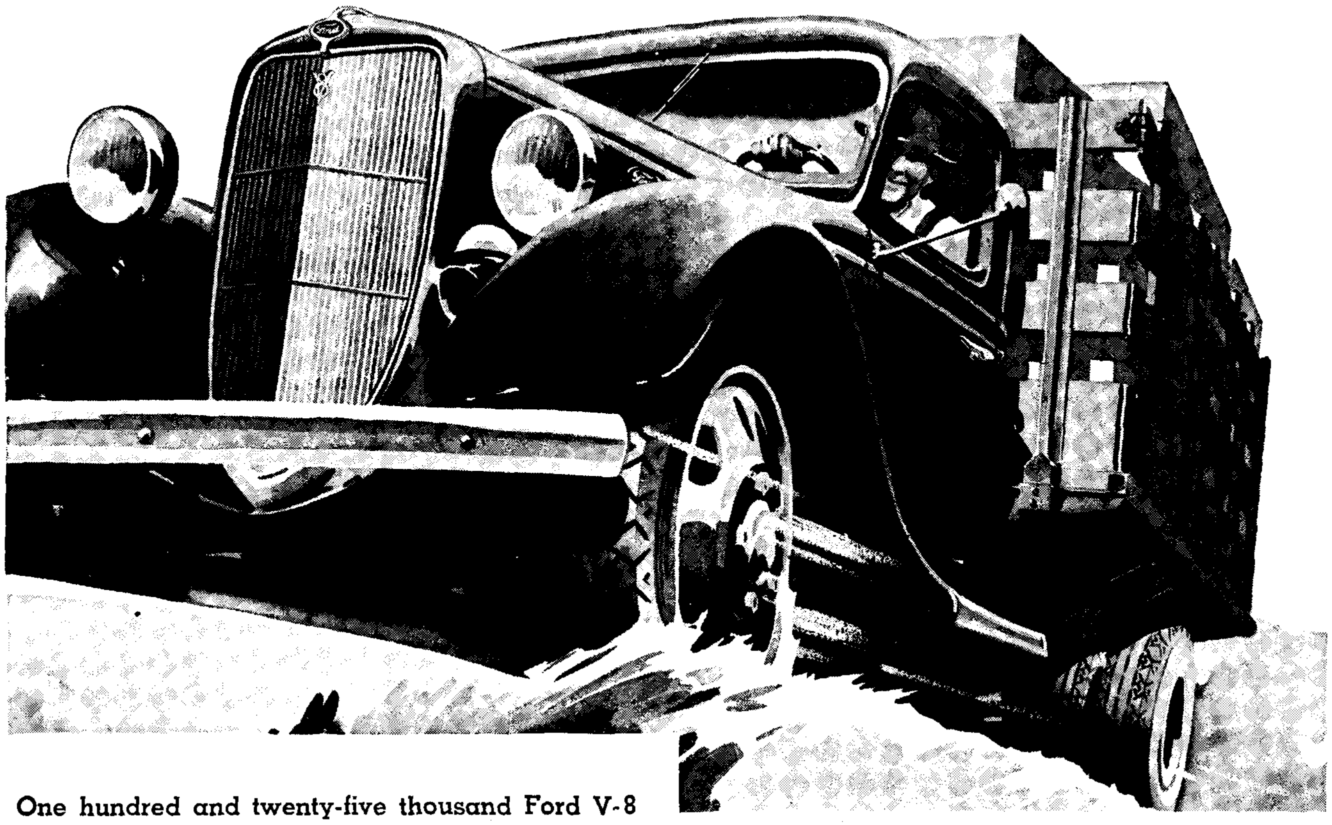
(Continued on page 36)



"It serves you right if they do turn off, Louisa. Maybe next time you'll be content to just sit in the bus"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

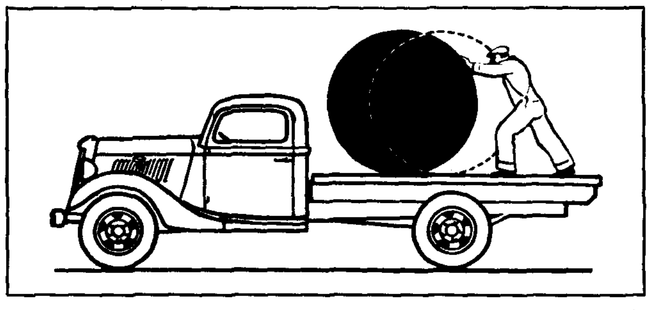
THE NEW 1935 FORD V·8 TRUCK



One hundred and twenty-five thousand Ford V-8 Trucks in use throughout the world have proved their right to the claim "America's great truck value." Because of this widespread acceptance, the entire production of Ford Truck engines is of the V-8 type.

To the proved design of the Ford V-8 Truck have been added many new features. But from your point of view, the most important question is: "What will this new truck do for me?" Your Ford dealer is ready to answer that question right NOW. He is so proud of this new truck . . . he is so confident of V-8 performance and V-8 economy that he will gladly arrange an "on-the-job" test for you if you are in the market for a new truck. Ask your Ford dealer to let you try a 1935 Ford V-8 Truck with your own loads . . . over your own routes . . . with your own driver at the wheel.

Then ask the price! Such performance and economy at a price so low will convince you once and for all that this 1935 Ford V-8 Truck is now more than ever AMERICA'S GREAT TRUCK VALUE!



Front spring and engine have been moved forward, making it possible to move the body and load-center forward. Distance from back of cab to center of rear axle increased 6½ inches. This results in more efficient braking and more uniform tire and brake wear.

PRICES

TRUCKS	
131½-inch Chassis	$500
131½-inch Chassis with Closed Cab	595
131½-inch Platform	650
131½-inch Stake	675
131½-inch Panel	760
131½-inch Dump Chassis	530
131½-inch Dump Chassis with Closed Cab	625
131½-inch Dump Truck	800
157-inch Chassis	525
157-inch Chassis with Closed Cab	620
157-inch Platform	690
157-inch Stake	$735
COMMERCIAL CARS	
112-inch Closed Cab and Chassis	435
Drive-away Chassis	360
112-inch Pick-Up	480
112-inch Panel Delivery	565
112-inch De Luxe Panel Delivery	580
112-inch Sedan Delivery	585
112-inch Station Wagon	670

(All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Convenient terms through facilities of Universal Credit Co.)

ALSO A NEW LINE OF SMART, FAST FORD V·8 COMMERCIAL CARS

THE ONLY TRUCK AT ANY PRICE THAT GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES

New Cab

Welded all-steel construction. Real passenger-car comfort for the driver. Adjustable driver's seat. Passenger-car-type instruments grouped directly in front of the driver. Safety Glass, standard equipment throughout. Triple ventilation includes: (1) Clear-Vision Ventilation in door windows; (2) easy-opening windshield; (3) large screened cowl ventilator. Seat width increased to 48¾ inches. Interior of cab completely lined.

New Brakes

Cast alloy iron drums with integral cooling ribs. Drums will not "bell-mouth." No "fading," even when making quick stops in rapid succession. New brake mechanism makes stopping quicker and smoother with heavy loads. Longer life between adjustments.

New Clutch

New design assures much longer clutch life, minimizes slippage and permits smoother engagement. Lower pedal pressure at idling speed. Plate pressure increases as speed of engine increases. Improved ventilation makes clutch run cooler. Diameter increased to 11 inches. Larger frictional area.

Improved Cooling

Larger water pump impellers. Six-blade 15½-inch fan. Wider radiator, 15% more radiating area.

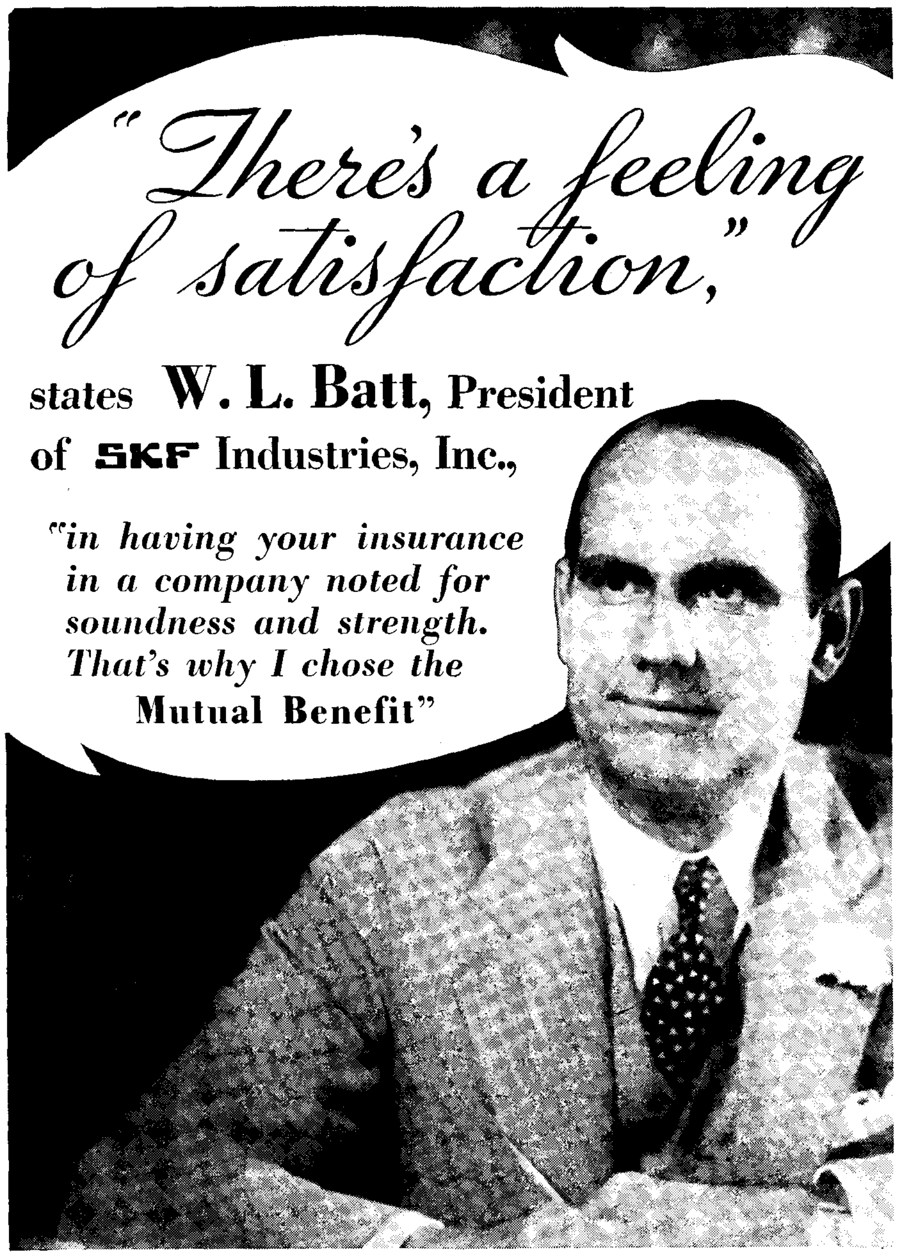
New Crankcase Ventilation System

Directed-flow crankcase ventilation reduces corrosion and oil dilution by removing fumes.

V·8 Performance with 4-cylinder Economy

The Ford V-8 Truck engine develops more than 80 horsepower. Uses no more fuel than a "four." Dual carburetor and dual intake manifold. Light-weight, cast alloy pistons. Exhaust valve seat inserts. Heavy-duty copper-lead connecting-rod bearings.

Low-cost Engine Exchange Plan . . . Full-floating Rear Axle with Straddle-mounted Driving Pinion . . . Full Torque-tube Drive Permits Free-shackling of Semi-elliptic Rear Springs . . . Deep, Rugged Frame with no "Kick-up" . . . Oilless Front Spring Shackles . . . Baked Enamel Finish . . . Deep-skirted Fenders Match Colors of Hood and Cab.



"There's a feeling of satisfaction,"

states **W. L. Batt**, President of SKF Industries, Inc.,

"*in having your insurance in a company noted for soundness and strength. That's why I chose the* **Mutual Benefit**"

A well-known figure in the engineering world, Mr. W. L. Batt heads the internationally famous SKF Industries.

"LIFE INSURANCE should bring security and peace of mind," writes Mr. Batt. "For that reason I deliberately sought a sound, conservative company.

"My research showed such a record of fidelity of purpose, of conservative management, and of sound progress in the case of the Mutual Benefit that I did not hesitate to place my insurance with it. The passing years only serve to confirm my judgment."

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company has always insisted on absolute financial security—with the result of an unbroken series of dividend payments and a very low net cost of insurance. But it has also led the way in administering life insurance for the benefit of the policyholder.

It has progressively increased the benefits offered in its contracts, and has made these benefits available to old policyholders, insofar as possible. It has a noteworthy record of considering moral as well as purely contract rights in the payment of claims and cash values.

As a result, you will share the feeling of satisfaction as you, too, choose the Mutual Benefit.

Want to retire some day?

Very likely—and this booklet tells you how

Did you ever stop to think that only one man in five is financially independent at sixty-five? Yet there is a way *you can make certain* that your dream of retiring will come true—that your later years will be free from worry—that every month you will receive a check for $100, $200, $500 or more. You can put your future beyond the reach of depression through Mutual Benefit retirement insurance. The booklet, "The Sufficient Years", explains what this will do. Write for a copy.

The MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY EST. 1845
302 BROADWAY NEWARK, N. J.

Smoky Years

Continued from page 34

"That isn't all," Jody insisted. "They say there's going to be a split between Thorpe and Lasham. They say that nobody knows who is behind the rustling that is cutting into the Thorpe herds under Lasham; but Thorpe thinks—"

"Nobody knows?" Gordon repeated with impatience. "Everybody knows! Don't *you* know?"

Jody hesitated. "Yes," she admitted, "I suppose I do."

"This is Bill Roper's work," Lew Gordon said. "It's getting so a man can recognize his style a hundred miles off! The same wild bunch that was with him in Texas is with him again, and no rider comes into Miles City without packing in a new rumor about some damn' devilment."

"Have we lost any stock? Has anybody except Walk Lasham?"

"What's that got to do with it? Law that's worthless to one outfit is worthless to everybody else. All my life I've fought for law and order; more than any other one thing, I've wanted to see the cow country made into a decent place to live in. And now this renegade kid, that was practically raised under my own roof—he's working a damage to the range that will set us back twenty years before he's through!"

Jody Gordon was silent for a minute. "It's Ben Thorpe that I want to talk to you about," she said at last.

Her father waited, his eyes angry.

"The word from Dodge explains half the trouble that King-Gordon is up against," Jody said. "Thorpe can't believe that one lone cowboy, deserted by everyone who should have been his friend, could manage to smash his Texas holdings, and go on to cut away his herds in Montana. He thought that we were backing Billy Roper in the Texas Rustlers' War. And he believes that we're backing him now. He thinks that King-Gordon is behind the Montana raids; and he holds you responsible for everything that Roper has done. That's why he's fighting King-Gordon so desperately in the markets, in the government bidding, wherever we turn—"

"Well?" Lew Gordon said. "You mean to say you came all this way to tell me that?"

"But that isn't all!"

"Well?" Gordon said again.

"*Ben Thorpe means to kill you.*"

LEW GORDON'S face showed no change of expression.

"Well," he said, "nobody's got me yet!"

"That was because you never forgot the tools you were working with. Because you were thinking of horses and men instead of pastures and dollars. Because, until now, you always had Dusty King—"

"I don't see exactly," Lew said, "why you bring Dusty in."

"Because Dusty King is dead. Because he was killed by the same men that want to kill you!"

"You know what's at the bottom of all the trouble we're having," her father said. "You know as well as I do that two years of nothing but trouble lays square at the door of Bill Roper."

Jody sprang up to face him. "I certainly do not know anything of the kind!" she answered him.

Lew Gordon stared at her.

"It's an everlasting shame upon the cow country that Dusty King's killers are still in their saddles. I tell you, Billy Roper is the only man I've seen with courage enough to—"

And now her father angered as she had seldom seen him anger. "You'll tell me nothing!" he roared. "Roper! I'm sick of hearing his name—a dirty outlaw whelp that knows nothing but kill and burn and raid! Better for him, and for us all, if Dusty had let him die on the old Sedalia trail, with his dad!"

Jody's eyes narrowed and filled with tears. "You may as well know this," she told her father. "The day that Billy Roper dies I want to die too."

For a moment Lew Gordon seemed bewildered; he stared at his daughter as if the devil had come up through the floor. The girl who faced him was entirely strange to him.

He heard her say, "If you had stayed by him, as Dusty King would have done, Thorpe would have been whipped and through, long ago."

"Child," he said queerly, "what are you talking about?"

"If you'd only take Billy Roper back into King-Gordon—"

"That'll never happen while I live," her father said flatly.

A SILENCE fell between them, presently broken by the girl. "He asked me to ride with him once, when he first took the outlaw trail. I wish I had. To the last day I live, I'll wish I'd ridden with him then. And now I'll tell you something more. If ever he asks me again, I'll go."

For several moments Gordon stared at her, more shaken than he had been since the death of Dusty King. Then his face congested, and he rose up on his boot heels to tower over the girl.

"By God," he said, his voice unsteady with the repression he put upon it, "that closes the deal! I've kept my riders off him because of Dusty King, and I let him run on and on, rousing up a range war that has close to busted King-Gordon. But when it comes to tampering with you—it's the end! I'm through, you hear me?"

"Dad!"

"If it's the last thing I'll ever do, I'll clean the range of him—so help me God!"

He caught up his battered sombrero, and his spurs rang as he turned toward the door.

"Dad, what are you going to do?"

"Thorpe has a reward on Bill Roper's head. King-Gordon is going to double that reward."

"But, Dad, Dad, can't you see—"

"I see he's an outlaw and a renegade; in Texas that's the same as a coyote—*and we stamp them out of the range!*"

He went storming out, his face black and violent with portent of war.

For several moments Jody Gordon stood motionless where he had left her. Then she turned and went out of the house to the long shedlike stable.

Shoshone Wilce was loitering there in the shadow of the rear wall, an uneasy and restless figure.

"Did you find out where Billy Roper can be reached?" Jody demanded.

"Yes, ma'm, I kind of did, I guess; and I got to be getting on there, Miss Gordon. If you'll just give me any message you want me to take, I'd sure like to be pulling out of here, before—"

"Where is he?"

"Why, seems like he has some kind of a hole-up camp somewheres up Fork Crick; I know about where it would be, I think. I figure I better—"

"All right. You be here with two good horses just after dark."

"If you could just as leave give me the message now, I'd sure like to—"

"There is no message. *I'm going with you to Bill Roper.*"

(To be continued next week)

Picking 'em off the Ice

Continued from page 26

Cook or his brother Bill or Ching Johnson or any of the others and you'd be sure to get an argument. The Mob took up hockey. Any professional sport must have the support of the Man in the Street. All of these together form the Mob. If the Mob likes a sport it's in. The Mob liked the homicidal possibilities of hockey. And incidentally it was a grand game for gambling purposes. It was strictly on the level and when you put your two dollars on the merry-go-round you knew that they'd get a good ride without any larcenous interference.

Worters, in 1928, came to the New York Americans, the team that Bill Dwyer was trying to make the big town adopt. The midget was a hit from the start. When he was hurt a year ago the odds against the Americans lengthened. When he returned to service they shortened up. Just as many hoss-players bet on jockeys so do many hockey betters wager on the goalie. When Worters was in there the easy-money boys knew they had a chance to win. They knew that some scores would be made against him, but they knew, too, that he'd break his neck if need be to keep that rubber out of the cage. Worters had and still has that old college spirit. And why not? He grabs himself a very lovely salary for his cage minding.

Fast Hands and Sharp Eyes

Worters has three great assets: his nerve, his eyes and his hands. For years Worters has played semi-pro baseball in Canada and they do say that he does as fancy a job of second-basing as you'll see outside of the Big Show. This training in scooping up hot ones that take nasty bounces has given him a pair of clever hands as well as a couple of very gaudy eyes. In goal tending this is very important. Worters stops the puck with his hands almost as often as he does with his stick. He catches the puck as though it were a baseball. As to his nerve, he'll gladly fight anybody in the house.

There are only two things in life which make Worters' existence miserable. Their names are Jackson and Conacher, who play for the Toronto Maple Leafs.

"When you play against the Leafs it is no fun at all," Worters says gloomily. "To begin with, they have Harvey Jackson playing left wing and he is only the greatest hockey player of all time. I've seen all the modern players and heard about the old-timers, but nobody could be better than Jackson. Incidentally I've been saying this for three years. Now the critics are all beginning to say the same thing. Harvey has speed, accuracy, deception—everything. He's so shifty you can't follow him. He's so fast you can't catch him. I watch him coming down the ice and I watch those eyes of his and I still can't tell where he's going to shoot.

"Then," Worters added with a sigh, "if by some freak of luck you keep Harvey from scoring you have to worry about Charlie Conacher. He's another nightmare. He has a shot like a bullet and he always knows just where that rubber is going. There are others in the league who are hard to stop but Jackson and Conacher," he shivered, "they give me the creeps."

Especially such a small goalie as Worters. Roy only weighs 130 pounds with his pads on and he isn't any bigger than an air-mail stamp. Here's how small he is and if you don't believe the story blame it on Joe Simpson, the American manager.

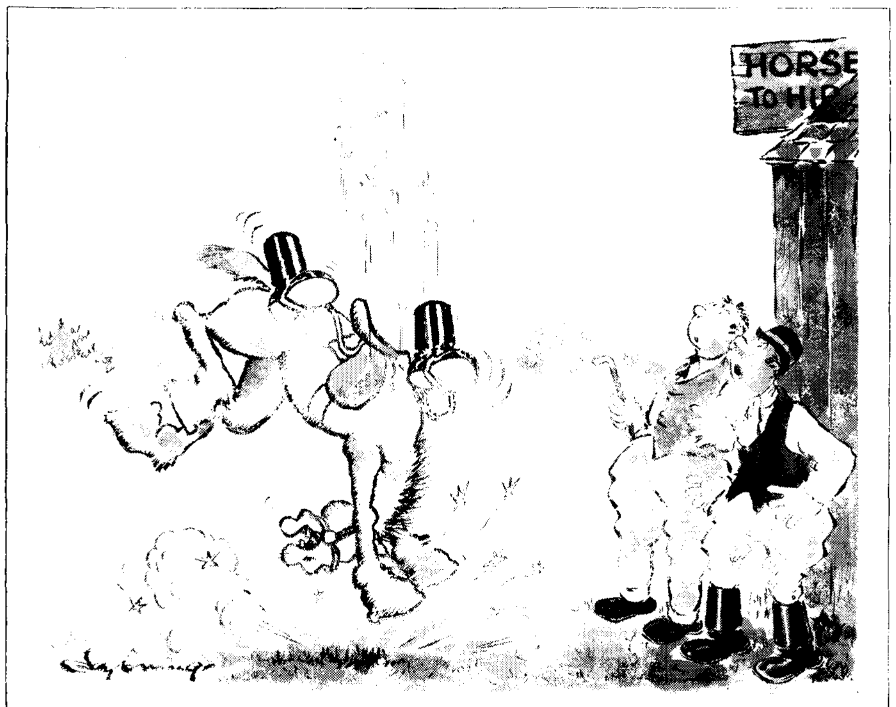
Recently the team, after playing in Montreal, headed for New York. As their train passed the Canadian border an immigration inspector boarded it. Simpson gave him a list of the players and he went about checking up. A few minutes later he returned to Simpson with a puzzled look on his face.

"One of your men is missing," he told Joe. "You've got sixteen names on this list. I can only find fifteen men. Worters seems to be missing."

"He's probably in his berth," Simpson said.

"I've looked there," the immigration man told him.

"Well, let's look again." Simpson suggested. They walked to Worters' bunk and at first glance it seemed to be unoccupied. But on closer inspection they found Worters sleeping soundly, hidden in a fold of the blanket. That's how little he is; but he's still—according to his fellow players—the best goalie in hockey.



"He'll be back. He left his boots here"

JAY IRVING

ALL AMERICA APPLAUDS MONEY-SAVING PERFECT CIRCLES

● From Coast to Coast Car Owners say "Perfect Circles More Than Pay for Themselves with the Gasoline and Oil They Save."

SMART car owners everywhere have learned the economy and satisfaction of installing new Perfect Circle Piston Rings every 20,000 to 25,000 miles—or sooner if the car shows symptoms of losing power and using too much gas or oil.

From coast to coast these car owners praise the economy and performance they get, after installing Perfect Circles.

It is a fact that even an average driver saves from $25 to $50 a year, on gasoline and oil, by replacing worn-out rings with these sensational new Perfect Circles.

When your motor begins to lose power, pump oil, and waste gasoline, just go to your own repairman and tell him you want a complete Perfect Circle installation.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANIES
Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

I'M FROM ARIZONA

The rings in my 1932 Rockne were worn out; I was using a quart of oil every 75 miles. I had Perfect Circles installed. Now I do not add any oil between changes. The performance is very satisfactory.
—C. O. Watson, P.O. Box 572, Tucson, Ariz.

I'M FROM MINNESOTA

I have a 1931 Studebaker. Recently it started using oil; one quart every hundred miles. I had your "85" and "70" (rings) installed, along with Perfect Circle piston expanders. It is now giving new-car performance.
—W. E. Haag, 1846 Fairmount Ave.
St. Paul, Minnesota

I'M FROM INDIANA

Perfect Circle rings were installed in my Buick Model 31-67. Shortly afterward, on a trip of 2,771 miles, my gasoline mileage increased by 6/10 mile per gallon, and oil mileage stepped up from 125 to 575 miles per quart on fast cross-country driving.
—Charlton N. Carter, 4104 Park Ave.
Indianapolis, Indiana

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Piston Rings

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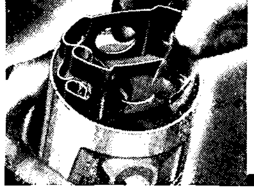
PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON EXPANDERS—FOR ALUMINUM PISTONS



Half of the cars running today have aluminum pistons. Whenever one of these cars has run 20,000 to 25,000 miles—long enough to need new piston rings—you may be sure it also needs Perfect Circle Piston Expanders. These expanders already are giving phenomenal results in hundreds of thousands of cars. Permanently restore the fit of your old pistons and stop piston slap.

Easy Come

Continued from page 11

him to become the chairman of the Tax Commission. Mr. Stone, a cotton planter, banker and writer of anthropological treatises, accepted, stipulating, however, that he would take the job seriously and that his first activity would be to write his resignation, which he would deliver in person to the governor at the first indication of political interference, or immediately if a single individual—even so unimportant a person as a porter or office boy—were placed on the commission's pay roll at the behest of any politician, including Governor Conner. And Governor Conner agreed. As far as we were able to learn, Governor Conner transgressed only once. He sent a jobless fellow of good repute to Mr. Stone with a letter suggesting that the bearer be made a messenger in the commission. Still reading the letter, Mr. Stone dashed into the governor's office with his trusty resignation, emerging a few seconds thereafter with his resignation still in his possession, plus an apology.

With the legislature, Mr. Conner had a little more trouble. Merchants, bankers, civic associations and hastily formed groups of wage earners marshaled by professional friends of the people swooped down upon the state capitol, defying the legislature to pass such a bill which, they cried, would amount to the enslavement of a proud people, and bring upon the state a condition as evil as it ever knew in the days of the thieving Yankee carpet-bag régime. Trained haters of the sales tax were imported, this being a tactical blunder, Mississippi immediately taking the stand that she could make her own decisions and even her own mistakes quite as well as New York or Chicago.

Give It a Whirl

Anyway, the legislature, by a meager margin, adopted the sales-tax bill and Governor Conner signed it while delegations of citizens, brought to a boil by fiery oratory and enticed into line by jazz bands (one of which, a foreign affair, ruined everything by playing Marching Through Georgia), bellowed outside his windows.

That was in January, 1932. Governor Conner and Mr. Stone, having sat up several nights with a slide rule, a set of marvelously inaccurate vital statistics, several bottles of ink and a stack of dog-eared ledgers which turned out to be the records of the past tax commissions, had figured that the new retail sales tax should fetch to the state not less and probably no more than $166,000 a month—say a couple of million a year if times got better. When they announced this there was state-wide hooting, the enemy predicting that, to begin with, the people wouldn't pay it. Furthermore, they said, scores and perhaps hundreds of business houses would be forced to close their doors. But even if the new tax did produce a few dollars, the populace was going to be so enraged that it would elect a set of true patriots to the legislature and thus achieve the repeal of the law at the expiration of the act. It was, you see, emergency legislation designed for two years only. And it must have been a great comfort to these prophets in January, 1934, to see the new legislature pitch into this emergency revenue producer and vote to continue it indefinitely.

Before we plunge into the methods pursued by Stone (they're really so simple that one has to remind oneself every few moments that they're important) let's see what happened in dollars and cents. Mississippi's sales tax fetched her, the first month, the princely sum of $7,386. Even our inferior mind can appreciate the difference between that and $166,000. You may imagine the gayety of the foe. This, they pointed out, made it clear that the retail sales tax—any sales tax—was the all-America flop. The law, they added, should be repealed without delay lest the government send down federal troops to restore order. But the second month, June, 1932, produced $134,884, an improvement which annoyed the opposition into calling it a fluke. Or perhaps a new system of addition. In July, 1932, Mr. Stone collected $183,825 from the state's retailers—seventeen thousand of them or thereabout. And shamelessly double-crossing the anti-sales-taxers, not one merchant put up his shutters. Moreover the anti newspapers proceeded at once to get tired of the whole subject, abandoning it in favor of a swell Gene O'Neill murder down in Lamar County.

A New Golconda

After that third month, success became chronic. Of course the individual kicking didn't cease. For quite a while thereafter the governor couldn't walk down Capitol Street without some shopper reminding him:

"Hi, Mike, I just left a nickel for you in Notgrass' drug store."

But since May 1, 1932, when the law took effect, until November 15, 1934, the sales tax has enriched Mississippi to the extent of $7,188,956.70, the latest figure we have at the moment. And again you who are inclined to call this sum trifling must remember that Mississippi is a small state, a poor one. Just to what extent government money grants to Mississippi, or federal money spent in the state—something more than $126,000,000 in cash payments and loans—are responsible for the success of the sales tax we don't know. Comparative figures will give you some idea of the importance of this tax income to the state. They may, too, show you why Mississippi is called poor. Since May 1, 1932, the state income tax has brought her only about $820,000. For all of 1934 it is estimated that the general property tax will amount to no more than $3,480,000. This is the state treasury's greatest single revenue. The sales tax for 1934 will have amounted to approximately $3,128,000—a close second. The sales tax will have produced about twenty-seven per cent of the treasury's general fund in 1934. And add to that the fact that under Mr. Stone's direction it costs the state only 3.3 cents to collect a dollar of sales tax and you have about all the statistics you need for the moment.

Very gradually the sales tax in Mississippi is taking the lead from the general property tax. As it grows, as the Tax Commission becomes more efficient and business takes on a healthier glow, it is making it possible to reduce assessments and real estate taxes. Thus, as before real estate was called upon (in vain) to provide more than fifty per cent of the state treasury's income, the forecast for 1935 indicates that twenty-seven per cent of the general fund will be represented by general property taxes and almost thirty per cent will be from the sales tax. And for the first time in years, Mississippi is discharging her debt service obligations from current funds. As a result her bonds are now sought for by northern banks, frequently selling above par. Instead of the withering deficit the state treasury reported on January 1, 1932, there was a cash balance on June 30, 1934, of $3,890,579.13—a lot of money anywhere.

These were the facts which have smothered the first objections of Mississippi to the sales tax. And these figures are at least half the reason why the legislature has voted to continue the sales tax until further notice. Mississippi will continue with the sales tax for the excellent reason that she has no noticeable alternative.

Yet, less admirably administered, the easily tapped emotions of Mississippi might have brought about its repeal without delay. Not only in that state but elsewhere the success or failure of such laws is in administration.

Among the first things Stone did was to delete the word "enforce" from his own vocabulary and those of his agents. The word had a bad reputation. Next, he rewrote the tax report blanks, saying that after he had read the originals several times and had become more confused with each reading it had occurred to him that a large number of merchants would be able to get no more coherence out of them than he had. Furthermore, he decided it was silly to send windy interpretations of the law, written by experts in ambiguity, and expect the recipients to do anything but throw them in the fire. He insisted that all complaints be forwarded to his desk and has insisted that the little merchant's troubles are more important than the big fellow's because the latter is more likely to be equipped to deal with his problems. But above all, Stone insisted, his agents were to forget the word "enforce" and become immediately familiar with "administer."

For example, there was the minute merchant who owed the state five dollars. He had not remitted because he didn't have it. After paying his expenses, commercial and domestic, there was no margin. He had not tried the cigar-box method of segregating his sales taxes but had kept receipts and taxes all in one small pocket—a vest pocket. An agent called with suave words and an offer to postpone collections if the little fellow would be sure thereafter to keep his receipts and taxes separate.

The Big Boy Paid

Across the street the town's merchant prince held forth in superior elegance. He owed one hundred and ten dollars and had it. Furthermore, he was going to keep it until poor Lazarus yonder paid his five. Somehow the prince had learned of the pauper's plight and, having no patience with failures, he told the State Tax Commission that it would be no loss to the community if his hapless neighbor were closed out. That was his mistake.

This was the material for quite a nasty mess because the law makes no provision for such emergencies. But somehow the town heard of Midas' contempt for the two-penny shop-owner and his defiance of the commission. Perhaps he talked too loud, was too arrogant. At any rate, the town didn't like it and the populace began staying out of the big shop even to the extent of buying out of town. And the little fellow's business began to thrive on the money of sympathetic neighbors. And then a newspaper heard of it and, in spite of the prince's threat to withdraw his advertising, published the dreadful tale.

(Continued on page 40)

JUNIOR'S COLD HAD ME WORRIED—BUT YOU CERTAINLY KNEW WHAT TO DO FOR IT!

WISE mother! She knows that children's colds are too dangerous to experiment with.

So she uses Vicks VapoRub—the treatment that has proved best in two generations of use.

VapoRub is external and safe. It avoids the risks of constant "dosing" which so often upsets children's delicate digestions and lowers resistance when most needed.

VapoRub brings surer relief because it fights a cold *direct—two ways at once!* Like a poultice or plaster, VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin—while its medicated vapors are inhaled *direct* to inflamed air-passages. This *long-continued double-medication* loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—and helps break congestion.

VapoRub is just as effective for adults' colds, too.

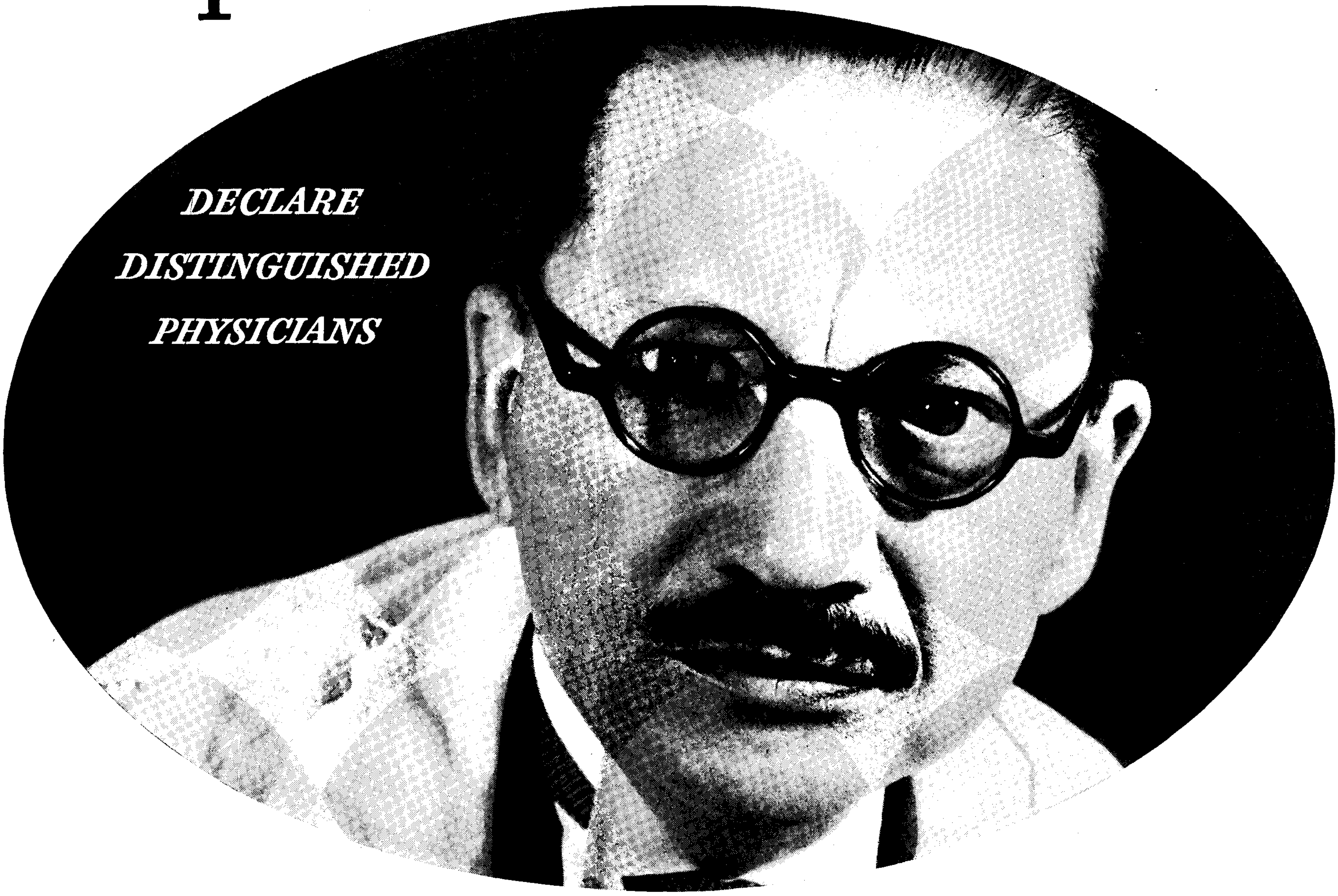
***Mothers! Learn about this better* Control *of Colds*—**Many people offer "cold remedies." But only Vicks offers you a practical, tested Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. Let this Plan help your family to have *fewer, shorter,* and *milder* colds this winter. Read complete information on the Plan in each Vicks package.

Just rubbed on at bedtime—VapoRub attacks a cold immediately and directly—two ways at once. *Through the night, its medicated vapors and poultice-plaster action bring surer relief!*

VICKS VAPORUB

the safe proved way to treat colds

The new XR Yeast will solve the cathartic problem for thousands!



DECLARE DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIANS

DR. JULES BELOUX is a noted intestinal specialist, editor of a medical publication, and consultant in a world-famous hospital. After thorough tests of XR Yeast, he reports: "I was astounded at the rapid results. It is twice as effective as the old yeast for constipation, indigestion and skin troubles. No one need take harsh cathartics now! It is a notable discovery."

Stronger new yeast is far speedier for Constipation, Upset Stomach, Pimply Skin and Lack of Energy!

NO LONGER need you constantly "dose" yourself with cathartic drugs that make you weaker, irritate your "insides" and usually make your constipation *worse!*

For a new discovery that doctors call "a really great advance for treating constipation and its related ailments" is now here!

It is an *entirely new yeast* . . . far *stronger* . . . discovered by a great American scientist.

It speeds digestive muscles and juices. Food is thus digested better . . . carried through the body faster . . . expelled more easily.

Won't you start eating this new yeast—*right now?* See how speedily you feel full of pep . . . how quickly your skin is cleared of pimples.

Note how soon your appetite picks up, and how you can eat what you like. See how you avoid frequent colds—with Vitamin A in this new yeast. It also has Vitamins B, D and G that aid health.

So get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast right away. Then eat 3 cakes every day—just plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals, starting now!

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains! Keep on eating XR Yeast even after you've had results. Keep it up at least 30 days.

3 millions already eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast

Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S XR YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily—before meals

Fleischmann's XR Yeast is as good as ever for baking

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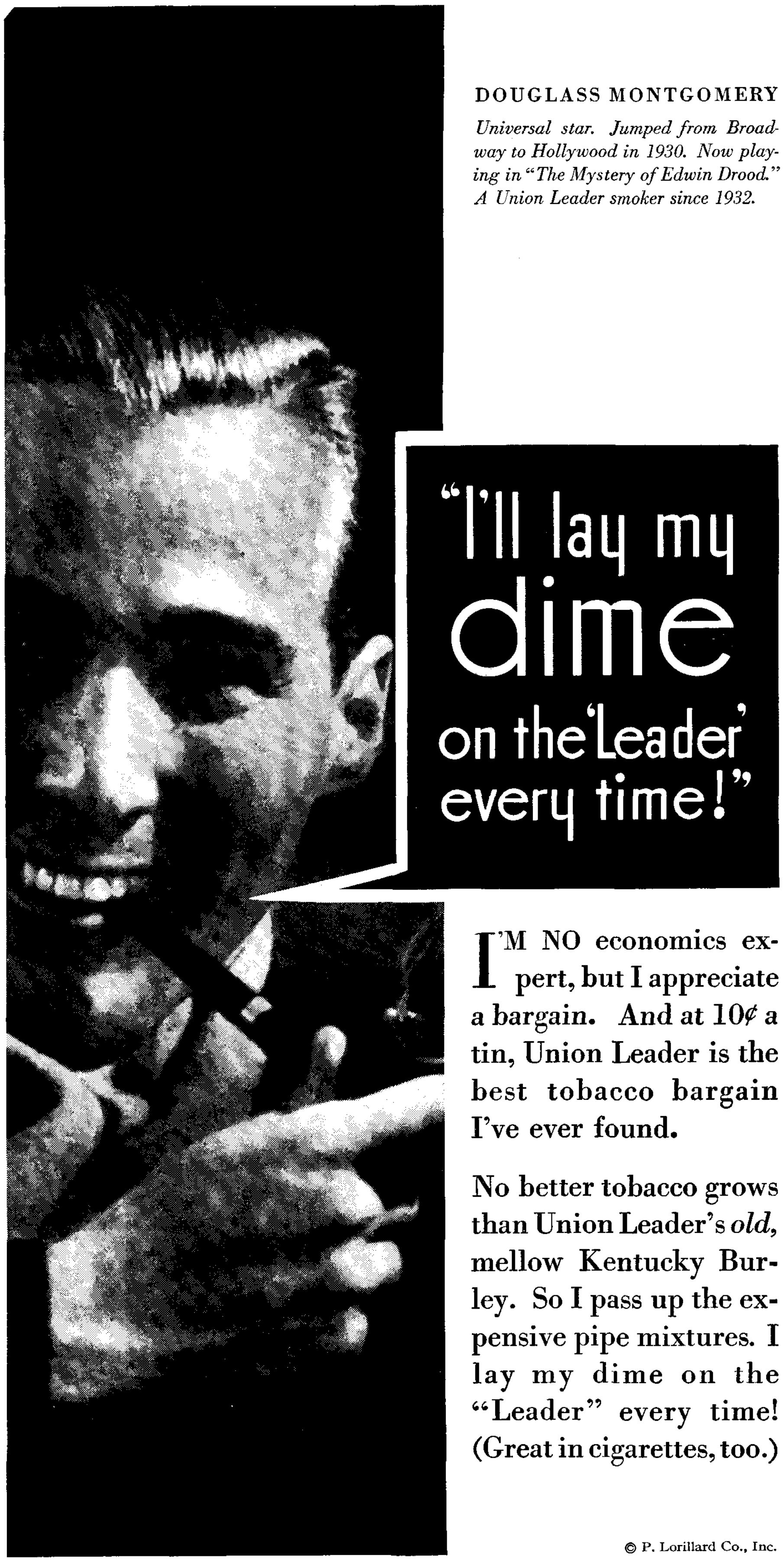
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

Universal star. Jumped from Broadway to Hollywood in 1930. Now playing in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." A Union Leader smoker since 1932.


"I'll lay my dime on the 'Leader' every time!"

I'M NO economics expert, but I appreciate a bargain. And at 10¢ a tin, Union Leader is the best tobacco bargain I've ever found.

No better tobacco grows than Union Leader's *old*, mellow Kentucky Burley. So I pass up the expensive pipe mixtures. I lay my dime on the "Leader" every time! (Great in cigarettes, too.)

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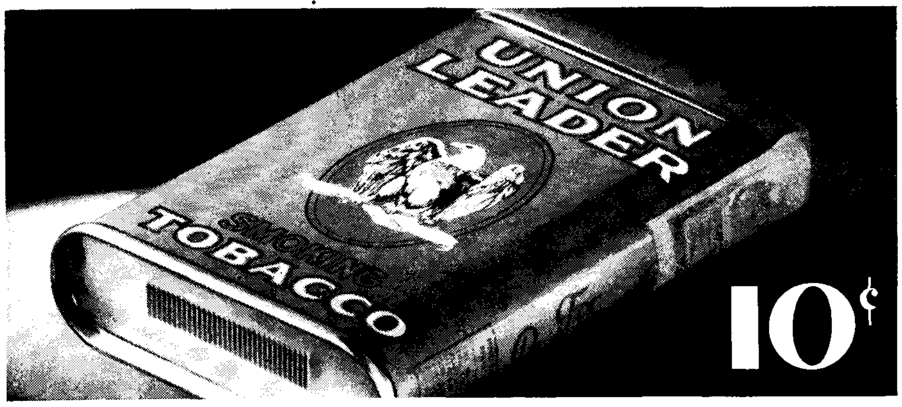
UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Easy Come

Continued from page 38

Thus was the horrid problem solved. The big boy paid, issued statements of praise for the humanity of the commission, and the little fellow, under the guidance of one of the Stone agents, managed within two months to catch up with his own arrears.

Things like that require capable men. It was Mr. Stone's conviction that capable men are difficult to find if your supply comes through political channels. Therefore it became quite necessary that he adhere to his original insistence that politics be kept out of the commission. This was not one of the easier tasks.

Last fall, while the state seethed in a peculiarly hot congressional election, it became noticeable that several of the commission's employees were prowling around at night adding to candidate ballyhoos. Whereat Chairman Stone announced that it would have to stop, that anyone refusing would be fired and that he would not even accept the resignation of anyone so indulging himself.

"To take sides in a political contest is to destroy public confidence in our impartiality and fairness," said he. "It engenders friction and taxpaying resistance, thereby defeating the very principle upon which we are operating this department. The coöperation, confidence and good will of the public are just as necessary to us as is customer good will to an industrial enterprise. It is necessary that the public should know and understand that we are operating a business institution, not a political machine. Every position with the commission is held under this understanding. This policy has occasionally been criticized as an interference with the political rights of our employees. This criticism is not well taken. But it is our determination to keep the Tax Commission out of politics. In this regard, as in all matters of propriety, the members of the commission are equally exacting of themselves."

Why Not the Governorship?

One northern delegation that called upon Mr. Stone was particularly interested in his recipe for keeping tax commissions out of politics. He told them that he had none, adding that he did not think it could be done unless the commission had the coöperation of the governor. But, he added, if it became impossible to keep a commission nonpartisan and free of political activities, "I could always resign, you know.

"After all," he concluded, "I could not ask my employees to maintain their self-respect unless I was pretty jealous of my own. And I couldn't very well ask taxpayers to be on the level with the commission if we gave them any reason to suspect we were less than that with them."

Of course rigidity of that sort is bound to have its complications. Stone has done such a competent job in Mississippi that it had occurred to a large number of business men that it might not be to their advantage to have any other sort of job done. Therefore they began looking to the future. Governor Conner's successor will be elected next November. Several gentlemen, lacking the most important of Conner's public virtues, hunger for the job. One or two of the more prominent have made it pretty plain that if it comes to a choice between machine politics and well-ordered government they will not forget that a fellow can't get very far without a good machine.

Therefore, these somewhat disturbed business men, many of whom were bitterly opposed to the sales tax until they saw it reëstablish the state's credit and their own confidence, decided to worry lest the next administration throw the State Tax Commission back to the job wolves. Why, then, they argued, not Stone? They called on him, receiving practically the same reception you would if you were to enter his office with a nice, long, intricate tax problem. He told them first that he lacked ambition for any other job. Then he showed them his no-politics orders to his associates. So what?

So Nobody Knows

"Just what," asked he, "would happen to an organization we have tried so hard to make non-political? By running for governor I should be doing what we must avoid if the commission is to remain the just and efficient body you are so kind as to call it. If I should run for governor I should be doing precisely what I have forbidden my associates to do. Also I should be breaking faith. If I announced my candidacy it is but natural that this commission would be regarded as my personal political machine. This commission is nobody's political machine. You see, therefore, how it is."

But it may be that even his own colleagues will ask him to run. Anybody who can predict today what is going to happen politically tomorrow is a much wiser person than anyone we've met. It may even come to pass that Governor Conner will be powerful enough to name and elect his own successor—a man sharing his own convictions. At the moment the prospect is none too bright.

Governor Conner doesn't make enough noise for popularity these days. When he meets you he is most likely to talk about tax equalization, unicameral legislatures, government economics, social legislation, interstate labor compacts and similar dark subjects. To him, Huey Longs are unfortunate phenomena of an unhappy era. Seldom have I seen a man suffer as Mike Conner did the day Huey brought his football team to Jackson to play Ole Miss—the University of Mississippi.

Common if not political courtesy commanded that the governor of Mississippi greet the visiting senator from Louisiana. Cleaning up a few office chores, Governor Conner went down to the hotel that was Huey's headquarters. Finished with his greetings, he returned to his office, although it was Saturday. Later, several members of Huey's bodyguard appeared in the lobby whispering that the Kingfish was in a bad humor and not to make too much noise. Why the Louisiana giant was out of sorts remained something of a mystery. But as I was leaving, one of Mississippi's many wise men said:

"Funny thing about Mike. He welcomed Huey's football players and wished them luck just like he did Huey. Anybody ought to know that, just so Huey's satisfied, it don't make any difference about his team. The way Mike acted, Huey thinks Jackson's just as glad to see those boys as it is to see Huey. You might think, to hear Mike, that the crowd is going out to see Huey's L. S. U. boys play Ole Miss. But Huey and everybody else knows the L. S. U. outfit's only incidental."

"But Mike likes football, doesn't he?"

"Sure, but the poor sap thinks the team's important."

Woman of the Family

Continued from page 19

She came back to the sitting-room and her eyes dwelt on him.

"What are you thinking?" he asked. His voice was alive, alert, and she knew revealingly that his thought of her was as personal as her thought of him.

So she said simply:

"I was thinking of you."

She was unprepared for what followed. She found herself suddenly swept into Jonathan Horne's arms.

For a moment she did not resist. It was great happiness.

He said, "I'm afraid I love you," fiercely; and then, himself, he knew a dismay because this ferocity of desire was too real. If he wasn't careful he would indeed love this girl, and he would love her not only for her physical attractions and those unconsciously alluring ways of hers; but more deeply, for her courage and the delicacy of her standards. He wanted quite terribly to believe in this delicacy, and his courage and his trained skepticism helped him not at all.

BECAUSE for a moment she had not resisted, he asked her:

"Couldn't you love me?"

And the moment before she answered was one of those long moments like an hour.

Even then, it was not in words that she answered him. Her look replied, and her submission to his arms, and there were two selves warring for supremacy in Jonathan Horne—the self which said: "If this beautiful thing belonged to me, I could keep her safe, and I know damn' well that I could guide her ways," but the other self knew what it was that he set out to do by way of this girl. This self reminded him that a feint of love was a weapon, a device; love was a card in the hand.

Which of those two selves took control of the situation, he did not argue. Both still had a hand in the game—and heavens, it was an appalling game; it wasn't a clean game. "Though," he thought, and now the thought was clear, "all being fair in love and war, this has got to be war."

He did not kiss her. He desired to, but at least for the moment penalized himself by refraining.

"My dear," he said, "sit down a moment." He drew her down to the couch and they sat side by side, his arm still about her.

"It is all incredible," her soft, bewildered thoughts went on. It seemed farther than ever removed from the dismal and the banal past.

He murmured close to her ear, his face close to hers, watching her every shade of expression:

"My dear, how sweet you've been to me tonight. You don't know how I appreciated your letting me come here. It has been happy, hasn't it? Now put aside the defensive, don't lie. *It has been happy?*"

She let the accouterments of war slip from her.

"Yes, it's been terribly happy."

"And you know I am going to please you, dear, don't you, in every way I can? You must tell me little things you want, my dear. Let me give you a lucky gift for this room. What shall it be?"

"I don't want gifts from you," she said softly and quickly, and laid her hand for a moment on his knee. The gesture was frank and caressing and confiding.

It thrilled through Horne.

She didn't want gifts—*from him.*

He ought now to be congratulating himself that already he had her genuinely in such a mood. Once or twice, in different countries of Europe, he had played a woman into such a mood for his own ends. Each time he had loathed himself. It was all in the course of the business in hand, but it was nevertheless detestable.

There was to him something sensitive and sacred even in a female rogue.

He had such a rogue here? Of course; but perhaps a new, inexperienced rogue, still able to be turned from the ways she had chosen. . . .

No! No! Her very limpidity, her so far undeviating straightness of morals as narrowly understood, the dignity she maintained—these were only points of her subtlety.

Fero had chosen his decoy well this time; and he knew it.

"How different you are from other women," he said, and again here was a moment when he might have kissed her but did not. That something in him which wanted to respect even a female rogue held him back. "It is charming of you, dear," he said, "but then you're awfully different from other women."

She laughed suddenly—a little low laugh.

"That means," he said with a little laugh too, "'I have heard that gag before.'"

"No, it doesn't. It means . . ."

"Tell me."

But she didn't tell him. Her laugh had just meant: "I'm no different from other women! I'm just the same . . . *just the same as Sophia!*"

That was a discovery.

"I'm going to give a party at your club on gala night," he said, "because you want me to. I am going to do everything you want me to. Dear girl. I suppose it will help you with the management?"

"Yes, it will help a lot." But she thought: "Why do we talk about that? . . . But of course he is trying to please me. He's thinking how to help me." Then there would come the irresistible thought: "But if . . . he loves me . . . will he ask me to marry him? . . . Why does he bother about the club?"

IT WAS confusing. He confused her. She would willingly have placed herself and her inexperience in his hands; for a halcyon moment she was ready—rapturous—then was stung by the humility of doubt.

And she said to herself sharply: "But I *must* bother about the club. There is need for me to go on earning. . . ."

And then he said, as if knowing the trend of her thought:

"You love your independence, don't you?"

"I have loved it," she murmured.

"I admire you for it so much."

"But you disapprove of it, all the same?"

He smiled at her.

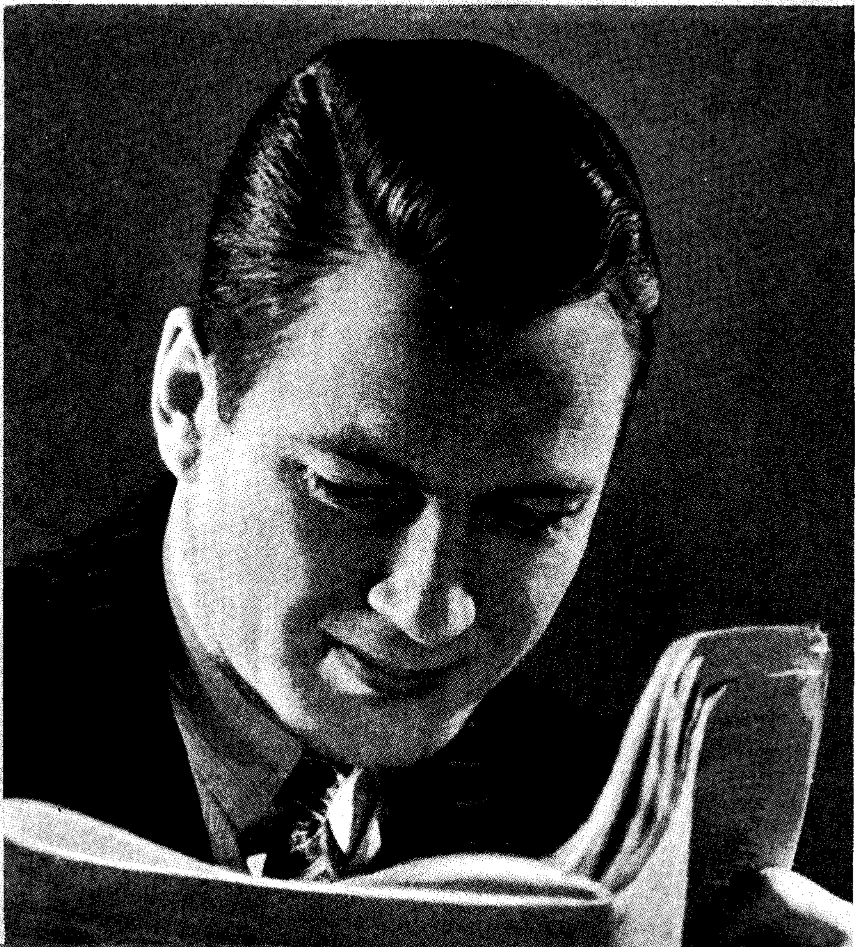
"Not in principle," he said, "or perhaps, yes, in principle only. Perhaps even a stubborn fellow like me realizes a difference must be made for individuals; and you are such an individuality, darling."

She brought herself back to consideration of the important gala night. If she were falling in love—and now she knew that she might be—still she must not recklessly neglect the mundane things.

"It will be a wonderful night," she said, and then added: "Won't it . . . Captain Horne?"

(Continued on page 42)

try VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT



● 50 SECONDS TO RUB . . . Massage Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp! Your scalp becomes more flexible, awakens to new life...your hair has a chance.

● 10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . . When you comb and brush your hair, it stays smooth and lustrous . . . with no trace of that unnatural "patent-leather" look.

Keep your Scalp *healthy . . . your* Hair *handsome . . . this simple, effective way!*

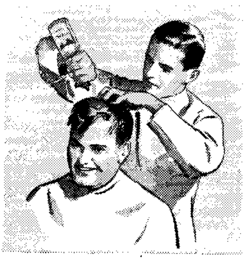
IT'S SIMPLE—it's easy—it's effective—this modern way to keep your scalp healthy and your hair well-groomed—Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout.

The cause of most dull, lifeless, unattractive hair is usually tight, dry scalp. It needs Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout. For Vitalis and massage, twice a week, invigorates the scalp, quickens the circulation, restores natural, nourishing oils—leaves your hair lustrous and easy to comb.

Loose dandruff disappears and with it the threat of falling hair. Your hair is manageable—good-looking, but with no trace of "patent-leather" look.

Start using Vitalis today. Get a bottle from your druggist and begin the Vitalis 60-Second Workout.

ASK YOUR BARBER . . . He's an expert on the health of scalp and hair. Take his advice when he suggests Vitalis.



VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

"I CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES–"

"A MAN with a family can't gamble with fever and sickness today. Nor can he allow his family to take chances. That's why the only fever thermometer I buy is a make I recognize and know to be accurate."

Buy a Taylor. Then you buy accuracy. There's the Taylor Tycos for $2.00—the finest made. There's the Taylor Instanta for $1.00. And the brand-new Taylor Bond for still less. Use any one with full confidence. Your druggist can supply you. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada.

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording, and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

CAUTION: Beware of "unknown" thermometers that may be offered you when you ask for "Taylor."

(Continued from page 41)

"Captain Horne!"

And yet he did not say anything more after that conventional scoffing. He did not say, "Don't you dare to call me anything more formal than Jon." He did not indicate in any way that they began to belong to each other.

"Yes; it will be a wonderful night, I'm sure."

Inexplicably his face changed.

And suddenly, looking down at her hand which still rested on his knee, he lifted it. Deliberately he laid the hand back on her lap; with a little laugh he murmured, "Your property. . . ." He got up, ran his finger round his collar as if all at once it were tight; settled his white waistcoat; thrust his hands deep in his pockets, walked over to the open windows and stood with back to her, again looking down into the Gardens.

SHE stayed on the couch behind him, hurt with those doubts; and yet thrilled through, and basking in a beautiful lassitude.

She was confused, almost ashamed—if that were not too harsh a word—to be lying against those cushions waiting—waiting for more honeyed words, for more love-making.

But she was so waiting.

Now she told herself that she had been a silly girl to count that first night revelation at his flat against him.

He was so different tonight, delicate and tender, and no woman, however inexperienced, could misread what had been in his eyes.

Suddenly that clock outside, which had chimed for Mrs. Langham's departure four hours earlier, struck nine.

He turned.

He was different. His eyes had regained their ice-gray look; on his long mouth was that familiar hard, slight smile.

"I know," she said, not getting up—but there was one thing she did not know, and that was the caress in her own voice—"I know. One must think of Fero."

He came over to her, with a debonair gait in spite of his limp.

"Fero be damned. I am afraid I may get into trouble too."

"Oh, but he won't scold *you*," she laughed softly.

"He won't have the chance, my dear, tonight."

"You're coming to the club?"

"My dear, I've an assignation, and you've already made me late for it. You're a witch."

What did he mean? An assignation. . . .

"Important?" She was dismayed. Her heart seemed to flutter, to sink.

"Aren't you women always important?" he countered.

Looking down at her, he considered his next words carefully without appearing to consider them:

"Would you say that Mrs. Louise Poinsetter was exactly negligible?"

"Mrs. Poinsetter!" Then she did not know herself for the new madness which rushed to her heart and ran fire in her veins. She was jealous beyond hope of control.

"Mrs. Poinsetter!" she gasped again.

He was standing looking down at her, and what he was forcing himself to think against that desire, which would keep threatening to overthrow his judgment, was: "*Now* we might get it. There is something there, if one could work it, *now*." He leaned down; with caressing hands pulled her to her feet.

"This has been a lovely time with you," he said deliberately. "And I am half sorry. . . ." Implication was: "I am half sorry to be leaving you for another."

Then desire quite overrode Jonathan Horne; he had her in his arms, and over and over again, passionately and without remorse, he kissed her.

Half an hour ago she had wanted—waited for—those kisses.

Now there was another woman's name between them. He was leaving her—for another woman.

Yet she was kissing him back—she couldn't stop herself. It was some seconds before she could harden her mouth beneath his; before she could think: "He shan't! he shan't!" She began to fight with him, leaning away from those steel bands—his arms. And leaning away, she lifted her own arm and struck him full across the face. She didn't—couldn't—speak. She only knew that she could strike and strike. And he caught her wrist and held her striking hand.

There was a red mark across his face.

In another second she was out of his arms, only held by her wrist. He had never seen so lovely and so furious a girl. He dropped her wrist, and the width of the room was instantly between them.

He followed her; stood close to her again. It had been worth it! worth it! His long mouth quirked at one corner in its queer smile.

"Illogical!" he accused, looking down at her between narrowed eyelids.

She did not answer but slipped past him into the other room to find her wrap.

He paused; then he followed her in and held the wrap for her to put on.

Over her shoulder he saw his own face, with the red mark across it, in her mirror. In the mirror their eyes met. He smiled and touched the red mark with a considering finger. She trembled, desperately confused. She moved away from him, and knew that in the mirror he still watched her.

He turned like lightning and caught her wrist again.

His voice was quiet, but it was husky.

"Don't you *like* Mrs. Poinsetter?"

She did not answer, but pulled her wrist away and slipped by him—was out on the landing and opening the iron gate before he could perform that service for her; and she led the way down the long flights of stairs to the street.

She could not have answered him.

HIS car was parked by the curb. Dusk was falling and the trees threw heavy shadows across the road. Night came quietly on the stage, promising drama.

"Tremendous hurry you're in," Jonathan Horne observed behind her, and his long arm reached past her to open the door, so that she might sit beside him.

"May I sit in the back, Captain Horne?"

For he had not said: "Captain Horne? *Jon*, my dear." That was not to be said, tonight. Nor ever.

"Why, surely."

The long arm reached out again, and opened the other door; but then the arm barred her entrance. In a satirical voice—but still husky—he seemed to reprove her:

"Not too terribly angry with me for falling to temptation?"

Again she could not answer.

She mustn't let him see what she had believed; she wouldn't let him see.

She must not cry either.

He spoke again softly: "Not sulking, dear, *please?* Not sulking with me?"

Sulking!

"Why should I sulk?"

She couldn't believe that light voice was her own achievement.

"*I* am asking *you*."

It was unbearable to her to stand there in the street with people passing by, people glancing interestedly or not from windows.

"May I get in? I really *must* think of Fero and my job."

"Of course. I am sorry."

She sank into the corner exactly behind the driving seat so that conversation would not be easy, but when he slipped in, too, behind the wheel, he slewed round to speak.

"But do tell me, my dear; I am curious. Don't you like Mrs. Poinsetter?"

Her voice came high and clear, hard.

"Oh, she's most attractive, elegant, swell—as she would say."

"I am driving her down to supper at a very pleasant place on the river. They do jolly good suppers there," he added; and, with deliberate familiarity: "Louise has a craze for night driving."

Eve did not answer.

Louise!

Louise! Louise! and equally no doubt, Jon! Jon!

It was only to her that he had not said, "I am Jon!"

And she couldn't call him "Jon" lightly either, like a Louise Poinsetter would.

She searched her mind. He had never called her "Eve" either, only "my dear," and "lovely lady," and "darling."

"I am just a dance hostess!"

MEMORY of that explained things to her, as the car drew up, so smoothly that its stopping was almost imperceptible, before the Regalia Club.

Horne, for all his limp, was before the doorman in ushering out his lady; and he stood beside her, bareheaded on the pavement for a final word.

She didn't want a final word, but because of the doorman she called herself to order.

"Thank you again, my dear. You gave me a delightful dinner."

"It was nice of you to come, Captain Horne."

"But you *must* let me make a lucky gift to the flat. A visitor for the first time to a new home. . . . Isn't there some charming old custom?"

One of those moments, which seize and hurl people headlong into some decision utterly alien to them, came to her. She saw again an *objet d'art* which, at the time of noticing, had impressed her very little.

She had no particular desire for such extravagance as it represented.

But now!

"Well, since you insist, Captain Horne. . . . It is so sweet of you. I saw a darling thing in Bond Street the other day. Asprey's window. It was a lovely white jade elephant. It's absolutely the only thing in London that I feel I'd really like for a lucky gift."

She was puzzled by his look. She had hoped to vex him; but instead, equably as he took her choice, she knew, with the same ultra-sensitiveness which had informed her at the flat, that her cool request for the white jade elephant had pleased him, given him a certain triumph, a satisfaction as of a man who said to himself, "I thought so."

He said with a laugh, as he moved to enter the car again: "And, in our usual amazing way, again we leave our battle inconclusive? That means, we fight again?"

Fight again?

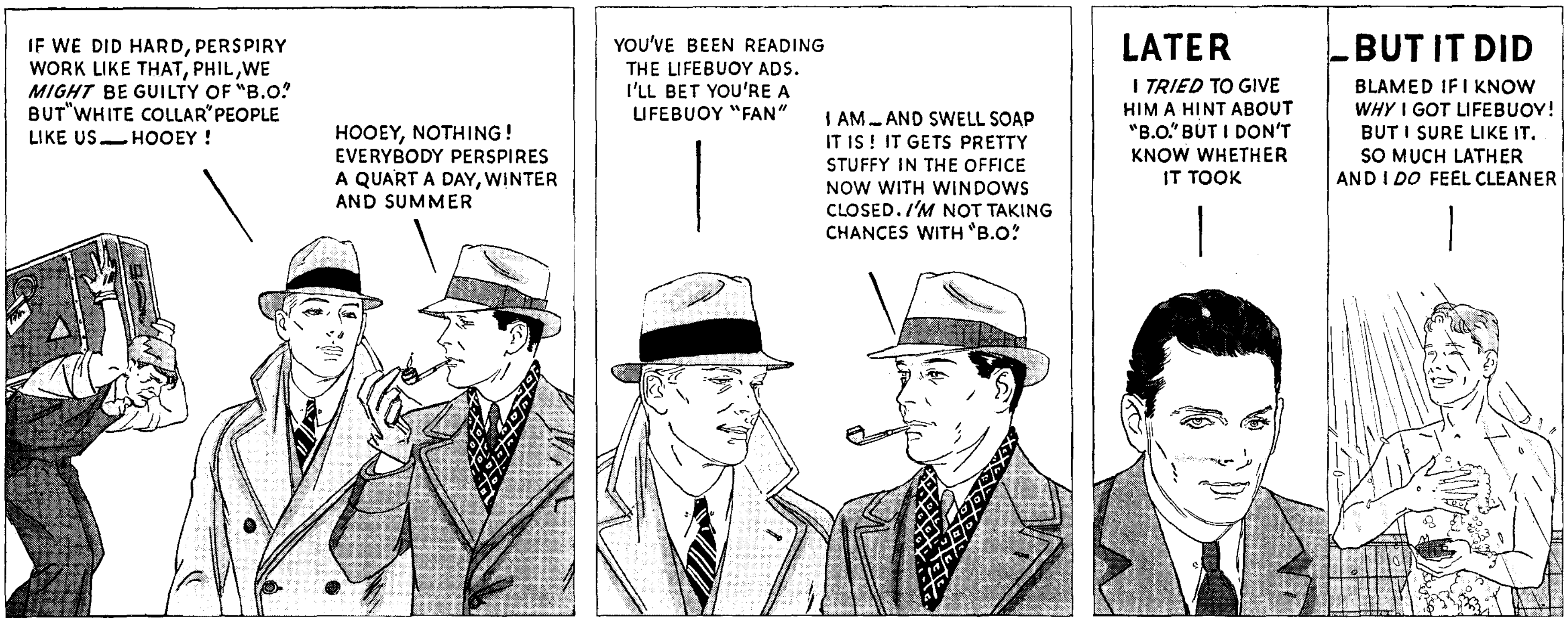
Pride kept the smile on her face, helped her to utter a cool, inconsequent—even derisive—goodby.

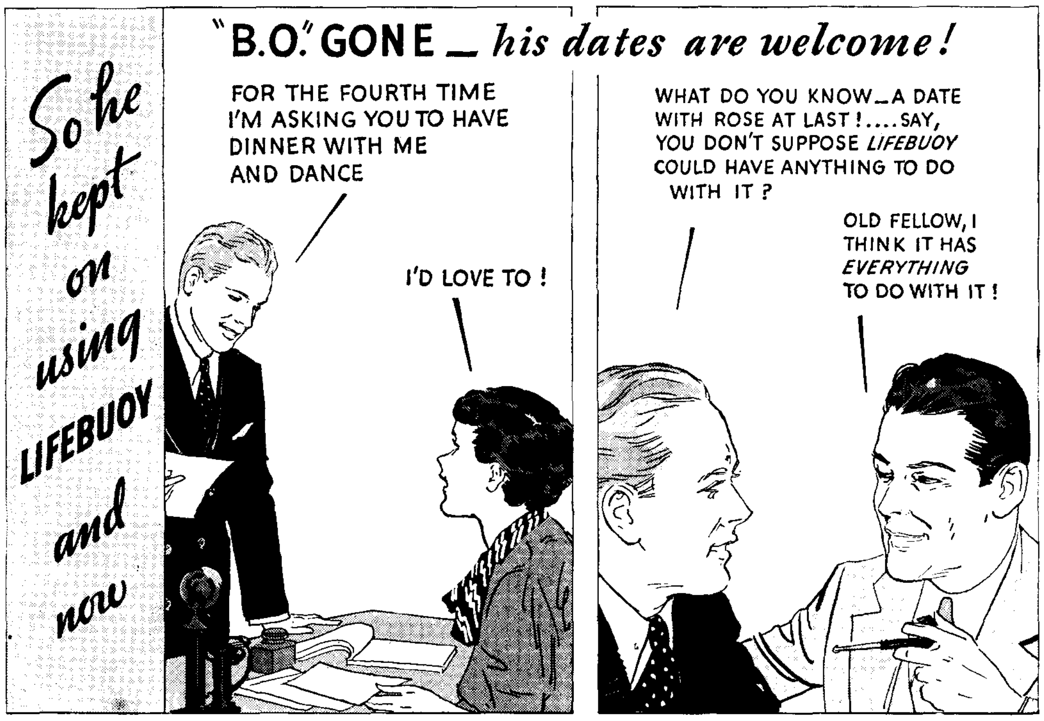
She was in the club, seating herself at her usual table. Dancers thronged the floor. A waiter came and filled Eve's glass with iced water. No dinner tonight. She had dined. It seemed to be known to the staff, and probably they knew, too, who had been her companion. They knew everything!

Two men, who had been sitting impatient and solitary, rose from different parts of the room and converged upon

(Continued on page 44)

"WHITE COLLAR" MAN WAKES UP


IF WE DID HARD, PERSPIRY WORK LIKE THAT, PHIL, WE *MIGHT* BE GUILTY OF "B.O." BUT "WHITE COLLAR" PEOPLE LIKE US — HOOEY !
HOOEY, NOTHING! EVERYBODY PERSPIRES A QUART A DAY, WINTER AND SUMMER
YOU'VE BEEN READING THE LIFEBUOY ADS. I'LL BET YOU'RE A LIFEBUOY "FAN"
I AM — AND SWELL SOAP IT IS! IT GETS PRETTY STUFFY IN THE OFFICE NOW WITH WINDOWS CLOSED. *I'M* NOT TAKING CHANCES WITH "B.O."
LATER
I *TRIED* TO GIVE HIM A HINT ABOUT "B.O." BUT I DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT TOOK
— BUT IT DID
BLAMED IF I KNOW *WHY* I GOT LIFEBUOY! BUT I SURE LIKE IT. SO MUCH LATHER AND I *DO* FEEL CLEANER


So he kept on using LIFEBUOY and now
"B.O." GONE — *his dates are welcome!*
FOR THE FOURTH TIME I'M ASKING YOU TO HAVE DINNER WITH ME AND DANCE
I'D LOVE TO !
WHAT DO YOU KNOW — A DATE WITH ROSE AT LAST!.... SAY, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE *LIFEBUOY* COULD HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT ?
OLD FELLOW, I THINK IT HAS *EVERYTHING* TO DO WITH IT !

I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOUR SMOOTH CLEAR SKIN

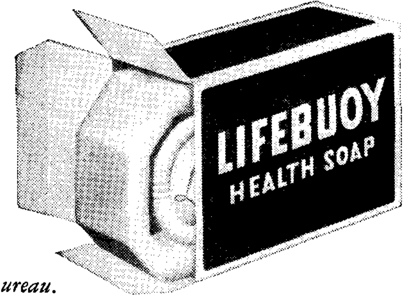
MEN *ALWAYS* FALL FOR A LIFEBUOY COMPLEXION

CLEVER lady! She knows the easy road to complexion loveliness—Lifebuoy. For Lifebuoy lather is mild and gentle. The most delicate skin thrives on it. It cleanses deeply; gently washes away pore-clogging impurities; brings new clearness and fresh, healthy radiance to dull, cloudy skins.

Winter "B.O.", too

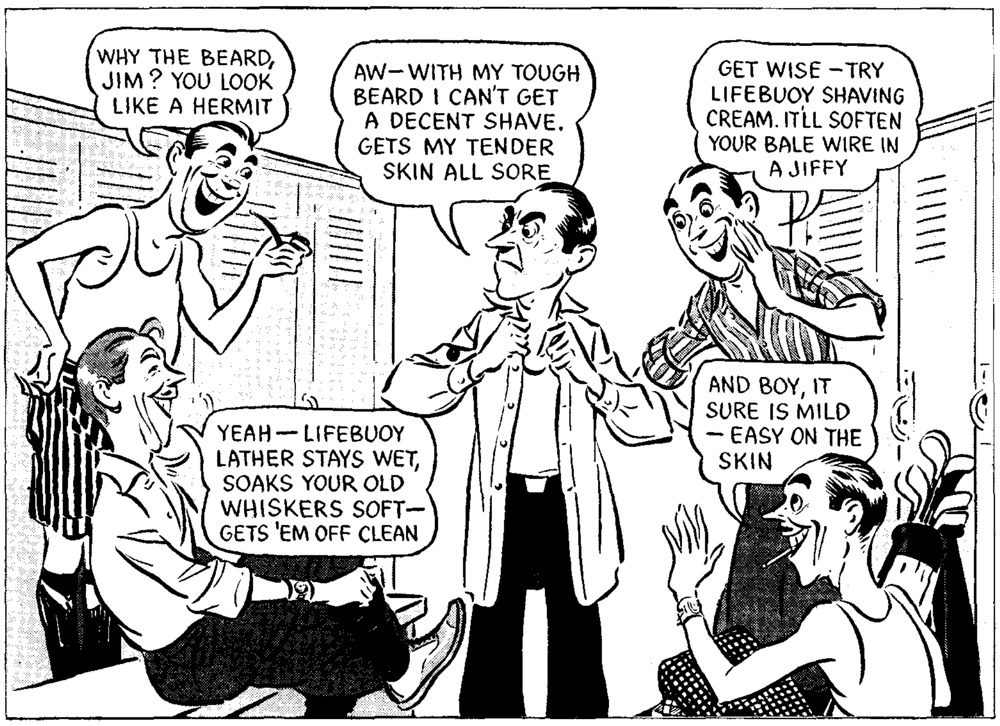
Even on coldest days we perspire a *quart* of odorous waste. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy—keep "B.O." (*body odor*) away. Lathers freely in hardest water. Its clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

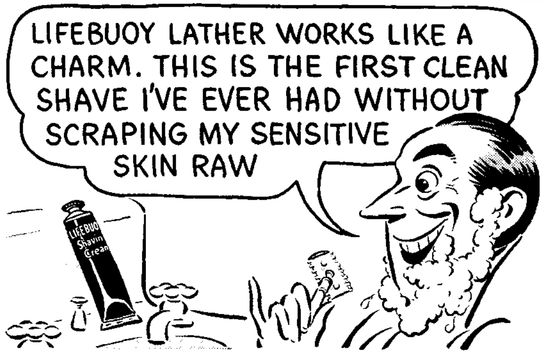
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

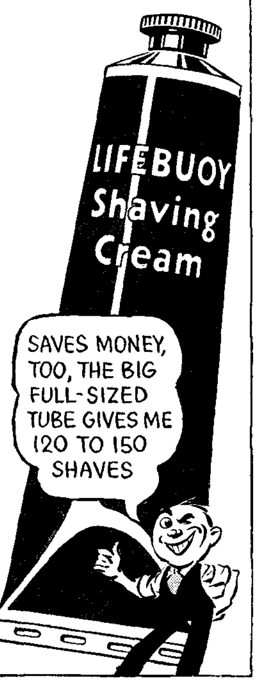

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

NRA CODE

"STUBBY" STUBBLE GETS WISE


WHY THE BEARD, JIM? YOU LOOK LIKE A HERMIT
AW—WITH MY TOUGH BEARD I CAN'T GET A DECENT SHAVE. GETS MY TENDER SKIN ALL SORE
GET WISE—TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT'LL SOFTEN YOUR BALE WIRE IN A JIFFY
YEAH—LIFEBUOY LATHER STAYS WET, SOAKS YOUR OLD WHISKERS SOFT—GETS 'EM OFF CLEAN
AND BOY, IT SURE IS MILD—EASY ON THE SKIN


LIFEBUOY LATHER WORKS LIKE A CHARM. THIS IS THE FIRST CLEAN SHAVE I'VE EVER HAD WITHOUT SCRAPING MY SENSITIVE SKIN RAW
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream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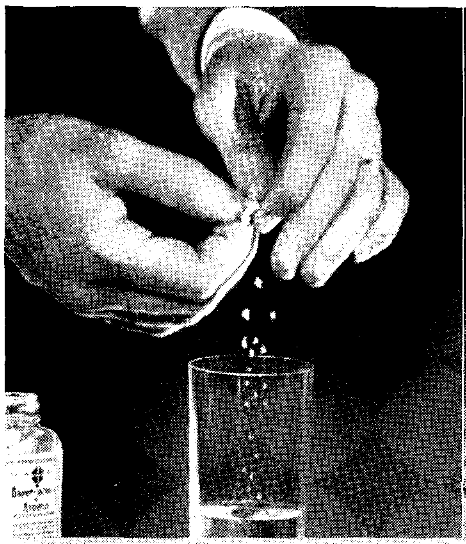
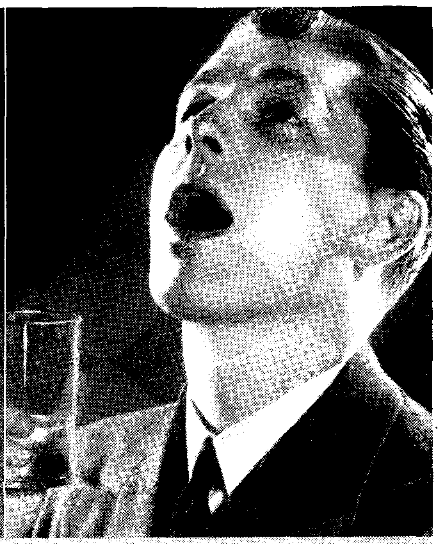
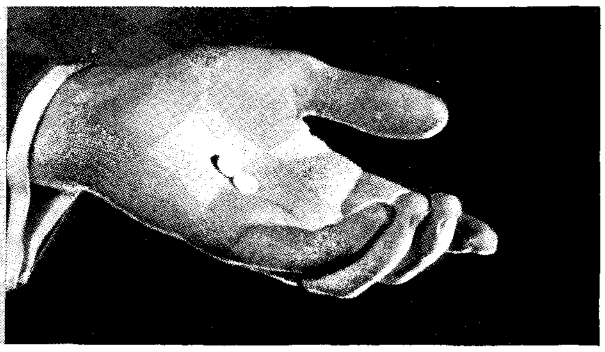


1. Crush and stir 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets in 1/3 glass of water.



2. Gargle Thoroughly—throw your head way back, allowing a little to tickle down your throat. Do this twice. Do not rinse mouth.



3. If you have a cold, take 2 BAYER Aspirin Tablets. Drink full glass of water. Repeat if necessary according to directions in package.

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Woman of the Family

Continued from page 42

her. It was taking them some while to skirt the dancers, but in a few moments, at most, she must sparkle. She must greet them as if they were really the only guests in the room as far as she was concerned. She must dance.

Tonetti was leading his orchestra like one inspired. The lilt of the waltz made the heart ache. She thought of the white jade elephant. Not a tiny trifle—that; but representing something solid in the way of a purchase.

It cost eighty pounds.

Why was that look of triumph in Horne's face, as of satisfied curiosity? That look which—sensitized as a violin string in his presence—she had felt rather than seen.

"He had been suspecting I am a gold digger; and now, *now*, he thinks he's right."

"SHE'LL be dancing now," Jonathan Horne thought as he sat under cool trees on a shaded lawn by the river, at a supper table, with Louise Poinsetter. "Yes, she'll be dancing now, or sitting at that confounded uncomfortable table in the worst corner, making the ice water spin out if no one has sent her a bottle of champagne. . . . She will be dancing with some bounder. . . . She will be wondering if I will really buy the elephant. . . ." And he said to himself, as Eve had surmised: "Little gold digger."

But the thought did not please. Such triumph as it brought was bitter.

"You're a long way off tonight," said Louise Poinsetter.

Horne admired the cool American *elegante*.

Social enemy? That need not impair such pleasure as was to be got out of the night drive down to the hotel on the river; and this supper table.

No vain man could have wished for a more creditable companion, but she was baffling; and purposely he drew her on to lead the conversation. And soon she was questioning him with the most insidious, womanly interest—such as should please any man entertaining any fair one—inviting him, encouraging him to talk about himself and his doings.

Polar expeditions could not interest her, however.

She pressed: "Ah, but *since* then, Captain Horne. What marvelous things have you been doing since?"

"I've knocked about."

"Oh, what a modest man! When I know the world is your washpot! . . . Don't you just love the Bible. . . ? I heard of you in various places; in Budapest, in Prague, in Berlin—didn't I?"

"Maybe," he said, "and now tell me what you were doing there?"

She had been occupied, it seemed, with the most attractive program of living. She had been staying with a Hungarian countess, who had been her dearest friend at school—oh, long ago, long ago! . . . A perfect visit!

"Wasn't that the lady," he interpolated, "who lost half her family jewels very mysteriously?"

"Oh, my dear man, yes. That was just before I reached her. I found her heartbroken."

"They've never been found?"

"Never!"

And then she had been in Berlin visiting a member of another tragic family—tragic because its head shot himself on the eve of appalling financial disclosures.

Mrs. Poinsetter mourned him.

"Oh, yes, I knew him very well indeed. He was not friendly with his relatives with whom I was staying, so that, except for family pride, they cared very little. But *I* cared. Such a delightful man!"

"Blackmail was at the bottom of that."

Mrs. Poinsetter cried out:

"You don't think so, Captain Horne! Blackmail? But poor Herr von Falkenberg had led the simplest of lives."

"He was probably the simplest of men . . . poor fool," said Horne, looking at her.

"He is dead," said Mrs. Poinsetter reverently.

Horne was aware that they were playing a game, each trying to draw the other out. The only thing of which he could not be certain was whether she knew it too.

She had asked for an account of his doings since that famous expedition, and he obliged with colorful details, with every appearance of verisimilitude, introducing, into this anecdote or that, a string of names to each of which was attached some story, grave or gay.

He watched her very carefully, to note her reception of names of people and places.

"I am sure, dear lady, that many people have mentioned your charming name to me. Could it have been General X. or would it have been young Roderiques at the Paris Embassy? I believe even some stranded traveler in an African desert described you beautifully. For I seem to know you so well."

"I've traveled a lot," she explained, "since my husband died."

How old was she? Thirty, thirty-five, forty, fifty? She might even be fifty; there was no telling. Her smooth, beautifully boned olive face would show no line that mattered for years yet. Her black hair lay close to her head. She had an undying vitality. He hadn't hunted her before. Fero and Tonetti had been his evasive quarry for two years. Only now did he link the woman with them.

He read in her that she had a taste for life, a capacity for snatching what she wanted; perhaps a neurotic joy in the subtleties of danger.

Yes, he savored with relish their long talk under the heavy trees, sitting close together at that little table with a low lamp shining like a bulbous glowworm upon it.

HE ENJOYED the talk with her coldly, not as a man enjoying a quiet hour with an alluring woman, but as one adversary may find stimulation in pitting himself against another. For he loved skill, and she had it. He loved the finished performance, and she gave it. Also he was titillated by the reflection that he should have hunted this woman for two years; that she had always slipped his notice; and that only now had he attained her personal acquaintance.

He introduced Fero's name suddenly. The Regalia Club—what did she think of it? It was a fairly good venture, was it not? Would it last? A talented cosmopolitan lady's view was worth hearing, because he thought that if the company changed from a private to a public one, and issued shares to the public, they would be worth buying. He elaborated this line of talk till he was almost certain that any doubts which she had about him were set at rest, and that she was thinking, after all, that he might be just an ordinary rich exile returned to town.

"I hope," he added, "to be in London for their first gala night, but I don't dance, you see. I am a lame man. And

I have a very attractive invitation to go over to Le Touquet. Of course I promised the little hostess that I should give a party. . . ."

"Ah, the little hostess—"

And then he was intrigued again by the change in the olive face beside him. Something came into it, with which he would not have credited this woman—a softness, a gentleness. And—was it a regret?

He said casually:

"She's a nice girl. I dined with her tonight."

"Did you?"

She hesitated.

"You like her, Captain Horne? She's quite a friend of yours?"

"I think she's charming."

"You think more than that," said Louise Poinsetter suddenly; she put her elbows on the table and her chin on her clasped hands; and her dark eyes stared at him. "You could easily fall in love with that girl, Captain Horne."

"Come! Why should I?" he demanded.

His voice sounded brusque, formidable.

"YOU mean I've taken rather a liberty?" said Mrs. Poinsetter softly. "Forgive me. But I've been watching her; and she doesn't seem to me quite the right type for that work."

"I thought she did the job perfectly. Fero seems pleased."

"Oh, Fero's pleased!"

"Well, then?"

He smiled again.

"Only one thing. It's the romantic air of this garden, I expect, that makes me sentimental—for other people." She gestured lazily. "It's the river and the night. I'd like to promote a love affair—not mine."

"Why not yours?"

"I am through!"

And he saw that she was, as she said, "through." There was no more love for men in this woman.

"But Eve Langham is not through," said Mrs. Poinsetter.

Dreamily as she spoke, he knew that she was not dreaming. She was acutely awake and watching him—but not for the same reason that she had watched him so closely earlier in the evening. He answered:

"I am sure that Miss Eve Langham is not through. I doubt if Miss Eve Langham has yet begun." And he remembered those lips.

"How wonderful, isn't that?" Mrs. Poinsetter sighed, and then, immobile, her clear-cut chin still on her thin, ringed hands, she said: "You like saying her name, Captain Horne. Well, it's a nice name, isn't it? You like her. She likes you. Don't you ever do something a little mad? Are you really this sort of icicle man that you seem? Why don't you go to Le Touquet—and take her with you?"

"My dear lady. Morals! Morals!"

"As Mrs. Jonathan Horne."

They stared quietly at each other.

"What?" he said coolly. "And miss the great gala night?"

"And miss the great gala night. Make a gala of your own."

So she did want him out of the way? If so, her manner of proposing it was more naïve than he would have expected from her. The proposition was naïve altogether. His low, deep laughter scoffed at it.

She replied to it: "Ah, you think me a peculiarly foolish woman. Well, we all have our streak of foolishness, and I would like that girl to go away. Right away. At once. Le Touquet would do."

"Oh? So you're not thinking of me? Would I do?"

"I don't care about you," she said briefly. "Except that—yes—I think you'd do for her. What does it matter so long as you're decent . . . honest?"

Indeed, this woman was through with men!

He studied her carefully in the semi-darkness.

On a lighted veranda, where a spring floor was laid down, people were dancing. Waiters, in tropical white like the stewards of an Orient-bound ship, glided to and fro. Laughter, music, tinkle of ice around the champagne bottles, splash and cries of slender divers from the high diving board a few yards farther down the river, the flood lights upon them—it was so strange how this trivial atmosphere could induce a confidence like this between the two of them.

Brief, ephemeral confidence that would be corrected any moment; but still, confidence.

Carefully holding unbroken that moment's vague understanding between them, he asked quietly, at a venture: "Have you a daughter?"

"I had once."

And suddenly a panorama of a look swept her face, pain and passion, sacrifice and loss, conquest and surrender—and the look was gone.

Her hands loosened. In the last few instants the fingers had gripped tightly, twining between each other, pressing the rings in, and it had not been lost upon him.

Now as tension relaxed, his eyes traveled from the ringed fingers down the slender length of arm as far as the elbow.

"I admire your emeralds. I have never seen any woman wear so many before."

"I love them," she said. "I love them." Now there was real personal passion in her voice.

His gaze stayed thoughtfully on the emeralds set in great wide bracelets, two solitaire rings; and lifting his eyes he saw that round each slender upper arm was a wide band of silver and green fire too.

"I always wanted emeralds," she said with her curious smile, "and now that I have them, I wear them all."

He gazed at a bracelet.

"Recut?" he thought to himself. "It's quite possible." He ran over in his mind more than one sensational jewel robbery which had taken place on the Continent the last two years; for, failing an amazing inheritance, they must represent an impossibly devoted collector; or thefts on the grand scale.

His mind shifted from the emeralds. She had wanted Eve Langham away from London.

THERE had been a soft look on her face when she had suggested to him in that half playful, half breathless voice, that he should take Eve to Le Touquet. It had been the queerly emotional, maternal quality of that look which had given him his clue to a possible little lost daughter.

Amazing woman—that tenderness could so irrationally overtake her!

"I suppose we must go," she said abruptly.

Driving back to town, he turned over in his mind the question of whether she had looked upon Eve as a possible decoy to take him to Le Touquet, away from the Regalia Club, or whether—considering that maternal look—she had seized upon the idea of him as a savior for the girl.

By the time he had dropped her at her own house—rented furnished for the season—he had not made up his mind.

He made a detour to get to his own flat, a detour through Bloomsbury Gardens, like any lovesick youth, to see if there were a light in Eve's window.

But there was not.

Presumably she still danced.

(To be continued next week)

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..and pay for OIL

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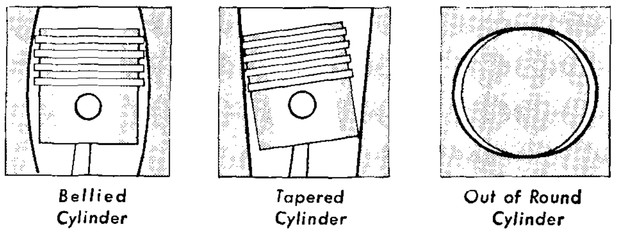
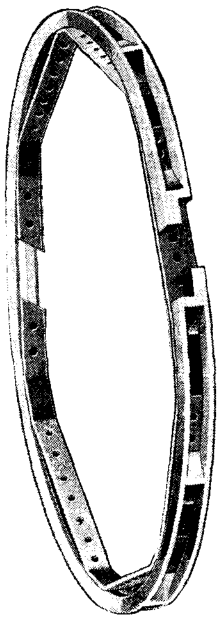

Bellied Cylinder
Tapered Cylinder
Out of Round Cylinder



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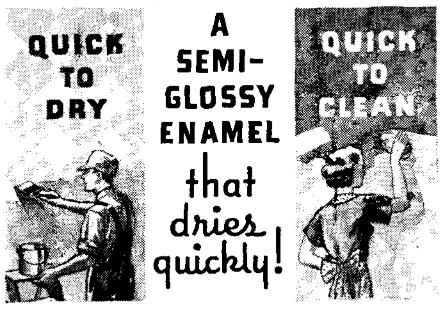

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The Magic Popgun

Continued from page 13

"Absolutely," she assured him. "Look under my desk, if you like."

He seated himself coolly in her clients' chair as she glided into her own place. An alarm bell was under her foot, the telephone instrument at her elbow. In the drawer at her right hand was her miniature revolver, and something else she would have hated him to have found—a torn silk mask, with a few spots of blood upon it, and a withered bunch of violets.

"Miss Mott," he began, "I don't want to seem sentimental, but I do want to save your uncle's life. Tell me where he is, or how to get in touch with him."

She tried her best to steady her voice.

"My uncle has gone after you, if you are Violet Joe," she replied.

"But where?" he demanded. "Where am I supposed to be?"

"I have not the slightest idea."

"Don't be a fool," he enjoined sharply. "Didn't you hear what I said? I want to save your uncle's life, if I can. If you won't tell me how to get at him—he's finished."

"Why should you want to save his life?" she persisted. "You are Violet Joe, aren't you?"

"I suppose so. I am not the only criminal in the world, though. There are others more anxious to get rid of your uncle than I am, and with more cause. I think he's a very nice old gentleman, and perfectly harmless if left alone. All the same I can't save his life without your help."

"What can I do?" she faltered.

"Do you know anyone at Scotland Yard?" he asked. "What I mean is, do you know anyone who knows that you're Wragge's niece?"

"Several people."

"Get in touch with them as quick as you can then," he begged. "My car is waiting downstairs—a small black coupé. Tell the man to drive you to Scotland Yard. Mr. Grant's orders, say. Not my name. Code word. Go to one of your friends. Tell him of your business here. You have a client whose confidence you must respect. You can't mention names, but you've been given a word of warning about your uncle. You want to know where he is. I'm the nameless client, mind. Don't mention me, unless you want to give me away. The telephone's no use. They might answer you, but they wouldn't tell you the truth, unless they saw you."

"All right," she promised, "I'll go. What about you?"

"I'll wait here till you come back."

He helped her on with her coat. And she fled down the stairs.

IT WAS exactly thirty-two minutes later when the man who had been left behind in Miss Mott's room heard her footsteps again, and threw open the door. She was looking distinctly relieved.

"False alarm!" she announced cheerfully. "They didn't hesitate about telling me for a moment. There are no flying squad orders for tonight, and Uncle had to have his evening clothes sent down to the office. He is dining with Mr. Anthony Durban, who has something to do with the Stock Exchange, at 11b Manchester Square. Uncle's rather fond of the Stock Exchange, you know, and he knows heaps of brokers."

Her visitor groaned. Already he was buttoning up his coat. He glanced at the platinum and gold watch upon his wrist.

"Look here," he said, "this is all you can do now. Ring up Scotland Yard, and ask them if they can find any Mr. Anthony Durban living in Manchester Square, or anywhere else, for that matter. When they've discovered that there isn't such a person they'd better order out the flying squad in case they get a summons."

"Do you mean that Uncle is in danger, that he didn't go to Manchester Square?" she gasped.

Her visitor looked back from the door. His fingers were already toying with the fastenings of his mask.

"Little Miss Mott," he explained, "when a man who has been selling secrets is asked by another whom he may suspect of being a gangster to take an automobile ride with him, he orders a drink, and knows it's the last he's going to have on earth."

"What do you mean?" she shrieked.

"I mean that when anyone in the criminal world is asked to dine with Mr. Anthony Durban in Manchester Square, he knows very well that it's his finish."

She wrung her hands.

"But we must do something."

HE REFLECTED for a moment, but he only shook his head.

"Ring up Scotland Yard. It's all you can do."

"But where shall I tell them to go to?" she asked breathlessly.

He hesitated for a suspiciously long time.

"I can't tell you that," he sighed. "You see, after all, although I'm only in with them on certain occasions, I'm nevertheless one of the gang. I'll do what I can, but I'm afraid it won't be worth a snap of the fingers. It's heaven or hell, according to his past life, for your lamented uncle."

The door swung to and closed. The footsteps of Miss Mott's departing visitor, swift and muffled, were still audible upon the stairs. Miss Mott was not listening. She was studying intently the oblong purple card, fallen apparently from his clothing as he had left the room. . . .

Superintendent Detective Wragge, a little earlier in the evening, descended from his taxicab in front of a handsome mansion in Belgrave Square, and presented his hat and coat to a pompous-looking butler. Any slight misgiving he might have felt at the somewhat unusual conditions of his visit should certainly have been allayed by a brief study of his surroundings. Everywhere was an atmosphere of complete and unassailable respectability.

"Has Mr. Thornton arrived?" Superintendent Wragge asked. "He was taking me to Manchester Square to dine with Mr. Durban, but telephoned me at the last moment to come here instead."

"That is quite all right, sir," the butler replied. "Mr. Thornton will be here in a few minutes, and Mr. Durban is expecting you. Mr. Durban being a bachelor, sir," he confided, "the drawing-room is seldom used. We receive in the lounge."

He threw open the door of a spacious library in which five men were seated.

"Mr. Wragge, sir," he announced.

A tall, thin man of apparently early middle age slipped from the edge of a heavy mahogany table, dropped his eyeglass and threw down the evening paper which he had been reading.

"Good evening, Mr. Wragge," he said, holding out his hand. "Glad you were able to join us. Not sure whether you know everybody. Hartigan—Dick Hartigan—you must have met, I think. Ponsford, Bill Cheyne, and Bolton. There they are! Terrible lot of fellows, but they'll tell you all you want to know about the Stock Exchange, and they are just as anxious to meet you as I am. Meredith my name is, by the bye, not Durban."

"Mr. Thornton, I presume," the superintendent remarked, after a brief but hectic silence, "will not be coming."

"Mr. Thornton is not dining tonight," Meredith acknowledged. "As a matter of fact, he never dines with us, and we're only slightly acquainted. He told one of us of your weakness for the Stock Exchange, and we paid him five thousand pounds to bring you here. You see how highly we value you—or your absence—whichever way you care to put it."

Superintendent Wragge shook hands with everybody and, although he knew now that he was face to face with death, he addressed a pleasantly indifferent word to each one of the men he had been hunting so assiduously.

A footman handed cocktails around.

"Success to crime!" Meredith remarked, raising his glass.

"Rather a discourteous toast under present conditions," Cheyne drawled.

"Make it crime and all connected with crime," Meredith amended.

"The idea merits a second cocktail," Bolton declared, helping himself.

"And a response from me," Superintendent Wragge added boldly. "I represent the law. You are under arrest, Meredith. You are all under arrest."

There was a roar of laughter, yet Wragge had his moment. He sprang backward toward the door, and out came his two automatics, one in each hand. The men in front of him cowered back, or seemed to cower, and threw up their hands readily enough. Then from behind came a terrible exhibition of force—just that pompous-looking butler, who had once been within an ace of winning the middleweight championship, and one footman—footsteps, as though on wool, a grip of steel, and back went those automatics. Away they went, clattering onto the carpet, and Superintendent Wragge was unarmed.

Then there came an unexpected, an almost ludicrous interruption. The butler threw wide open the connecting doors, showing beyond the wonderful vista of a round dinner table, flower adorned, with servants standing behind the chairs.

"Dinner is served, sir," he announced.

There was a queer hesitation while they all glanced toward their guest.

"Excellent!" he acclaimed. "I am hungry, and Thornton assured me that you have a first-rate chef."

There was admiration in their eyes as they looked at him—cold eyes, avaricious eyes, murderous eyes. All the world, though, loves a brave man.

"Lead on, Meredith," Bolton called out. "We are a quarter of an hour late already."

"And it's up to us," Cheyne put in, "to see that our guest dines well."

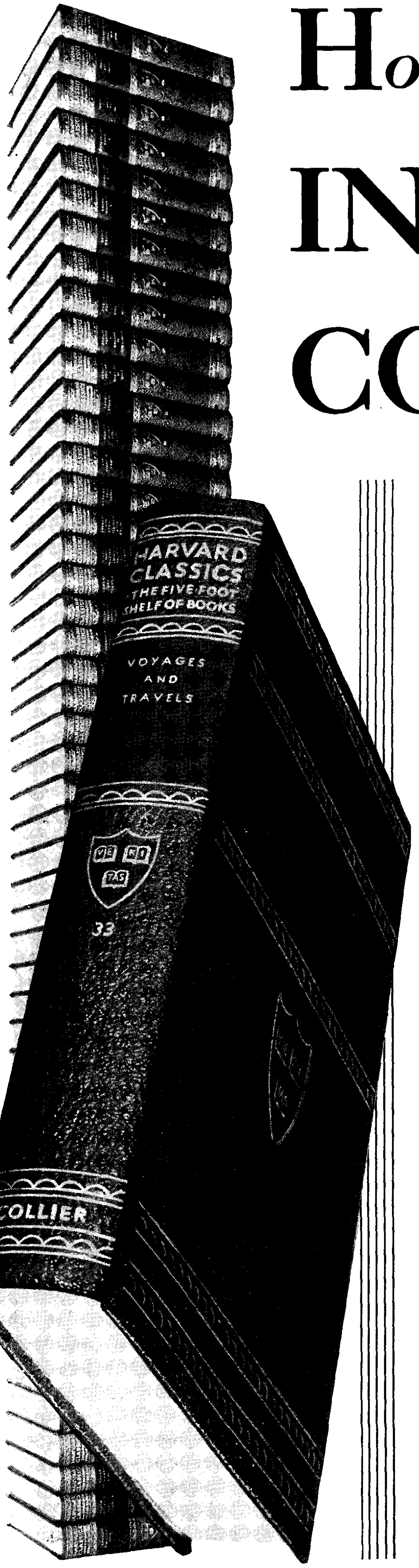
SUPERINTENDENT WRAGGE did dine exceedingly well. With dessert came port in heavy cut-glass decanters, and a single bottle of Château Yquem. It was then that silence fell upon the little company, and Meredith leaned forward.

"Wragge," he said, "I suppose you realize the position?"

"I imagine," the superintendent replied, "that as you have allowed me to see you all face to face you mean to kill me."

Meredith nodded.

(Continued on page 48)



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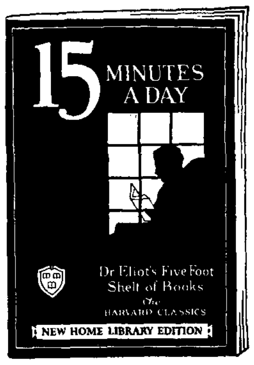

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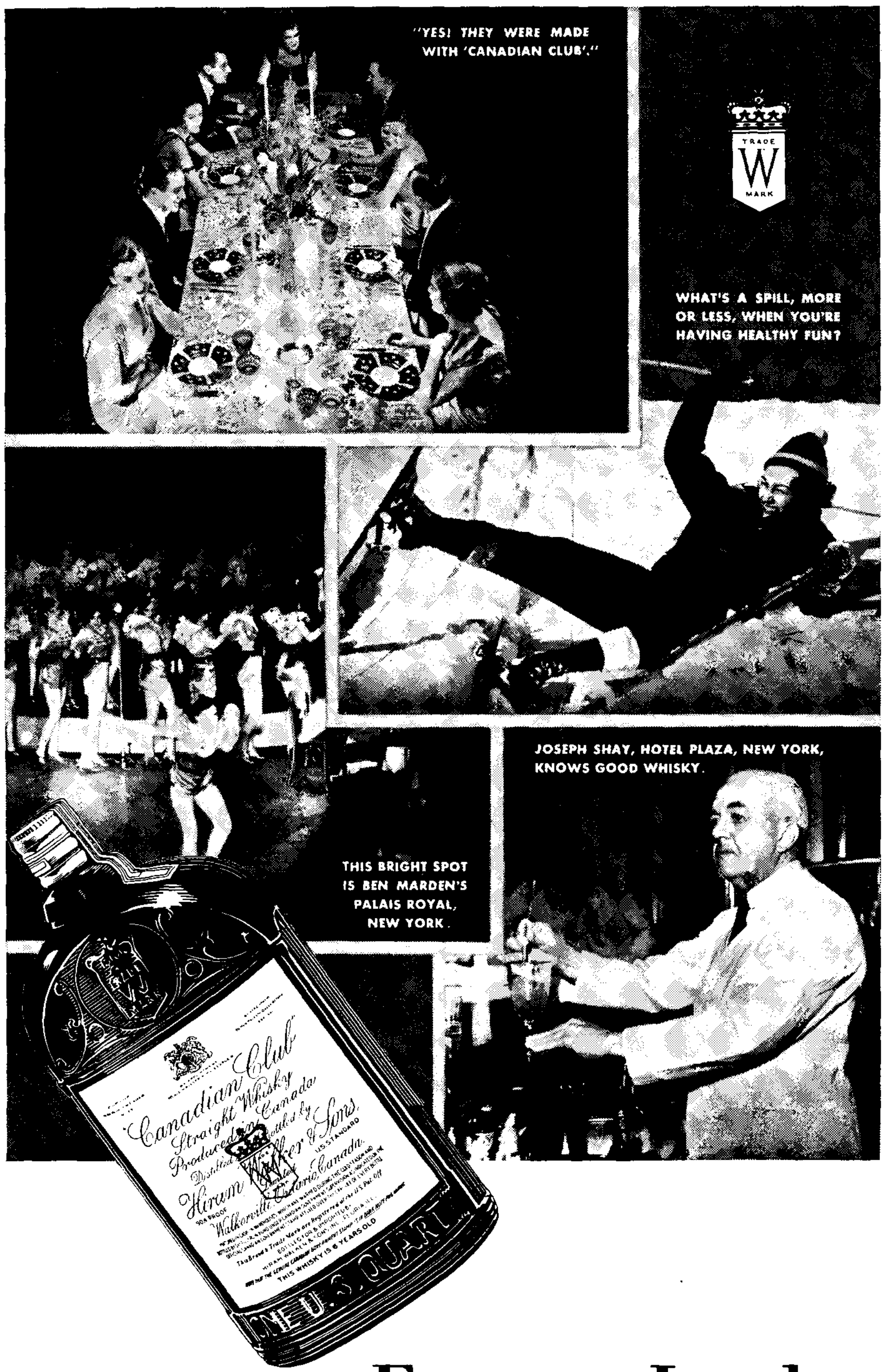
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The Magic Popgun

Continued from page 46

"As a man of common sense," he pointed out, "you must see that we have no other alternative. For years you have been the only man in Scotland Yard whom we have feared, and latterly you have shown signs of vision which, to be frank, have alarmed us. We are engaged in a species of warfare, but we can't take prisoners. We have come unmasked to meet you tonight. To our guest that means death."

"I understand the position perfectly," Wragge admitted. "If I lived, there isn't one of you I shouldn't be after in the morning, working backward from this, I must confess, unsuspected rendezvous."

"Precisely," Meredith murmured.

"You are not helping me toward the enjoyment of my dinner," Superintendent Wragge grumbled.

"The time for that sort of pleasantry has passed," Meredith pronounced, with a note of almost tragical irritability in his tone. "My butler is now serving the port. With it, he offers a bottle of Château Yquem 1870—a really priceless wine. No one else, Mr. Wragge, will take the Château Yquem. It will save time and trouble if you do."

THEY looked at Wragge steadfastly—that little vicious circle, each one prepared with a readier means of death. Then, into the silence, there broke a strange voice—the voice of the one other man who had the *entrée.* They all stared at him in amazement. He passed through the folding doors, which were immediately closed behind him. Meredith stood up. The two faced one another—the newcomer in a purple mask and Meredith.

"Sorry I'm late," the former observed. "Don't bother about dinner. I've already dined. Why are you having a meeting to which I haven't been invited?"

Meredith regarded him with cold disapproval.

"We've got Wragge here, and we're going to kill him. Damned well time, too! He'd have had us by next week."

"You're going to kill him, are you?" the man in the purple mask repeated blandly. "Well, I'm here to see that you don't. He's a problem, I admit," he added, subsiding onto the arm of an easy-chair. "Let us devote a few minutes to thinking it out. Have you any suggestions to make, Superintendent?"

"Can't think of any, except that I won't drink that sweet wine," Wragge rejoined.

"Don't touch the stuff, Wragge," the man in the purple mask advised. "You'd be dead in two minutes, and carted off to Kensington Gardens or somewhere in five."

Meredith scowled. He addressed the man in the purple mask.

"Look here," he said. "If Wragge doesn't drink a glass of that wine, in thirty seconds he's going out another way."

"Better hear my proposition first," the other suggested. "You came here, Superintendent, after Meredith. You didn't expect to meet these other gentlemen."

"I certainly did not," Wragge admitted. "I have a fair amount of self-confidence, but I should scarcely have ventured to tackle five such illustrious gunmen single-handed."

"Very well, then," his questioner continued, "what about Violet Joe?"

"I want him, too."

"Well, here's a sporting offer for you. These men mean business, and you cannot possibly handle the crowd. I am Violet Joe. Will you blot this little party out of your mind, and forget everyone else you have seen in this room, if I give myself up?"

There was a moment's stupefied silence; then, from around the table, a chorus of disapproval. Meredith shook his head.

"You're mad, Joe," he admonished. "How the devil could he make such a promise, or, if he made it, keep it? . . . Tie him up," he ordered curtly. "That's right," he added, as Cheyne and Bolton flung themselves upon the superintendent from behind. "He's going out. Fill a glass of the wine, Hartigan. If he won't drink, I'll shoot him my—what the hell's this?"

"This" was Miss Mott, very savage and very determined, after all she had overheard through the chink between the folding doors. She stood in the open space between the two doors which she had just thrown back and fired her revolver rapidly.

Cheyne, who was engaged in tying up Wragge's wrists, dropped the cord with a yell of pain. Bolton rolled over, with a bullet in his shoulder blade. Hartigan, on the further side of the table, collapsed momentarily, with a shriek of pain. Meredith she missed, and, as she saw him leap toward her, she kept her last two bullets to save her own life. She felt a grip upon her shoulder. Someone—the man in the purple mask, who had announced himself as Violet Joe—swung her behind the sheltering door just as a bullet whistled between them. Then the lights went out; there was the roar of an automatic fired at close quarters, a shout of anger, and the slamming of a trapdoor. Miss Mott, left to herself, was very much afraid, until from the middle of that pool of darkness she heard her uncle's voice:

"Are you all right, Lucie?"

"Quite," she answered. "Are you?"

"That devil Meredith missed me from half a dozen yards," he grunted. "Try to find a switch. I've got one of the fellows you shot to look after. The G. F. S. are breaking in."

MISS MOTT found the switch, and when the police made sudden and violent appearance, streaming in from every door, they discovered Cheyne, who was badly wounded, handcuffed upon the floor, Miss Mott stanching with a white napkin the blood from a gash upon her uncle's forehead, a bolted trapdoor underneath the dining table and not another soul.

"Do you know which way they have gone?" Superintendent Wragge snapped.

"I think so, sir," the inspector, who had brought in the men, replied. "There's a passage comes out of the area next door."

Superintendent Wragge rose unsteadily to his feet and poured himself out a glass of port. To the inspector's amazement his superior was shaking with suppressed laughter.

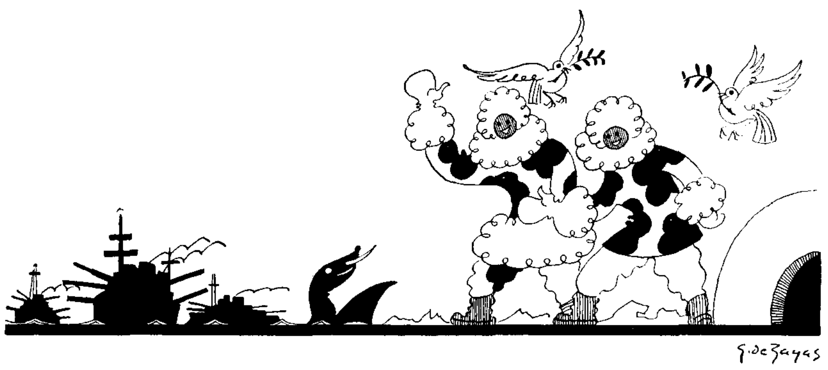
"What's the joke, sir?" he asked in astonishment.

Her uncle held out Miss Mott's weapon. In his huge hand it looked like a child's first popgun.

"She's broken up the toughest gang in London with this," he guffawed.

The inspector grinned, as he hurried out. . . . Superintendent Wragge, although he stood on guard with a real gun in his hand, was still shaking with uncontrollable laughter. Miss Mott's terrified eyes were searching everywhere for Violet Joe.

But Violet Joe, by that time, was a long way away.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Despite the fact that war dominates the pages of history and is still today one of the chief topics of the press of the world, there are existing races of people, such as the Eskimos, who never have indulged in warfare and who know nothing about it.

The most puritanical country in the world today is Arabia, whose dictator king, Ibn Saud, rules it in strict accordance with the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible. In this land there is no liquor, little or no music, no sumptuous dress, no public smoking and not more than four wives in each household. Ibn Saud himself closely observes this last law, so he has legally married and divorced a wife on an average of every 12 weeks for the past 34 years.

One of the strangest horseless carriages in history was made in Nürnberg, Germany, in 1649. It was operated by three men, one of whom steered it from a front seat while the other two, concealed in the rear, propelled it by turning a crank. Although its greatest speed was only two miles an hour, it had a very effective gadget for making people get out of the way. A large figure of a dragon on the "hood" could spout water for a distance of 15 feet. —*By Mrs. F. Ogden, Jr., El Reno, Oklahoma.*

Crimes vary greatly in kind and penalty throughout the world. England imposes a 20-year sentence for carrying a revolver without a permit, India gives 25 years for killing a cow and China inflicts the death penalty for chopping down a camphor tree.

Among the "priceless" inventions that have turned up in various patent offices are the French Suicide Machine in which you insert your head and pull a cord; the English Earth-Rotation Balloon which sails only north and south, no east or west travel being necessary as the country to which you are going will roll beneath you in due time; and the American Egg Dater which, when strapped on the hen, automatically dates each egg as she lays it.

In a recent study to determine the age when the human intellect attains its greatest power, it was found that 940 famous American and British writers had their masterpieces published when they reached the average age of 45.59 years.—*By Earl L. Bradsher, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.*

Before 1914, Russia used an unusual bit of psychology in order to train her soldiers to be as keen and cautious in battle practice as they would be in an actual war. Out of every 100 bullets issued and fired, one was genuine.—*By Philip E. Leon Jr., Cleveland, Ohio.*

The attitude of the various states toward drunken driving, as judged by their laws, is highly divergent. The penalties imposed vary in fines from one cent to $300 and in imprisonment from one day to five years.

The Japanese are neither religious nor very superstitious, yet they still believe in evil spirits and resort to exorcising ceremonies. Only five years ago, one such impressive service was performed by Buddhist priests in the nation's chief railroad station in Tokyo in order to drive out a malignant spirit that was held responsible for a number of suicides, assassinations, derailments and other accidents which had occurred within the building.

A baffling phenomenon of radio waves, which scientists now are trying to solve, are the long-delay echoes, those which do not come from the waves traveling around the earth. Waves making the circuit of the earth only take one seventh of a second, but these curious echoes are heard from one to thirty seconds later and sometimes several times in succession. They are believed to penetrate the heaviside layer and go out into interstellar space where some other "wall" reflects them back to the earth.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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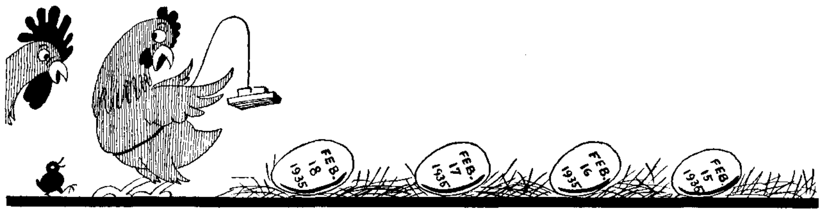

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And so, while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this crowded bus, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

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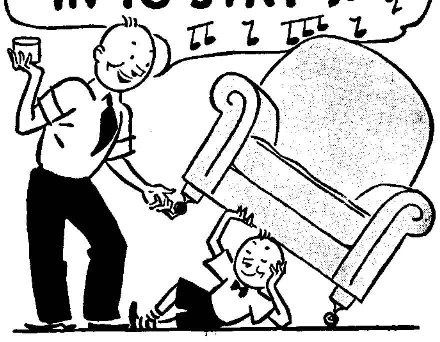

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Singing Merman

Continued from page 15

"Listen, Lou," she said. "You got to get me out of this Warner business. The girls at the factory think I'm a kept lady or something. I give up my job and I don't work and I have lots of jack. What good's the money when I lose my reputation and nobody knows I'm a singer? Give them back the contract and get me a chance to sing some place."

Mr. Irwin did better than that. He arranged the contract whereby Miss Merman went off the Warner Brothers' pay roll when she was working elsewhere and went back on it when she was out of work. Heads I win, tails you lose. So he got her a job at Les Ambassadeurs Club with Clayton, Jackson and Durante. This was the period in which Jimmy Durante was going in for kicking pianos, blues singers and stray waiters, all in joyous confusion. Just when her shins were becoming accustomed to Mr. Durante and her name was beginning to creep into print, she had to leave to have her tonsils out. That put her back on the Warner Brothers' pay roll but it took her off Broadway and almost broke her heart. It probably saved her life, however, because she had been suffering from throat trouble for years and her father had a remedy for it.

"One more gargle of that iron stuff," says Miss Merman, "and my teeth would have turned black."

She lost weight and looked peaked and was glad to take a job at the Roman Pools Casino at Miami Beach.

The Meaning of Fame

The next thing, she was joined up with Al Siegel and doing four a day at the Brooklyn Paramount. That meant she saw as little daylight as a mule in a mine but it was all part of the career and she was satisfied. She was appearing with Paul Ash and his orchestra and the management showed its large-heartedness by allowing her to make five appearances Saturday and Sunday. After the show on those nights, she bound up her wounds and went out to the Pavillon Royale on Long Island, where Guy Lombardo was playing.

It was in Brooklyn that Vinton Freedley saw her and signed her for his musical show, Girl Crazy. It was easy after that. She sang I Got Rhythm and she was made. Girl Crazy played at the Alvin Theater and her new show, Anything Goes, is at the same house but her own situation is different.

"There were two star dressing-rooms on the ground floor and Ginger Rogers had one and Eugene and Willie Howard had the other. I was two flights up on the poop deck. Now they've made the two dressing-rooms into three and I have one of them. Ah, Broadway. Ah, fame. It means you don't have to walk up two flights."

After Girl Crazy she went with George White's Scandals. She thought this was a pretty good coincidence and she mentioned the matter to Mr. White after they were properly acquainted.

"Do you remember the time, George, I came up here with a letter and wanted to be a singer and you offered me a job in the chorus and now you're paying me to be a singer? Do you remember that, George? That's the way life goes, eh?"

Mr. White was sorry but he was afraid his memory was bad. Lots of girls came to him with letters from friends.

"That's the way it goes," says Miss Merman reminiscently. "Romance in the theater all the time."

From the Scandals she went into Take a Chance, with Jack Haley and Sid Silvers. It was there that she sang Eadie was a Lady, which is going to stick to her whether she likes it or not. Lots of things happened to her in Take a Chance. On opening night the brooch which she was supposed to take out of the box and pin on her bosom was not in the box. Mr. Haley dashed off the stage to his dressing-room, hoping to find it. Those left defenseless on the stage wandered around trying to act natural and acting as natural as a man waiting for the birth of his first child. Mr. Haley came back with fine news. The news was that he couldn't find the brooch. So he swung Miss Merman around with her back to the audience, pinned nothing on her breast and later yanked nothing off when he was supposed to be stealing it back.

After Take a Chance, Miss Merman went to Hollywood. The famous Warner Brothers' contract for the assistance of indigent females had expired and she was now with Paramount. Mr. Zukor was doing We're Not Dressing, with Bing Crosby, and Miss Merman was singing all over the lot. They held her over for two weeks to do a big production number. It was a great break for an Astoria girl and when the picture was announced for New York, she attended the preview with her manager, her parents, her Scottish grandmother and various family members and neighbors from Astoria, Long Island City and Greenpoint. After two hours of Mr. Crosby, Miss Merman was moved to ask a question.

"This is all very entertaining," she said, "but where am I?"

She was, as was later determined, lying on the cutting-room floor. The production number had been left out and what remained was three minutes of Miss Merman doing as much nothing as even a Hollywood actress could do.

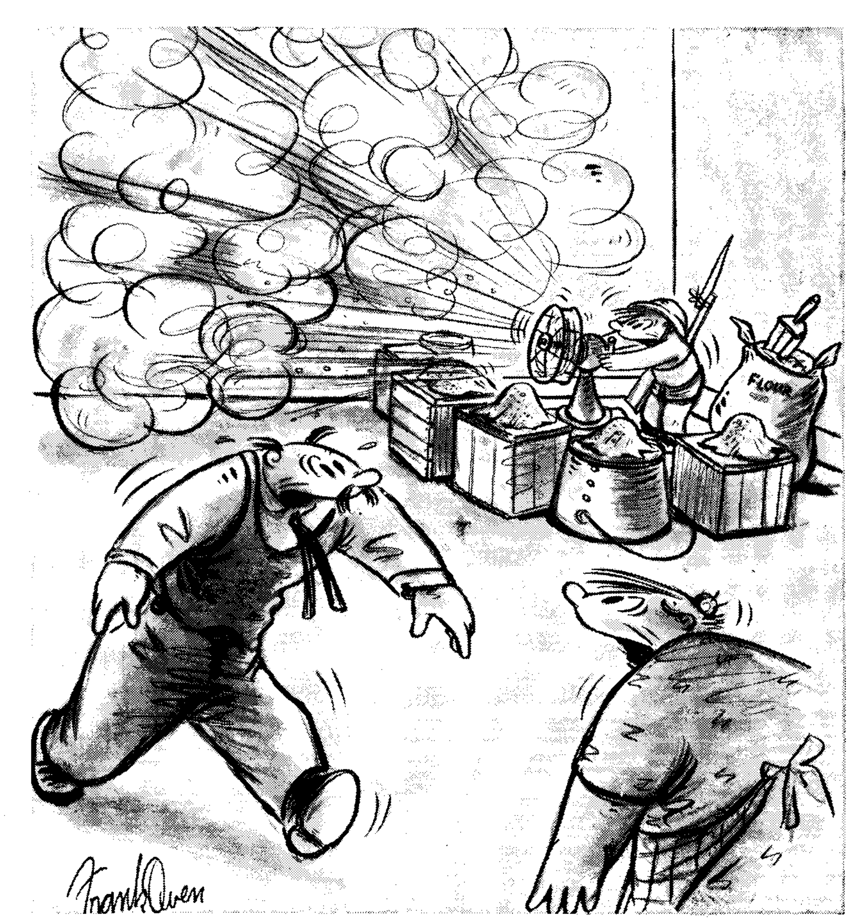
It was a different business when she went out to Hollywood again last summer. She was working with Eddie Cantor and she not only made the scenes but she had a chance to see them in the completed version. She sang With an Earful of Music and an Armful of You, and Mr. Samuel Goldwyn was so pleased that he signed her at once for the next Cantor picture.

No Dead Storage

Miss Merman was pleased but that is nothing new because Miss Merman is always pleased. She likes the Howard brothers and the Warner brothers and Rudy Vallee and Victor Moore and William Gaxton and life. When she sings You're the Tops in Anything Goes, she means it about the world. She has a mole on her left arm and has never had a singing lesson in her life and thinks the managers are crazy paying her a salary for her work. She lives with her mother and father and is the only child and is not married. Her father is German and her mother is Scottish and she has just sold her car so she can walk to work.

"It cost me $3,250 and a fellow came along and offered me $700 and I said, 'Take it.' All you can do with a car in New York is keep it in dead storage. I've tried it. . . . You don't get any fun in dead storage."

When last seen in Anything Goes she was dashing on and off the stage, poking stagehands as she went by and grinning at other actors and the audience impartially. By dint of her own personality she furnished a tone of informality and good fellowship which might have been brought over bodily from the senior class play at Bryant High. She was enjoying herself on the stage, she was completely Ethel Merman and she was a tonic. Ethel Merman in dead storage? On the face of it the idea is absurd.



"Let's go up on the roof again. He's laying down another smoke screen!"

FRANK OWEN

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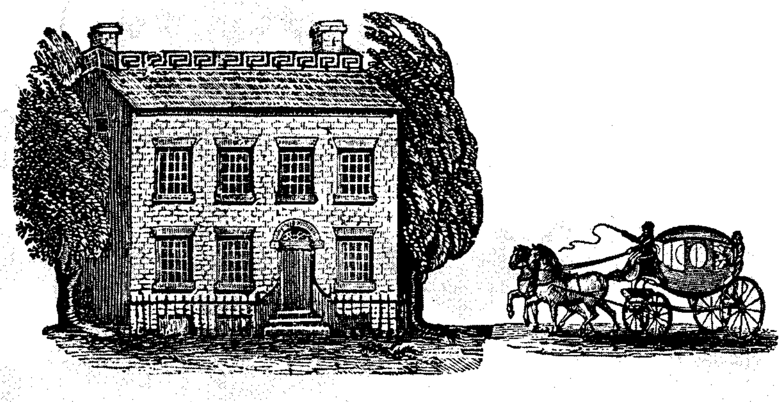

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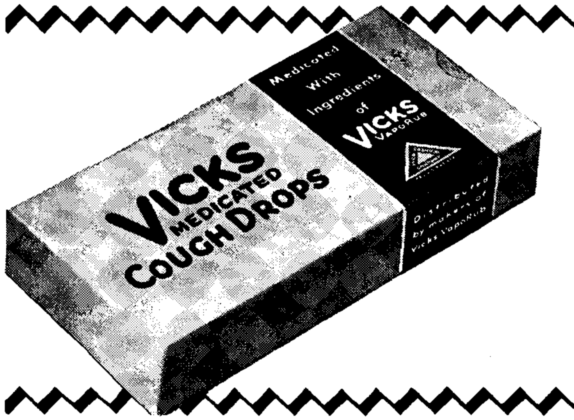
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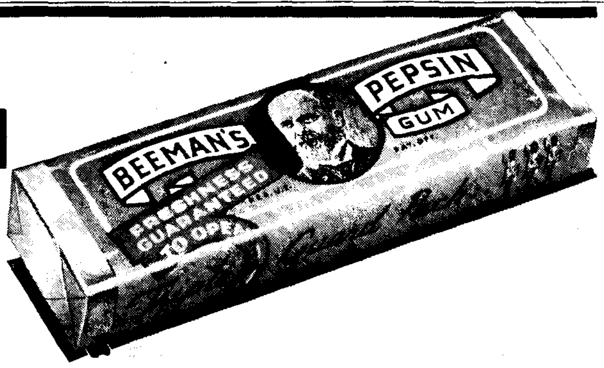

Enjoy Beeman's Gum
. . . AIDS DIGESTION

Very Civil Service

Continued from page 22

Driscoll forgot himself and ate with his knife. "Darling. Listen to me. It's Sunday. Your day off. Can't you drop police business for a little while? Just forget . . ."

"Forget? When the exam's a week from Wednesday?"

"If you'd only believe it, that lieutenants' exam is just a push-over for you. Aren't you the youngest sergeant in the department?"

"The board might think I'm too young."

"Haven't you two honorable mentions on your record? Can they show a demerit against you?"

SURREPTITIOUSLY he rapped his knuckles on the wood of the davenport. It was the worst possible luck to have his intended wife bragging so. "Please don't," he protested. "You'll give me the wrong slant. You'll make me overconfident. They ask questions about traffic control that they don't know the answers to themselves. Then they take off five points on you for not showing a grasp of your subject."

"Listen, darling. Exam or no exam, it's still a city job. And Uncle Tim Driscoll is in the council, isn't he?"

Traffic Sergeant Hahn groaned. "Don't speak to your Uncle Tim," he begged her. "They drop you ten full places if they catch you trying to use influence."

"Oh, forget it," she said impatiently.

"Now, Anice," his tone was sorrowful. "It ought to mean as much to you as it does to me."

"Of course it does. But there's no sense in all this worrying. I'm absolutely sure that you're going to be deputy chief of police. You wouldn't take the job of chief because the chief changes every time there's a new mayor. But the deputy chief hangs on."

It was funny how she'd figured that out for herself. It had always been Joe's contention that the deputy's job was better than the other. Deputy chiefs had to be hounds for paper work. He must remember to buy a new fountain pen.

"You're grand, Joe. The only thing against you is that you carry a change purse. And I'm going to break you of that."

"I carry a change purse because loose silver is liable to fall out of your pockets when you hang up your pants at night."

"Yes, dear. I'm going to break you of it, just the same. I'm not going to have the theater cashier look sorry for me every time you fumble for two quarters."

"Okay, Anice." He'd agree about the change purse and perhaps she would let him go home and study.

"Then we'll take in a picture tomorrow night."

"Not tomorrow night, sweetheart. I'm playing handball, getting ready for the physical exam."

She sighed.

"Tuesday, then. Garbo's there Tuesday and Wednesday."

"Well, Tuesday and Thursday nights I'm going over to the armory. On the pistol range." They allowed two and a half points if you qualified as expert within thirty days before the exam. He always had qualified as expert, but he was allowing two evenings for it, in case he slipped up the first time.

"Wednesday?" she suggested.

"Wednesday night I'm boxing five rounds with Steve Callahan, the heavyweight, at a Democratic Club smoker. They allow you a half point for proficiency in boxing."

"Friday?"

"Well, Anice, that's the night I'm drilling with the non-commissioned officers of the First Battalion. I thought I'd get my military department back."

"Get it back? Aren't you always on every guard of honor by the mayor's box because you're the best-looking uniformed man in the department?"

It was hard to make her understand.

"So I won't see you until Saturday night?"

Joe knew he was in for it now. "Saturday night I'm going to a lecture on how to be forceful, a leader of men and how to command respect. The fellow who's giving it must be real good, because he's staying at the Seely Hotel. I looked him up, to be sure."

The girl removed his arm from around her and spoke with unpleasant emphasis: "Joe Hahn. Do you mean to tell me I'm not going to see you again until next Sunday?"

"Now, I thought . . ."

"You thought. Go on."

"You know as well as I do that next Sunday's the last Sunday before the exam. So I thought . . ."

"You thought you'd stay home and read a book."

"Not *a* book, Anice. *The book.*"

"I don't see what the Bible . . ."

"I didn't say Bible. I'll just refresh my mind on the Code of Criminal Procedure. That's the book I mean. You never can tell what those birds will crack down on. Suppose they asked me what barratry is and how I'd recognize it."

Her curiosity got the better of her. "Well, what is barratry?"

"I'm not sure," he answered triumphantly. "That's why I ought to look it up next Sunday. That and pawnbrokers, sepulture, lotteries and weights and measures. I'm not exactly positive what my duties are on any of them. . . ."

She was silent.

MAYBE he had convinced her. After all, a sensible woman knows that a man's first duty is to his job. And just as soon as his name was on the new lieutenants' list he would make it up to her. He'd take her somewhere every night in the week, except his gym and night-school evenings, of course. It didn't hurt a man to have a little social life, so long as it didn't interfere with his business. In fact, it was good for him.

"Joe Hahn." Her voice had a queer sound. "If you care more about a measly civil service examination than you do for me, that's fair enough. Because I don't want any part of any man who'll leave me on a cold night for a Code of Criminal Procedure. Here." She pulled off her engagement ring. It was a good one-and-a-quarter-carat diamond, which Joe had bid in cheap at a sale of unclaimed stolen property, although he'd never told her so. "Here. You've more answers than an echo. *Think up one to this.*" She put the ring in his hand and got up from the davenport.

"Listen, honey. Listen." He didn't believe she really meant it, but then, on the other hand, perhaps she did. "I'm doing it for you. I mean, I'm working on the exam for you."

"Then quit, because I don't like it."

"I mean I'm doing it for us."

"Not for us, Big Boy. From now on you're doing it for yourself. I'm through."

"All right." He rose. He had his pride, too. "If you're through, you're through. But don't kid yourself that you're any througher than I am, Miss Driscoll."

"Listen, Mr. Hahn—I mean Sergeant Hahn." She stuck a warning forefinger in his face. "If we ever speak again, you'll be the one who speaks first, and don't you forget it."

She turned and went upstairs. He heard her bedroom door bang.

And he thought: "What an awful price for a man to pay for his lieutenant's bars!"

From the hat tree in the hallway he took his Sunday derby and overcoat. Then he remembered the blazing gas log. There wasn't any sense in running up a big fuel bill on Pa Driscoll, even if the prettiest Driscoll daughter was an unreasonable little fool. He turned off the gas and made sure that the spring lock on the front door caught behind him.

HE'D see Anice Driscoll in Hades before he spoke to her first, he decided as he hurried down the street toward the bus line. He was going to throw that civil service examination for a ten-yard loss, come a week from Wednesday. And he was going to order a new uniform from Silverstein's. A hundred-dollar uniform, made of warrant officer's cloth. When his real gold-plated bars were on his collar and the bright gold insignia were on his cap, he'd manage some way to have Anice get a look at him so she could see exactly what she had missed.

But it meant work, hard work, to do it. He had no illusions about that. He wondered if he could get by on five hours' sleep a night for the next eight days.

As he crammed, night after night, Joe decided that certain features of the examination were grossly unfair. For instance, they gave credits for personality and success in dealing with the public. And those things were just like blond hair and blue eyes. You couldn't dig them out of books. All he could do was pray that the board wasn't prejudiced against boys from Dutchtown. . . .

At the Democratic Club smoker he floored Callahan three times in the first round. He was mindful that the half-point boxing credit was for "proficiency." He figured that knocking his opponent down before he knocked him out would prove extra "proficiency." But Callahan's seconds double-crossed him by tossing in the towel before Joe had delivered the final punch.

And the next night he won the challenge cup for armory marksmen, by making a perfect score on the indoor pistol range at slow fire and scoring forty-seven out of fifty at rapid fire.

If his criminal law interpretation only came up to his athletic and shooting achievements, Joe felt he honestly had a chance. Sergeant Dugan in the B platoon had been going to law lectures nights. Except for his getting engaged to Anice just when he did, Joe would have taken that extension work, too. But now, instead of a bookful of lecture notes, Joe had a diamond ring without any white finger inside it.

At matinée time on Saturday afternoon Joe was supervising his pedestrian detail at Commerce and Broad Streets when a light coupé made a full U turn at the intersection.

His eye caught the license number. It was a local car and every city driver ought to know that no U turns were permitted on Commerce Street between 6 A. M. and 12 midnight.

Joe's whistle shrilled. The coupé stopped obediently, but on a crosswalk, forcing pedestrians to detour around it. Suppose some member of the Civil Service Board is downtown, Joe thought. Suppose he sees a snarl like this in my district. He started on a run toward the offending car. "To admonish a driver by yelling at him in a threatening manner," he reminded himself from the top of page three in the blue handbook, "never accomplishes the purpose intended. A traffic officer's first duty is to keep his temper." But some folks made a man so sore, it was no wonder that policemen yelled.

"Move that car ahead off the crosswalk and bring it to the curb," he ordered.

Out of the driver's window Anice poked her head. "Hello, darling," she said. "Here's someone I want you to meet. . . ."

There was a man beside her on the seat. He was old enough to be her father, too.

So that was it. She'd picked some rich old daddy out of a sanitarium. And she had deliberately made the U turn to make sure that Joe saw her conquest.

The traffic sergeant did not trust himself to speak. He motioned her to the curb. Maybe he had wanted to marry her. Perhaps he still loved her more than anything else in the world. She was not going to make a chump out of him at matinée time on the busiest corner in the city.

"Don't forget," she added in a honey-sweet tone, "that when you told me to move off the crosswalk you spoke first. Mr. Harrison, this is my friend, Sergeant Hahn."

The man nodded sourly. "Glad to meet you, Sergeant."

"Mr. Harrison"—Joe's voice shook a little—"I'm sorry, but I can't be introduced to anyone while I'm on duty." He glared at the girl again. "I told you to move over to the curb and clear this crosswalk. If you don't I'll put a disorderly conduct charge against you, too."

Anice's confident smile faded. She shifted to low gear and the car inched ahead to the spot Joe indicated. "Anice," he told her slowly, "because you've been engaged to me doesn't mean you can come down here in my district and get away with anything. I won't stand for any funny business, even from you."

"But, Joe . . ."

"Not a word, or I'll take you in and book you, myself."

"Joe, darling, I thought . . ."

"Tell the judge what you thought." He drew his pencil from the flap beneath his tunic lapel. He took off his cap and, from the waterproof pocket in the lining, selected one of the traffic violation blanks.

"Joe," she pleaded, "can't you take a joke?"

"No, I don't joke on the worst corner in the city." He copied on the ticket and the stub the license number of her brother's car. "Driver's license, please."

HE HOPED she had forgotten her operator's card. That would cost her a flat twenty-five. As it was, she could get off for ten dollars.

But she found the license in her handbag, the same handbag Joe had given her for a birthday present. From the card he copied her full name, address, age, sex and color. He was treating her like any other offender. That was what she had become to him. Just another violator of the traffic regulations.

"Present this at the First Precinct Station. That's the headquarters building, three blocks south and one east. You'll find the clerk who handles traffic violations on the left as you go in the front door. You may leave bail for your appearance before a magistrate Monday morning. If you fail to present this at the Traffic Bureau, I'll be forced to swear out a warrant for you and have you brought in to face a more serious charge, which will be reckless driving. I'm letting you off very easy

(Continued on page 54)

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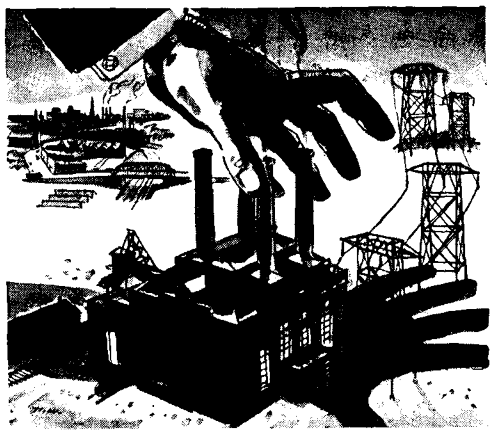

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exacts from companies in the Associated System an annual toll of $10,966,000.

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A TOTAL of 44 different kinds of taxes are levied upon companies in the Associated System. There are in addition, many fees, duties, and levies paid to regulatory bodies, as well as indirect taxes included in the prices paid for manufactured articles. Here are a dozen of the 44 taxes:

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gross revenue
income
3% energy
capital stock
franchise

stamp taxes
generation
personal property
gasoline
loans
license taxes

Taxes on Associated companies amounted to $10,966,000 during the 12 months ended September 30, 1934. This amount represents an increase of 26% during the preceding 12 months, and an increase of 68% since December 31, 1930.

If this $10,966,000 could have been passed along to customers instead of to governing bodies, it would have been sufficient to supply free electric service for one year to more than 325,000 residential customers.

Or it would pay the annual interest on more than $219,000,000 of securities at the rate of 5%.

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(Continued from page 53)

because this is your first offense. I hope you appreciate it."

She held her handkerchief to her eyes. It was one of the monogrammed, Irish linen handkerchiefs Joe's sister had sent her as an engagement present. "Joe. How can you be so mean?"

Instead of answering, he handed her the ticket and saluted, heels together. "If you ever try any monkey stuff like this again," he promised in a hoarse whisper, "I'll appear against you and ask the judge to make it thirty days."

He turned from her to the gaping crowd that lined the curb. "You're blocking the sidewalk, folks. You'll have to move along."

"Hitler," muttered a boy who looked like a Communist. "Nazi."

It was only the handbook admonition to keep one's temper at all times that restrained Joe from taking a poke at him.

"Hey, Serge." Patrolman Linday beckoned to him. "Wasn't that doll you just gave the ticket to the same doll you had to the Policemen's Ball?"

"Yes, Linday. Keep your eyes on the lights." The story would be all through the department now. They'd be telling that Anice broke their engagement because Joe gave her a ticket. No telling what they'd say. Oh, well. The only thing to do was to bury his troubles in good hard work.

WHEN he appeared at Monday morning assembly, after seventeen straight hours of Sunday cramming, Joe's mind was bursting with interesting items culled from the elective franchise and public health law. His eyes were tired. His head ached. But he felt repaid for all his effort. He had learned a lot.

He inspected the uniforms of the patrolmen in his section, checked their shoe shines, called the roll. Then, as the squad-room clock showed eight, he gave them attention and faced front.

The door of the captain's office swung open. Captain Thatcher marched out and returned the sergeant's salute. "Attention to orders."

"Section, parade rest," barked Joe.

"Office of the Mayor. General Order Six," read the captain from the top paper of the sheaf he carried in his hand. "By virtue of the authority vested in me, I, John Horace Lockwood, Mayor, hereby commend Police Sergeant Joseph Hahn for extraordinary devotion to duty under the most aggravating and trying circumstances.

"Further, by virtue of the same authority, I hereby suspend the operation of the Civil Service Board for one day.

"Further, on this day and date, the Civil Service Board being suspended, I hereby appoint said Sergeant Joseph Hahn to be lieutenant of the traffic section, to the post vacated by Lieutenant Smith, deceased.

"Lieutenant Joseph Hahn will be respected and obeyed accordingly."

Captain Thatcher looked up with a grin. "Congratulations, Lieutenant," he remarked. "You'd have headed the list anyhow, but it saves you taking the examination. Step into my office. There's a number for you to call. It's urgent."

Joe found the memo on the captain's desk. It was just a phone number—"Upland 5435." That was Anice's house.

Outside, on the other side of the door, Captain Thatcher was droning through the daily list of stolen-car complaints. Now that it was settled, Joe was a little sorry that he hadn't faced the board in the regular way. After all, when a man had prepared himself it was probably a good experience to take the exam.

"Hello," said Anice's voice.

Joe wondered why she was at home. She shouldn't be at her house, thought Joe. She should have left ten minutes to eight, so she could get the 7:53 bus and be at her desk in the city purchasing agent's office at 9.

"Hello, Lieutenant," she said.

"Anice. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she laughed. "Everything's just swell. Come as quick as you can." She hung up her phone, not to delay him any longer.

Anice was waiting at the front door for him. "Where's my ring?" she asked, holding out her finger.

To be on the safe side, just before he started Joe had reclaimed the diamond from the property clerk's vault where it had been left for safekeeping.

She steered him into the front room, settled him upon the davenport, drew his left arm around her and, with a contented sigh, pillowed her head upon his shoulder. "Well, I guess I'm pretty smart."

"Yes," he agreed, "sure." He didn't know what she meant, but she was letting him hug her, anyhow.

"I had it all figured out, just the way it happened, for the longest time. Everything, except getting him in my car."

Joe wondered who was the "him."

"Why don't you ask me how I managed it?" She began to giggle. "I parked my car right behind his car, let the air out of one of his tires and waited. When he came out of the city hall and saw the flat, I offered to drive him wherever he wanted to go, while his tire was being fixed. He thought it was a puncture."

"Oh," said Joe.

"The garage man charged him for fixing a puncture. The gyps. So he won't ever find out."

"That's good," he agreed heartily. "I'd hate to have him find out."

"But what turned the trick," she went on, "was when you refused to be introduced to him because you were on duty. That was the smartest thing you ever did, Joe Hahn. He thought you meant it."

"I did," Joe answered before he thought.

But she paid no attention. "You were grand. Simply grand. Gee, I was proud of you. And that last thing you said, about swearing out a warrant, was an inspiration, dear. I knew you'd get mad and do your duty. And I knew if you did, that he'd think you were fine and would recommend you. I planned it all!"

He kissed her. If he stuck to lovemaking she would talk and eventually he would find out what it was all about.

"The mayor said he positively wouldn't make any appointments, except off the eligible list. But I figured he'd have to appoint you if Mr. Harrison recommended it. The mayor himself put Harrison on the Civil Service Board."

THE new lieutenant started. "Was that . . . do you mean it was Deaf Ear Harrison that I refused to shake hands with? When you said 'Mr. Harrison' I never thought of him."

"I guess you were too mad at me to think."

"Well, it's all right, anyhow."

"Listen, dear." Anice was happy as a kid. "I know what we're going to do tonight."

"Wait a minute. This is Monday. I don't know about tonight . . ."

"What do you mean? You've got your lieutenant's bars. You don't have to study." She picked up his hand and carried it to her lips. "We'll go to . . ."

It certainly was hard to make her understand. "It's not any too soon to start preparing for the captains' exam. In a few years, there'll be a vacancy . . . *ouch!*"

Anice had bitten the back of his hand. And this time it really hurt.

The Angels Ride with Mosby

Continued from page 17

Digby," said the same voice. Then a little shutter scraped aside and light struck their eyes.

"Two boys," somebody said. "Welcome to Tory Run Crick. . . . That's right: keep your hands up. Who are you?"

At last young Angel could speak, though a crazy joy struggled in his throat and nearly stifled him. "Hold on," he brayed. "I think we're friends. You people are wearing gray—"

"Gray's a mighty stylish color," said the leader. "Tell us your names."

"Duke Angel, sir. Richmond. This is my—my brother, Bailey. Are you Mosby's men?"

A face pressed closer in the wan light; a sallow face with jaunty, waxed mustache and bright black eyes. "I'm Lieutenant Spaneel, folks. You reckon you'd like to ride to headquarters with us?"

"Yes, sir," Duke breathed. Bailey gave a shuddering sigh.

"First, we'll take your revolvers. Just for politeness' sake . . . now, here we go. . . ."

THEIR eyes ached in the brilliant light of the room. There were candles and wall-lamps, but patchwork quilts hung in great folds over every window, and not a ray of yellow crept outside. Except for those who had accompanied them, there was but one man in the room. He was rolling maps and pressing them into a long oilcloth-covered tube. He wore a flat-crowned black hat with a wide brim, and when the folds of his French gray cloak fell aside, Duke could see the polished tips of two revolver holsters.

Young Angel stared into eyes which met his with the penetrating power of polished blue needles. So young, he thought foggily. I thought he'd be as old as Father was.

"Yes, Spaneel?" The voice was low, but razor-edged.

"We harvested 'em off the ridge, sir. Claimed to be heading here."

The sharpened eyes went back and forth from one face to the other. Mosby's hands continued buckling the cover of his map case. "You, sir," he addressed Duke, "may state your errand. Also your name, please."

Angel heard a boy's voice talking: "I'm Dentworth Angel—called Duke. Richmond, sir. . . . This is—my brother, Bailey." It seemed bizarre, as if anyone should know that Bailey was a girl's name and not a man's. "We've come past the Yankees, separately, to see if you wouldn't let us join with you."

"You left Richmond separately, but arrived here simultaneously?"

"No, sir. We parted at Orange Court. We thought it would be easier to pass Culpeper singly." That callow voice—why couldn't he make it sterner and more barbarous?—crackling on and on. . . . "Tonight I was captured by the Yankees, but managed to—get away. Bailey and I were to meet at the Tillson burying ground. She—I mean, Bailey, was there when I came—"

Mosby spoke sharply: "You appear to be of age, sir."

Angel felt a reluctant satisfaction. "I'm eighteen, sir. Bailey's—a bit younger. My father was killed in the valley twenty months ago. He had sworn me—sworn us—to staying home with my mother. . . . She had heart disease. . . ."

"Now you have disobeyed that injunction?"

"No, sir. Mother was buried on Monday."

There was a ringing silence.

John Mosby cleared his throat. "I have an ample number of trained men available for immediate service. Even operating within the Union lines, as we are now doing." The needles of his eyes came up again and pierced the two who stood before him.

"Your father," he asked of Bailey, "was Colonel Tobias Angel?"

Bailey swallowed and nodded. Lieutenant Spaneel shifted his heavy-booted feet.

"Can you identify yourselves?"

Duke felt the girl's desperation. "Letters," he told her hoarsely. "You have some. Yankees took everything I had."

From the pocket of her rough coat she brought a little sheaf of dog-eared envelopes. Duke groaned inwardly as he saw her slim hand offering them. Such a woman's hand. Even with dirt and bridle smudges—

Mosby opened one of the envelopes and read a few lines of the letter it contained. He looked up. "These would seem to be addressed to you, sir."

"Y-yes, Colonel Mosby. Bailey was—just carrying them."

The Partisan Ranger bowed, and returned the letters. His wiry fingers patted the shabby gloves in his hand. "I am acquainted with Colonel Tobias Angel's signature," he said. "Before the war I enjoyed contact with him in the legal profession. During the first year of war we met on several occasions. He was a brave man. You, sir—" he gazed intently at Duke—"have his facial characteristics, and no further identification should be necessary. But why have you lied to me?"

The crisp words had all the mutilating force of a clenched fist.

"Lied, sir?" Duke tried to fasten his stare on the opposite wall, but all he could see was Lieutenant Spaneel's face, dark and expressionless.

"Who is this young lady accompanying you?"

Bailey wailed, "Oh, Duke. . . ." She stood looking at the floor, and Duke saw her bent knuckles turning white. He wanted to take her in his arms, but he seemed rooted to the planking.

"Miss," said John Mosby, and there was all kindness in his tone, "permit me to say that you are altogether too—womanly to affect such disguise."

DUKE heard himself exploding, "That's what I told her, sir! But she *would come*. And cut off her hair, too! She's my father's cousin—Bailey Angel. Always lived with us, sir, after Mother was ill—"

"I was fully aware, Miss Angel, that two sons of Colonel Tobias Angel's three had died in the war. Hence I doubted the relationship as stated." Mosby turned to the boy. "You risked too much in bringing her."

"Bringing her?" Duke cried. "She would come, that's all! You don't know Bailey, sir. I *had* to bring her. She's a little vixen!"

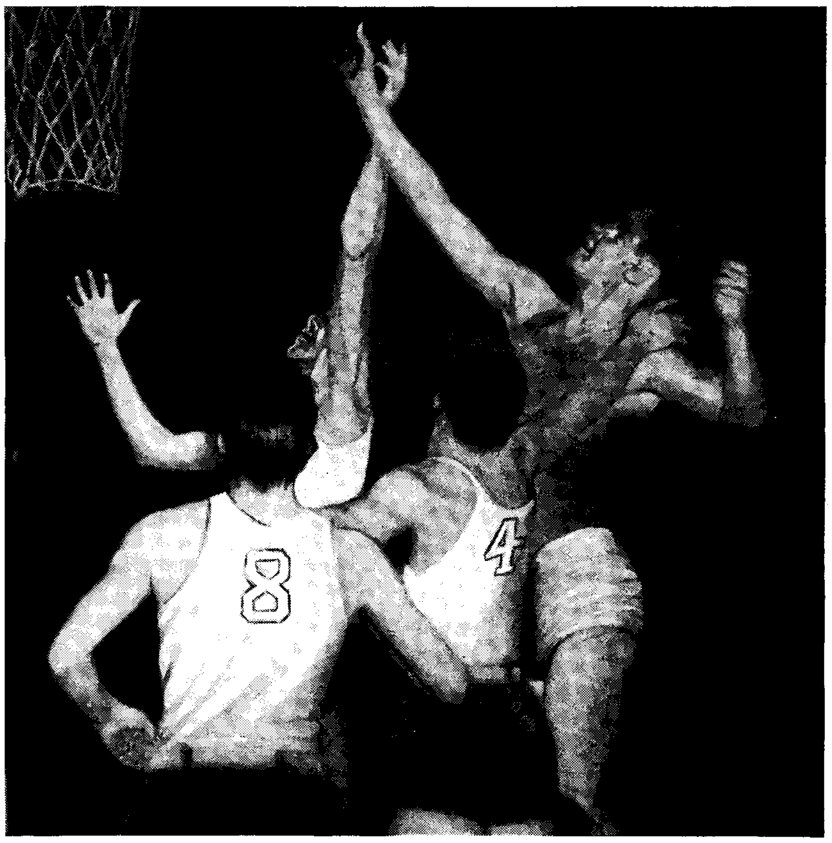
The girl snarled like one. "Sir, I'll thank you to hold your tongue before the gentlemen who are present!"

A soldier snorted, and Mosby knifed him with one glance. "You have a message for me, my boy? Someone stated—"

"I'm sorry. I should have delivered it first, before—all this. We've lost time." He took a deep breath, then continued: "Sir, the Yankees are aware of your whereabouts and intend to come in force at dawn!"

(Continued on page 56)

Men!



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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(Continued from page 55)

Mosby's lips twitched slightly. "Thank you. But—we are on the point of leaving. Our spies are quite competent, and we have known General Baldridge's plans for three days."

Duke felt slightly unsteady. He whispered, "General Baldridge. I—I shot him tonight."

The room seemed to stiffen around him.

"Killed him?"

"No, sir. He—I saw him snatch at his arm—"

Mosby's eyes held a new expression, and again the boy experienced that unexplainable warmth inside him.

"Interesting news indeed, Angel. I shall request a detailed account later. We must be riding. It will be necessary for you both to accompany us, at least to our rendezvous."

BAILEY had gone to the fireplace and was staring bitterly at the charred logs which lay there. "Miss Angel," said John Mosby, "doubtless thousands of Southern women share your ardor. But you should understand that there are insurmountable difficulties which will prevent you from carrying out what might prove a silly and costly ambition."

She said, in her little, tight voice: "I shall not be left behind. If I can't go with Duke, I'll go alone. Elsewhere. I mean that."

"She does mean it," the boy groaned.

The guerrilla commander turned on his heel. "Lieutenant Spaneel, tell Patterson and ten men to proceed by way of Tory Run and disperse at will."

"Yes, sir."

"Wiltshire and ten more by the west road, with the same orders."

"Yes, sir."

"The remainder will accompany me. We will proceed to Number Six by the Green Brier road. You shall ride with this lady at the rear, Spaneel. It is safer for her there."

Without a word, Spaneel returned their revolvers to them. They went out into the thinning light, in which a wet, whitish smoke had supplanted the darkness of earlier hours. Colonel Mosby glanced around in some annoyance. "Dawn, before we have reached the woods. . . ." He saw Duke Angel's stolen mare, a tall black shape in the half light. "We have no spare saddles here, Angel."

"Well enough, sir. I can ride bareback as well as—"

"Are both your horses sound?"

"They'll last," the boy breathed. He looked around him for Bailey. She was in her saddle already, with Lieutenant Spaneel like a copper statue just beyond.

She called, "Duke!"

He came toward her. Without bending, she handed something down to him. It was her remaining Navy revolver, with holster and belt. "You and Colonel Mosby may have your way this time. I shall act the defenseless female, and suit you well. But I'll be wearing butternut in a week, I promise you!"

Duke buckled on the revolver. "I think you'll reconsider, Miss Smart."

"Never," she said, and he groaned inwardly, for he had known her as long as he had known himself.

They heard Mosby calling his orders, and already other mysterious hordes were jingling softly away to the right and left. Duke worked his mare forward and fell into column close behind the colonel. They rode in silence down the McClevy lane, and swung east in the winding road. Mosby turned to a burly, long-haired ranger who trotted beside him.

"Who are with us, Choctaw?"

The man glanced at the bobbing shapes who came through the dun fog behind them. "You, sir. Me, Digby, Kleever, Leech, Ellison, Lieutenant Spaneel. And the—two new ones," he added huskily.

"One of the new ones will be with us in the Rangers, Choctaw. Duke Angel, immediately behind you."

Mosby led on, at the steady jog which makes all distance wear away. At the Hebron road intersection they swung to the south: this highway led toward Green Brier, but the curves were many and tortuous, and the eastern sky began to grow pink above the waves of valley fog. Surprisingly, the opening of the Ludlow road drifted past, and no one realized that they had come so far.

Choctaw Simms, the long-haired scout, examined the caps of his revolvers. Duke followed suit, for he was aware of a new tenseness in the men around him. The mist swam whiter and thicker than any water; it lay in swirls across the animals' flanks, and their necks rose up like enormous sea horses. "Plenty Yanks over Fredericksburg way, too," a muttered conversation concluded.

Now Duke could see Bailey whenever he looked around. She rode in a harsh dream, her head bent forward, and eyes narrowed coldly.

A blade of sunshine made a rusty spot on John Mosby's hat. He stood up in his stirrups, turning and raising his palm. "We must take to the woods," he told them all. "That cavalry of last week may still be in the neighborhood. We will take the high ridge, immediately past the next turn."

The sunlight found Bailey Angel's stubborn face. Duke could see the stain of rose it painted for her—

The next second he heard a concerted whinny and some sort of a surprised yell. Mosby's voice rang automatically: "Charge them!" and yet a bewildered shock was in his tone. Duke's hand tore at his revolver. Ahead of them, the twisting road was blocked by a milling herd of horses, and gaping boys who wore blue coats and pancake caps and who fumbled frantically for their carbines. No one had expected that the Confederates would meet a patrolling squad of Federals beyond that turn.

Mosby's revolver made the next sound, and it was repeated speedily a dozen times; the little road exploded in a volcano of yelps and flashes. Angel tried to wheel his mare, but the others were coming on too hard. He saw Spaneel's face mouthing at him: "I'll bring her safe, Angel!" and then he turned and shot somebody out of his way.

In a roar of hoofs, they swept against the Nationals. A saber glimmered on the right, and Angel planted two shots beneath it, and saw it fly wide and loose. He found himself across the ditch, with Mosby and Choctaw Simms well past him, where their rush had carried them.

BORN of the sudden smoke, a big Yankee sergeant rode out of nowhere and lifted his carbine, aiming it steadily at Colonel Mosby's back, as the guerrilla tried to wrench his horse out of the snarling vines. Duke Angel screeched; he was trying to release his left-hand revolver from beneath its tight-buttoned flap. He heard Lieutenant Spaneel cry out, as well, and he saw an empty revolver turning end over end and missing the Yankee's head by a yard. The Yankee's horse bucked; he lost his aim, but was finding it again.

Bailey Angel bent low over her gelding's neck. She shot past Spaneel and Private Digby as other riders blocked their way. Straight toward the stolid executioner she drove the frenzied Lombard.

Duke roared, "Bailey! Great God—"

Lombard's neck snapped enormously with the impact as they all went down together, the carbine clanging with futility. Bailey rolled free of the kicking horses but directly into the middle of the road.

Then Duke had brought his mare around. They swam across the ditch. He heard guns welcoming him, and a witch reached out of the sky and nipped a piece of flesh from his cheek. The mare's legs were a tangled blur beneath her belly as Duke began to curl his boot across her spine. A blue shape sprang at him, and a spasm of revolver shots tore the blue shape out of its saddle.

Mosby's voice cracked, "Drive them!" and seven throats opened in one wolfish howl. These Yankees had never met gray riders who carried two revolvers at their belts and two at their saddles, and had twenty-four lead bullets ready to paste among the first troop they met. They gave way, their carbines empty, their lone bugle squawking.

Duke was on his feet in the road; the mare had seemed to slide from under him. He had his hands under Bailey's body; he lifted her up; two horses were coming, grotesque and mighty as sin. They loomed like tumbling mountains. The boy bared his teeth; he hurled the girl safely beyond him as steel-shod feet came down upon the thin carpet of wet clay where she had lain. Then he sprawled backward; it seemed as if a great woodpile had come tumbling over him.

He spun off through acres of sunlight as the guerrillas went past. . . .

Bailey chanted: "Honey. Honey. Duke. Open—your—eyes—"

Infinitely deep. . . . He saw her, away up there. "You're all right—Bailey?"

"Scarcely bruised. . . ."

THEN, from the silence which was more noticeable than revolver shots, a calm voice inquired, "He was trampled?" "Yes, seh. Wounded, too. . . ." Exploring fingers moved over a numb but heavy length of leg.

He spat the blood out of his mouth. "Yanks?" he gasped.

Colonel Mosby was on his knees beside him. "They were green troops—a recent draft. Bounty men, apparently; most of them seemed to be foreigners. They are still traveling, and Leech and Ellison are watching from the hill." More hands worked along his right leg; it was built of lead, but a lead in which charcoal began to smolder.

"She saved—your life—sir. Head on. Broke—Lombard's neck—"

Lieutenant Spaneel said, "She spiled his aim, or he'd 'a' had you like a turkey in a coop."

"I know," replied Colonel Mosby. "I turned, and saw them as they came together. I am deeply in your debt, Miss Angel. What of his leg, Spaneel?"

There was a long, quavering pause. Then: "We'll have the surgeon tending him in half an hour, sir. I reckon he can be sent through to Richmond. But I reckon he'll never fight in this war again."

Mosby coughed. "You will remain with him, Miss Angel? To assist—"

"Oh," she said. Duke opened one eye, and tried to grin at her through the war paint of his blood. Her lips felt cool and spicy as she kissed him. Then he remembered; and he began to wail, "Now, I'm done for! No more—army—for me—"

Spaneel told him: "Pshaw. Richmond is a mighty sight nicer place than this country up here." He waited until Colonel Mosby was out of earshot and then added, as the men began to lift Duke Angel: "Anyway, it'll be remarkable for both of you folks to be able to say you rode with Mosby. Plenty people would give their rock-bottom last dollar to say that."

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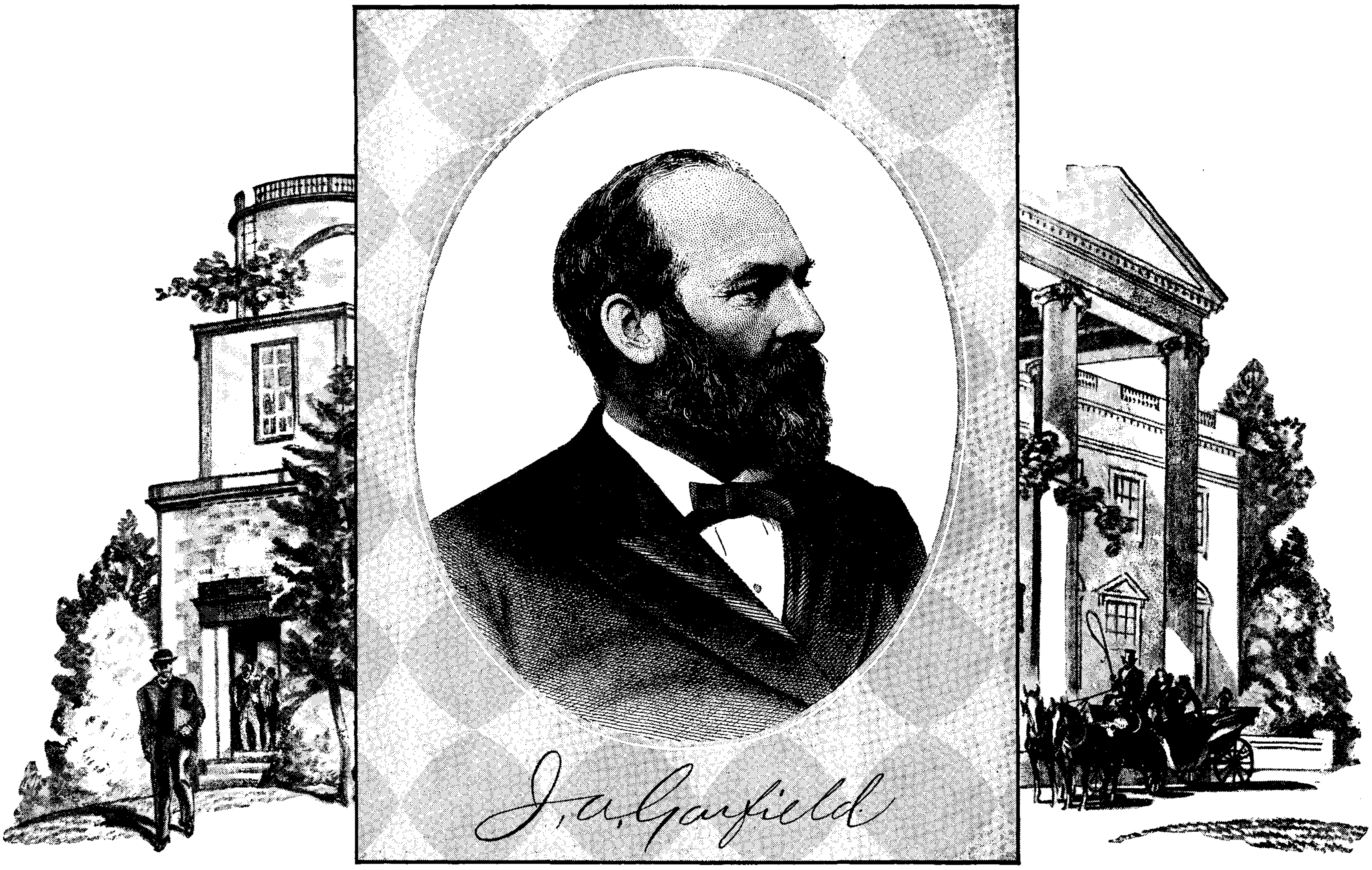

THE EDUCATION OF A PRESIDENT

A BIOGRAPHER of James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, writes: "The struggling, hard-working boy had developed into a self-reliant man . . .

"He had saved from his school-teaching and carpenter work about half enough money to carry him through the two years in which he thought he could finish the ordinary college course. He was growing old, and he determined that he must go that fall.

"How to procure the rest of the needed money was a mystery; but, at last, his good character, and the good will this brought him, solved the question.

"He was in vigorous, lusty health, and a life insurance policy was easily obtained. This he assigned to a gentleman, who thereupon loaned him what money was needed, knowing that if he lived he would pay it, and if he died the policy would secure it."

Garfield attended Williams College, graduating in 1856. Thus did life insurance play a part in starting him upon a career which was finally crowned with the Presidency.

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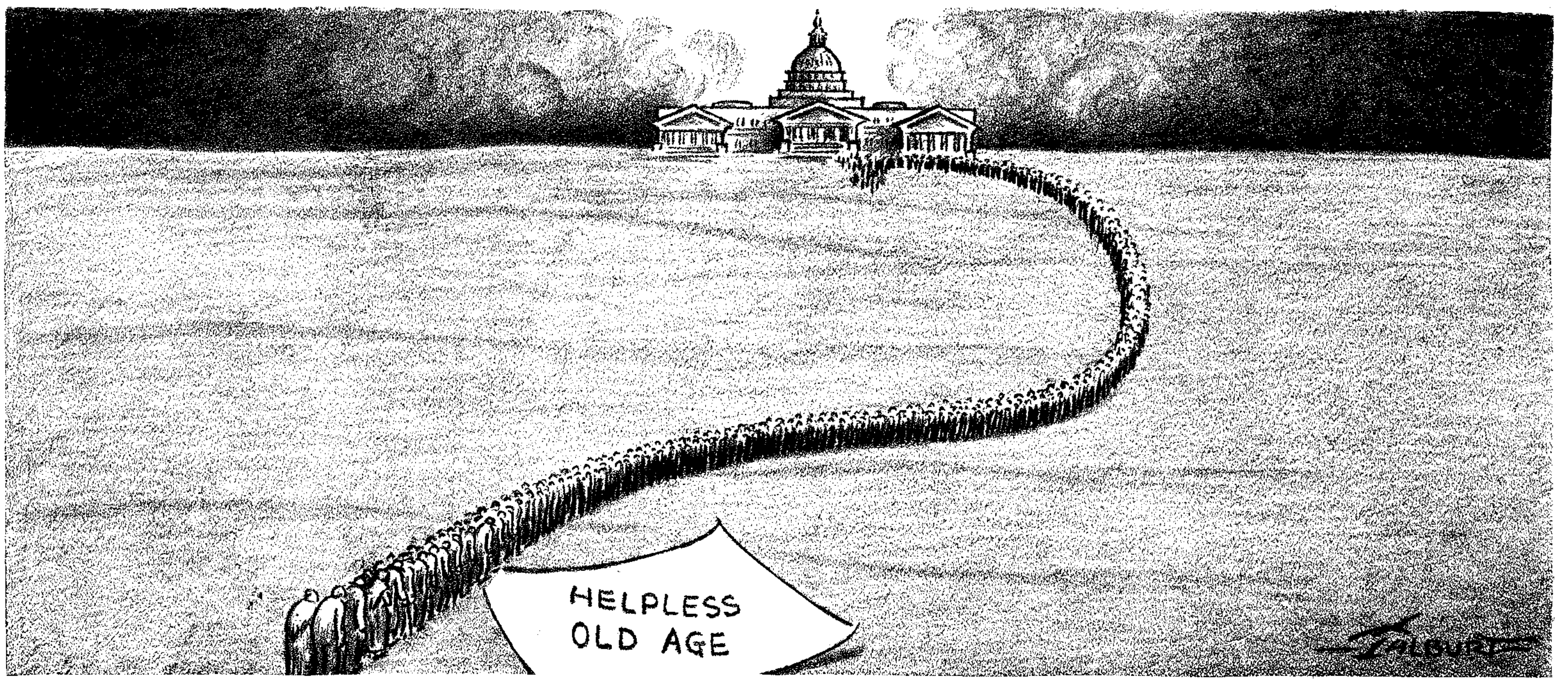

The Full Years

AT THE last census 3,964 Americans who said they were one hundred years old or older were reported. Some doubtless exaggerated their ages, but none was young.

The number of children three years old and younger was three per cent less in 1930 than in 1920. The number of old people was definitely greater.

Not only in the United States but in every industrial country growth in population has slowed down or has definitely stopped.

Even in Russia and Japan the industrial regions tell the same story. Mussolini's preaching has not checked the receding tide of children in Italy, despite the cash and the honors awarded superlatively fertile mothers. Hitler's oratory has not persuaded German parents to produce more children.

The plain record is that in every highly organized country a decrease of population has set in. For the moment, the decrease is small. Twenty-five years hence the decrease will be very great. Fewer children are born. Those who survive infancy live longer. All over the world the average age of the population of industrial countries is increasing.

The explanation is not hard to find. In simple agricultural regions children are productive assets. In cities and industrialized areas children are liabilities. Instinctively people seek to avoid increasing their burdens and the expense of living.

The results of the falling birth rate will be spectacular enough in the years immediately ahead. The population of the great manufacturing nations—and this is coming to mean all nations—will first be stationary and then it will gradually diminish.

The proportion of young people will be smaller and the number of the middle-aged and the old will be relatively larger. The age composition of the population of every important nation will be different from anything ever previously realized.

Industry is not only producing an older population but also it is sharply limiting the years of useful employment. Machine workers tend to stop work younger than manual laborers. A farmer works until he is gathered unto his fathers, but in industry the young machine tender is preferred. The belief that older men are a liability must be abandoned if we are not to produce a population which must be supported in idleness. Better medical care and public health service prolong old age.

Thus, industry, which first produces an older population and which is reluctant to employ those past middle life, is now confronted with the necessity of finding the revenue to support, through an extended old age, an increasing proportion of the population.

This is the broad situation which the President's commission on social insurance has been considering. It is perfectly obvious that the situation must be considered and dealt with by public authority.

Thirty states and territories have already passed old-age pension laws. Most of these laws are inadequate and in no case have insurance funds sufficient to provide for the liabilities been established. Generally small pensions, mere pittances, are paid out of state or county taxes. The entire system is haphazard and uneconomic.

The public demand for some better system is evidenced by the vast popularity of Dr. Townsend's scheme of paying $200 of funny money each month to everybody over sixty years of age. The statement that five million people have endorsed the Townsend plan may be inflated but nobody doubts its wide support. The Townsend plan is economic lunacy and of course could never be put into operation. Still it must be remembered that even so conservative a politician as Governor Merriam of California indicated a certain sympathy with Dr. Townsend while California still had the jitters over Upton Sinclair's campaign.

The plan recommended by the President's commission is the most reasonable so far offered. In effect, the federal government would set standards for the states and would supervise the administration of the state systems.

The states would be persuaded to submit to this supervision by contributions from the national treasury. All of the money, state and national, would be raised by taxation. Unquestionably the standards set up by the federal government would be generally higher and more rational than those of most of the states.

The actuaries who estimate the growth of population forecast a very steady increase in the numbers of those old people who will be maintained by the government. Next year, it is estimated, 897,000 people will receive $68,800,000 in old-age pensions. By 1945, twice as many pensioners will get three times as much public relief; and, unless trends change, by 1980, 2,392,000 old people will be getting $287,000,000 from the public treasury.

Pensions and insurance are quite different. Pensions will have to be supplemented by insurance for those who can contribute to their own future support. A large plan for old-age insurance under public authority is also being considered by the federal government. This plan looks to the accumulation of huge reserves to provide for the payment of benefits to the insured.

As much as possible old age should be supported by insurance rather than pensions. Until insurance funds are accumulated, however, the pension load will be heavy.

Old age is not a new phenomenon and solicitude for helpless old people is not something taught us by the New Deal. We merely happen at this time to be compelled to deal with human necessities which have long been piling up and which now have reached a magnitude compelling attention and relief.

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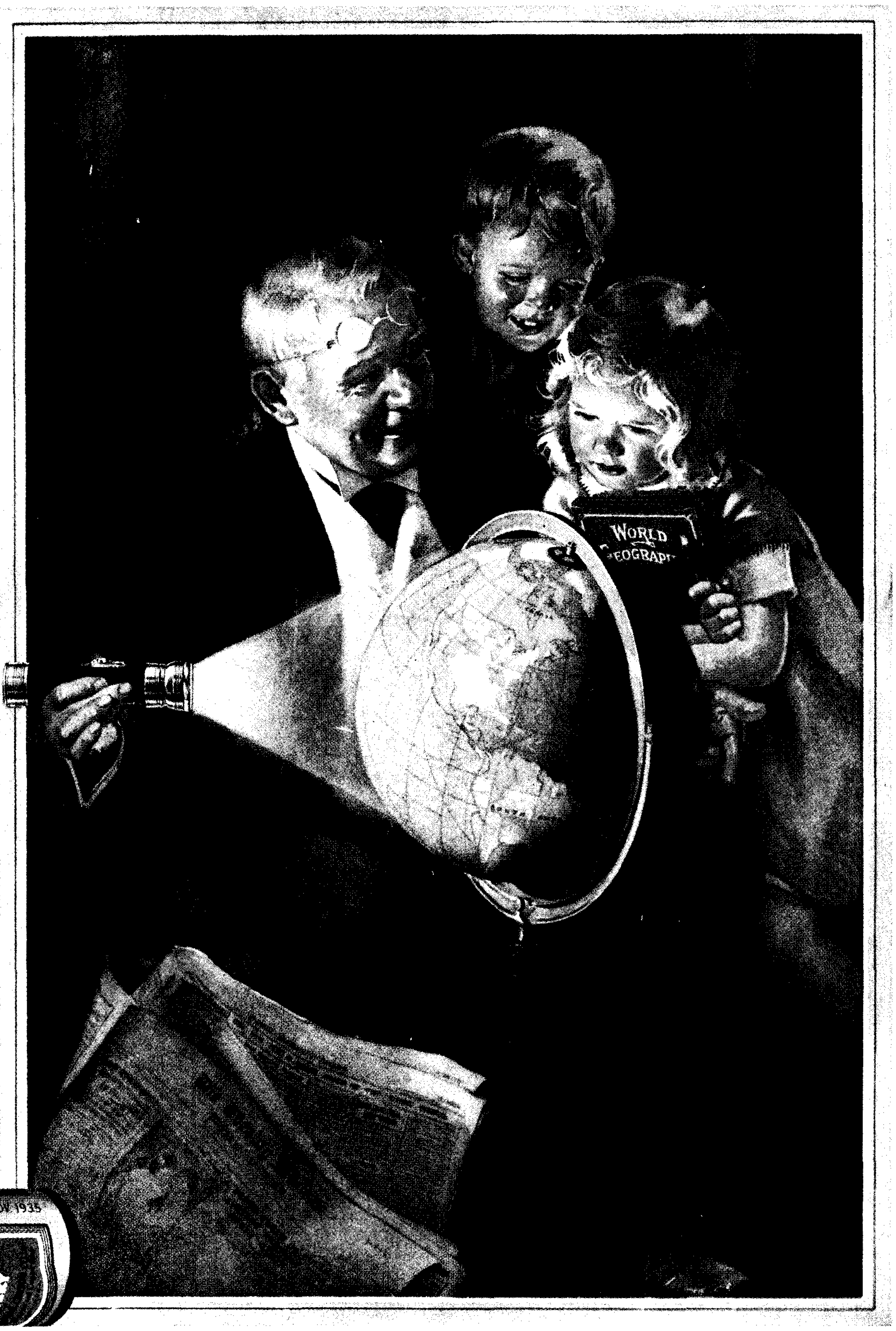

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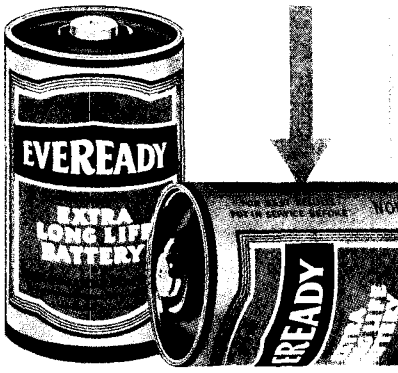

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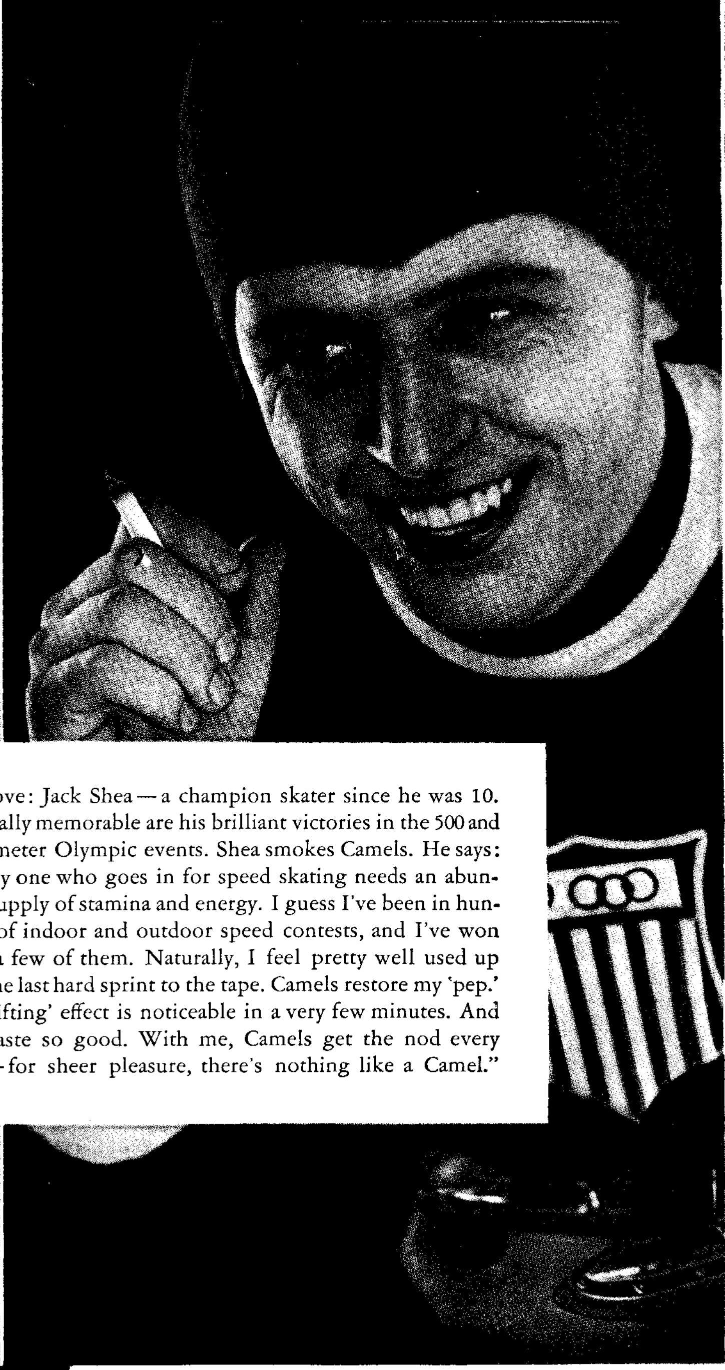

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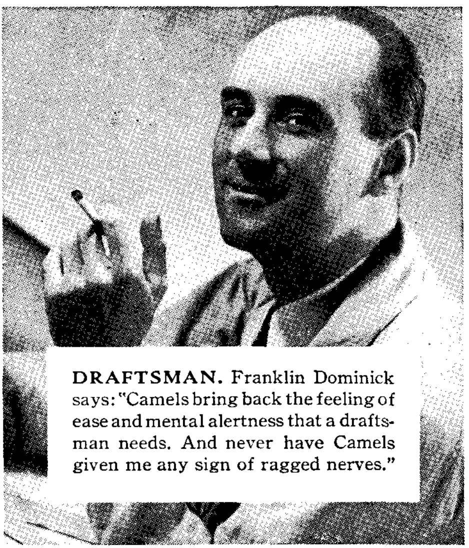

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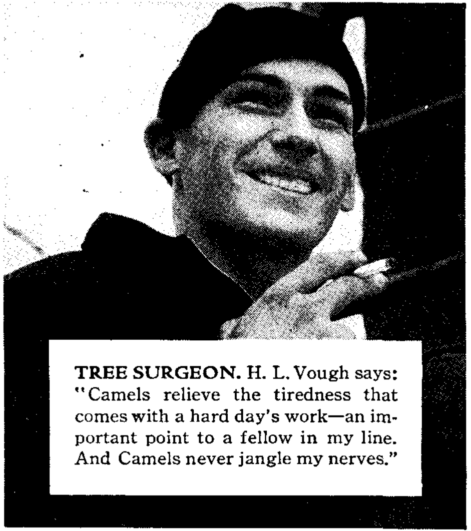

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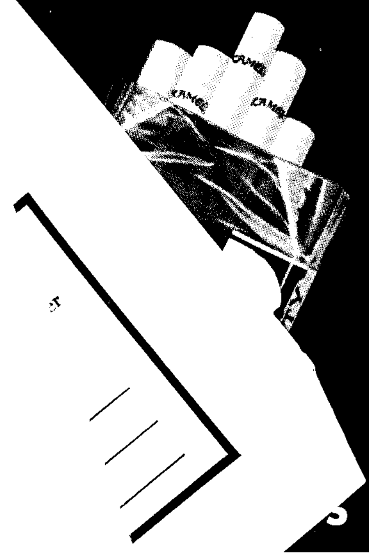

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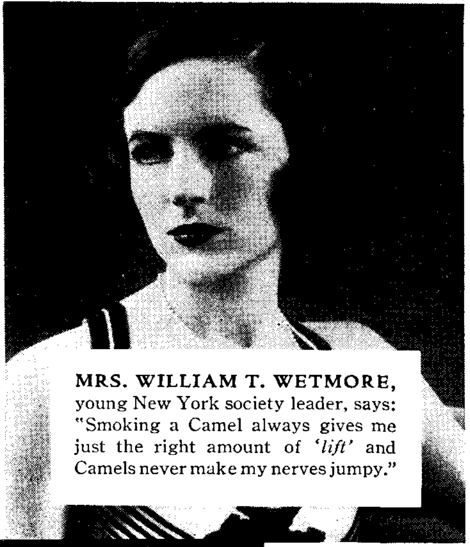

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